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Our Story Teller.

THE GREAT MOGUL DIAMOND.

A Story of Mystery, Love and Adventure.

BY T. W. SPEIGHT.

CHAPTER XX.

AT THE CURTAINED DOOR.

At an early hour next morning, in fact long before M. Platzoff was out of bed, Captain Ducie, cigar in hand, took a ramble round the exterior of Bon Repos. While exploring the four rooms on the previous evening he was struck with the resolution of having on one side not even their shuttered windows open to the air. A day or two after he arrived at Bon Repos he had gone on an exploring expedition about the premises, and it was on that occasion that he had seen them. He had taken them as ordinary unused examiners, and had not paid particularly respecting them. He remembered now that they looked—or would have looked if their shutters had been open—into a very thicket of shrubbery, so dense, in fact, as to be almost impenetrable, and looked as if it had not been pruned for years, and yet this very bit of shrubbery was within a few feet of the delicious little flower-studded lawn on to which the windows of Platzoff's private rooms opened; indeed, the near shutters of rooms were merely a continuation of the same wing in which the private rooms were situate. It was evident that since the four rooms had been closed the shrubbery outside them had been allowed to grow as thick and wild as in chaos, as though it were Platzoff's wish to screen them as much as possible from observation.

Captain Ducie having pierced this shrubbery found himself within sight of the four windows, and saw that he had not been mistaken as to their position. Through the dusty panes of the left window of the four he could just make out the knotted cord as he left it ever night. He took a few quiet observations, unseen by any one, and then went back indoors.

That night, as usual, Captain Ducie accompanied his host to the smoking room. Dr. Sail was not introduced, and the two had the most pleasant evening, smoking and conversing. As midnight struck, Jasmin entered. Ducie rose, shook hands with Platzoff, bade him good night, and retired. Having reached his own room, he locked the door. Then he proceeded to dress himself in a suit of dark gray tweed. On his feet he put a pair of Indian moccasins. His next proceeding was to produce a coil of strong rope from one of his trunks, one end of which he tied firmly to the top bar of the firegrate. This done, he blew out the candle, drew up the blind, and opened the window. It was a night as fine, but overcast, and rather cold for the time of year. Having waited till he heard the clock strike one, he lowered the other end of the rope out of the window. After listening intently for full two minutes he let himself down sailor fashion, and landed safely on the turf below. Then he paused again to listen. That part of the grounds in which he now found himself was very quiet and secluded, even by day, but neither there nor in any other part of the little demesne was there any likelihood that his proceedings would be observed at that uncanny hour. The rule at Bon Repos was that all the servants, except Cleon, should go to bed and the house be finally closed at half past seven, and the time was now ten minutes past one. Still, Captain Ducie was not a man to neglect any precaution that presented itself to his mind. Keeping well under the deeper shadow of the trees, and walking lightly on the soft turf, he was not long before he found himself close under the window with the knotted cord. He had scanned Platzoff's windows anxiously in passing, but they were so closely shuttered and curtained that it was impossible to tell whether or no the Russian had yet retired to rest.

As previously stated, the whole of Platzoff's private rooms were on the ground floor; equally, as a matter of course, the four rooms that opened out of the corridor were on the same level. A slight spring sufficed to place Captain Ducie on the window sill of the room he wished to enter. Despite all his care, he could not prevent the creaking of the window as he pushed up the sash; but he trusted to the remoteness of Platzoff's bedroom not to be overheard. Then he pushed open the shutters and stepped into the dark room. He had noted the position of the furniture when there the previous night, and he knew that there was a clear course to the door. Another pause, to listen; then noiselessly across the floor; out by way of the door left unlocked last night, and so into the corridor; then forward, silent as a shadow, to the curtained door that opened into Platzoff's room.

Captain Ducie was far from being a nervous man, yet it is quite certain that his pulses beat by no means so equably as usual as he stood in the dark corridor, all his senses on the alert, his fingers on the handle of the door, drawing to take the next step, which must yet be taken, or all that he had hitherto done be rendered nugatory; and stubbornly determined in his inmost heart that it should be taken, happen what might. An indrawing of the breath, a moment's pause, a turn of the handle, and almost before he knew that he was there, he found himself standing behind the curtain and on the threshold of M. Platzoff's private rooms.

Not the faintest sound of any kind. Ducie stretched forth a hand, and little by little drew back the curtain sufficiently to enable him to peer into the room. It was dark and empty; but he could see that a faint light was burning in the bedroom beyond. Now that the curtain was partly drawn aside, he could hear the low, regular breathing of M. Platzoff as that gentleman lay asleep in bed. Ducie knew what a light sleeper Platzoff was when not under the influence of his favorite drug, and he durst not venture a step beyond the spot where he was now standing. Indeed, there was no reason why he should so venture. There was nothing whatever to be gained by such a rash proceeding. Platzoff, by habit (so the Russian himself had given Ducie to understand) to visit the Diamond once, sometimes twice a week. These visits generally took place during the small hours of the morning, when Platzoff awoke, restless and uneasy, from his first sleep. All, therefore, that Ducie has now to do was to wait quietly for one of the occasions, and take advantage of it when it should come in such a way as might seem advisable to him at the time.

This was the reason why Capt. Ducie did not stir from his hiding place behind the curtain. This was the reason why he stood there for two full hours to night as patiently as if he had been cast in bronze. But on this occasion his waiting was in vain. When he had been there about an hour and a half, M. Platzoff woke up, took a pinch of snuff, sneezed, spoke a few words aloud in some language which Ducie did not understand, and then addressed himself to sleep again. Ducie waited a full half hour longer without stirring. Then he very quietly back by the way he had come, shutting behind the two doors, the shutters, and the window, but leaving them all unfastened—indeed, he had no means of fastening them, even had he been so minded. He got back unseen to his own room.

The same hour next night saw Capt. Ducie behind the curtained door. He knew that several nights might elapse before Platzoff should visit the diamond and he was quite prepared to wait there night after night till his perseverance should be crowned with success. It was just as well perhaps, that he had made up his mind to play a waiting game, seeing that five nights passed, one after another, at two of which did he fail in his watch at the curtained door, before Cleon, taking council with himself, made up his mind to again visit the cavern.

I was on a certain night—or rather morning, being about 3 A. M., after one of his drunken debauches, that the Russian so made up his mind. Ducie was in patient waiting. From his hiding-place behind the curtain he heard Platzoff get out of bed. When he saw him put on his dressing gown, and light a small lamp—the same that the Russian had made use of on the night that Ducie had accompanied him—then the latter knew that his patience was about to be rewarded.

As Platzoff advanced into the library, Dudie shrank back, and noiselessly closed the door that led into the corridor. He thought it just possible that Platzoff might lift the curtain to make sure that there was no one in hiding. Standing with his hand on the door, and listening intently, Ducie could hear Platzoff moving about the library. Then he heard the click of a spring or bolt, and the sound told the retiring back of a door or panel. Then all was still.

After waiting for a couple of minutes, during which the silence remained unbroken, Ducie slowly opened the door, and moved forward till his face nearly touched the curtain. He could hear nothing save the beating of his own heart. Drawing the curtain an inch or two on one side, he peeped. The library was empty, and the secret door was open.

For a few seconds he felt like a man in a dream; he could hardly believe in the intensity of what he saw before him. But the thought that in 10 or 12 minutes at the farthest M. Platzoff would be back again, and that now or never was his opportunity, quickened him into action. His object to-night was to take such accurate note of the position of the secret door, and the means by which it was opened and shut, as would enable him, in time to come, to find it again without much difficulty. Platzoff was in the cavern below, and till the sound of his returning footsteps could be heard, Ducie knew that he was safe.

Moving noiselessly forward into the room, he went down on one knee, and proceeded to make a careful examination of the secret door. Then he took a measuring-tape out of his pocket and proceeded to measure the exact distance of the opening from the upper end of the room. Then he took his penknife and cut away a couple of threads out of the carpet close to the back-case, those points precisely where the secret door fitted into it when shut. Not less carefully did he examine the spring and the mode by which it was acted on when the door was closed. There was nothing very complicated about it now that its mechanism was laid bare. A very slight examination sufficed to show Ducie its method of working, and where and how it was opened from without.

A faint noise from below warned him that his time was up. He glided back as noiselessly as he had come, and disappeared behind the curtain just as M. Platzoff began to ascend the steps that led from the cavern.

Capt. Ducie stood with his hand on the door of the corridor for a full half hour before he ventured to take another step in retreat. Then judging that Platzoff, who had gone to bed again, could not fail to be asleep, he went quietly back by the way he had come.

CHAPTER XXI.

THE LITTLE PACKET FROM LONDON.

The next morning, immediately after breakfast, Capt. Ducie shut himself up in his own room on the plea of having several important letters to write. The letters resolved themselves into one note, of no great length, addressed to a friend in London—to the same friend, in fact, to whom he had applied for a translation of the stolen cryptogram. Although the note did not contain more than a dozen lines, Capt. Ducie was unusually particular as to its composition. He corrected and rewrote it several times before he was satisfied. Then he sealed and directed it, and went down into the village and posted it himself. Then he set himself to wait patiently for a reply.

A reply came on the fifth day by post in the shape of a tiny square packet. Captain Ducie received the packet from Jasmin with apparent indifference, but he did not open it till he was alone. The contents consisted of a brief note from his friend, inside of which was a small square box, made of thin wood, which proved to be filled with some dark, fatty-looking substance, from which exhaled a faint, sickly odor, that was far from pleasant. The following is a copy of the note.

"MY DEAR DUCIE—I send you a small quantity of the drug you ask for. I dare say there will be enough to serve your purpose. It is an exceedingly powerful narcotic and very little of it must be used at one time. I greatly question the advisability of using it at all in the case of neuralgic pains such as you describe, but I presume you are acting under advice.

"Glad to hear you are enjoying yourself so thoroughly. Town is anything but pleasant at this time of the year, and to be strolling on the banks of Windermere would suit much better the idiosyncrasy of

"Your perspiring, but devoted friend,
"GEO. BENELL."

Capt. Ducie, after taking one whiff at the contents of the box, put it carefully away under lock and key. Nothing further could be done till the next evening that his host might devote to drashkii smoking. For that occasion he had not long to wait.

Ducie was now so far familiar with the process of drashkii smoking and its results, that from the first evening of Cleon's absence he had taken upon himself the office of preparing M. Platzoff's pipe. This he did in that easy, good-natured way which sat so gracefully on him, and made his simplest acts seem better than greater things done by another. On the first "big smoke night" after his receipt of the tiny packet from London, Ducie did not fail to proffer his services as usual, and Platzoff was glad to accept them. This evening as he charged the pipe out of the little silver box in which the preparation was always kept, he turned his back on the Russian, who was lazily reclining on the low cushioned seat that ran round the room, and seemed longer than usual in filling it to his mind. Platzoff was not heeding him at all, but was gazing with half-shut eyes on the lamp, of Oriental workmanship, by which the room was lighted.

"What strange patterns or weavings of life we often get," he said, speaking more to himself than to Ducie, "when we are asleep or in a fever, or in any other state in which the vagaries of the brain are no longer controlled by the force of reason, or no longer restrained by what you call the trammels of common sense. It is looking at life through a kaleidoscope—a strange jumble of many colored, differently shaped fragments, which yet shake themselves into curious and unlooked for patterns that have often a beauty and coherence of their own such as we seldom see in real life. Singular, too, that behind many of these brain weavings, which at first sight seem so purposeless and absurd, there lurks an idea, sometimes a very subtle one, and wholly dissociated from any waking thought that we can remember. It is as if such an idea had found its way by chance into one's brain, and was determined to make its presence known by scratching a few quaint characters on the walls of its new domicile."

"You fly too high for me to follow you," said Ducie, with a laugh. "It is time you were ballasted with a pipe of your favorite drug. You have a lot of cobweb fancies in your brain that want clearing away. To morrow, you will be as practical and business-like as any Englishman of us all."

"I hope not. That is a level to which I do not aspire," answered Platzoff. "There is not sufficient *fur niente* in the character of you English. You lack repose, and the grace of inaction. You are the world's plough horses. It is your place to do the hard work of the universe. Beyond that you are good for little. *Mais donnez moi ma pipe, monsieur, s'il vous plait. Voila ma consolation pour tous les defauts du monde.*"

He took the amber mouthpiece between his lips, and Ducie applied an alumette to the bowl. Sprals of thick white smoke, emitted from the Russian's mouth, began to ascend slowly, in languid, viperous wreaths, towards the roof. Soon a dull drowsy film began to thicken his eyes, and to quench their light. Soon the muscles of his face began to relax, and all expression save one of vacuous self enjoyment, to fade out of his features as daylight dies slowly out of a landscape at set of sun. Ducie had filled for himself a pipe of cavendish, and now sat down a yard or two removed from his host.

"Ducie, *mon petit*," said Platzoff, speaking already in tones that were strangely unlike his own, "there is a peculiar flavor about my pipe to night, such as I never remember to have experienced before. I cannot understand it."

"Is it a flavor that you like, or one that you dislike?"

"I don't altogether dislike it," answered Platzoff. "But why is it there at all?"

"Can't say, I am sure," replied Ducie, in his quiet way. "I filled your pipe this evening out of a fresh lot of drash all that Cleon mixed for you this morning. Perhaps your taste is out of order."

"Perhaps so. Anyway the pipe is delicious, but terribly strong. I can talk no more, *Bon soir, ami*, and pleasant dreams."

"In another 10 minutes he will be as firm as a rock," murmured Ducie to himself. He looked at his watch. It was just 11 o'clock.

Ducie sat smoking his cavendish, and watching his host stealthily from under his thick eyebrows. He had put a very small portion of the contents of the package from London into Platzoff's pipe, and he was curious to see how it would act. His intention was simply to send Platzoff into a sounder sleep than usual, and to make sure that he would not be disturbed by the unexpected waking of the Russian later in the night. For he had made up his mind that this night of all others he would steal the Great Mogul Diamond. In his thoughts he did not use such an ugly word as *steal* in connection with the affair. He merely remarked as it were casually to himself, that to night he was most appropriate the Diamond. He would return 12 o'clock as usual. Later on, when the last sitter up could hardly fail to be asleep, he would come back as he had come so many times of late, letting himself down by means of the rope from his own window; and so, by way of No. 4 room and the corridor, reach M. Platzoff's private rooms. Once there, he could easily deprive the unconscious Russian of his pass-key, and now that he knew the secret of the hidden door, he would have no difficulty in making his way direct into the cavern; after which, to appropriate the Diamond would be the most natural thing in the world. Returning by the way he had come, he would carefully re-lock the cavern doors, and shut the secret door. He would replace the pass-key in Platzoff's pocket, and retire unseen to his own room. Not improbably days would elapse before Platzoff again went to look at his Diamond, and when he should find that it was gone—what then? Why should he, Ducie, be suspected of stealing it any more than any one else who might happen to be in the house? And even granting the worst—that Platzoff suspected him of stealing the Diamond—even charged him with stealing it? For the suspicion he did not care one groat, and the charge was one that could not be proved. The only result would be a quarrel between himself and M. Platzoff, and a premature departure from Bon Repos. All this would not be difficult to bear. The fact of the Diamond being his at last would act as a salve for all the minor ills of life.

So ran Capt. Ducie's thoughts as he sat smoking and watching M. Platzoff's faculties fade gradually out, like those of a very old man who has outlived his proper age. To-night the process was swifter than usual, thanks to the narcotic which he had put unseen into the Russian's pipe. He looked on with a complacent smile, caressing his moustache now and again.

Platzoff passed quickly from stage to stage of the process, till, in no long time, complete coma supervened, and he lived no longer save in the opium-smoker's fantastic world. The light in his pipe died out, the amber mouthpiece slipped from between his lips, his fingers relaxed their hold on the stem, his head drooped, his jaw fell slightly, a thin dark line marked the space between his imperfectly closed eyelids. He sighed gently twice, and was gone.

To all these signs Captain Ducie was now well accustomed, and he regarded them entirely as a matter of course. He refilled his pipe, and lay back, with his hands clasped under his head, gazing up at the gaudy ceiling, and building pleasant castles in the air. As the clock struck twelve, Cleon or Jasmin would enter, and he himself would go to roost for a couple of hours. Then would come the time for his great enterprise.

He had been thus quietly engaged with his second pipe, for space of five or six minutes, when, finding that it did not draw to his mind, he sat up with the view of ascertaining what was the matter with it. In the act of opening his knife, he turned his eyes unthinkingly on M. Platzoff. In the face of the silent man sitting opposite to him there was was something that caused his own face to blanch in a moment, as though he had seen some unmentioned horror. He rose to his feet as though moved by some invisible agency. Great beads of sweat burst out on his brow; his lips turned blue; in his eyes was a terror unspeakable. He staggered forward with a groan, and lifted the cold hand that would never grasp his again.

"My God! I have killed him!"

He sank on his knees and buried his face in his hands. He knew as well as if twenty doctors had told him so, that M. Paul Platzoff, of Bon Repos, was dead. On his forehead was stamped the Great Angel's ineffaceable seal. Death had whispered in his ears, and he was deaf forever.

That one minute which Ducie spent on his knees was, perhaps, the bitterest of his life. What his feelings were he himself could not have told. To heaven is my witness I did not intend to do this thing!" he exclaimed aloud, as he rose to his feet.

Then, in spite of the certainty which possessed him that Platzoff was beyond all earthly aid, he bared one of the Russian's arms, and pricked a vein with his penknife. But no blood followed, and with another groan Ducie let go the fingers that were already growing cold and stiff.

His next impulse was to ring for assistance. But in the very act of pulling the bell rope he paused. For a minute or two the very existence of such a bauble as the Great Mogul Diamond had passed entirely out of his thoughts. But as his fingers touched the rope, there came a whisper in his ear, "Now or never the Diamond must become yours!" He paused, and sat down for a moment to think.

Platzoff was gone past recovery. Of all men living, he, Ducie, was probably the only one to whom the existence of the Diamond was known; or at least the place where it was hidden. Dead men tell no tales. If he were to make the diamond his—and had he not a right to do so, having paid such a tremendous price for it—who in all the wide world would be one bit the wiser? If, on the contrary, he were to leave it untouched it might remain undiscovered in its dark home for centuries. Or if Platzoff's friend, Signor Lampini, were sufficiently instructed where to find it, of what use would it be to him except as a means for the propagation of red-hot revolutionary ideas, among which, for aught he knew to the contrary, assassination might be looked upon as a cardinal virtue. He would be worse than a fool not to seize the last chance that was ever offered of making the precious gem his own forever.

Once more he looked at his watch. It wanted exactly a quarter to twelve. He had 15 clear minutes that he could call his own, and not one minute more. No suspicion would attach to him with regard to the death of Platzoff: he felt no uneasiness on that score. But after that event should be discovered, the pass-key would be claimed by Cleon, and all access to the rooms denied him. Now or never was his time.

He hesitated no longer. With a shudder he put his hand into the dead man's pocket, and drew forth the silver key. It was the work of a moment to light the little hand lamp, and pass forward into the library. Then he went down on his knees to look for the marks he had made on the carpet which were to point out to him the exact position of the secret door. Having found them, together with an almost invisible scratch which he had made on a particular part of the polished panelling of the bookcase, he was guided at once to the spring by which the secret door was acted upon, and in another moment the narrow stone staircase opened darkly at his feet. Down the stairs he went without pause or hesitation, carrying the lighted lamp in one hand and the pass-key in the other. The door at the bottom of the staircase opened without difficulty, and he found himself in the low vaulted chamber at the further end of which was the door that opened into the rock. The second door was passed as readily as the first, and before him appeared the narrow passage that led to the cavern. To-night the cold moist atmosphere of the place struck upon him with a chill that made him shudder. He had trodden that passage but once before, and then it was in company with the man who now lay cold and dead in the room above. He gave a backward glance over the shoulder half expecting to see the shade of Platzoff following silently in his footsteps. But there was nothing save his own distorted shadow dogging him like some monster at once ugly and grotesque. With a sneer at his own timidity he entered the passage in the rock. In three minutes more the great prize would be his.

Slowly and cautiously he threaded the tortuous pathway that led to the heart of the hill. He reached the end of it in safety, and the cavern loomed dim and vast before him. He paused for a moment, and held the lamp high above his head. There, fixed in the middle of the sandy floor he could just make out the vague outlines of the Indian idol. The great gem that flashed in its forehead caught a ray from the feeble lamp held by Ducie, and flung it back intensified a thousand fold. Ducie saw the flash, and his breath came thick and fast.

He advanced one step—a second. Then, before he knew what had happened he found himself stretched on the floor of the cave and in utter darkness. He had stumbled over some inequality in the floor, and had dropped his lamp in falling. Bruised and bleeding, and with a curse on his lips, he rose to his feet.

The predicament in which he now found himself was anything but a pleasant one. That he could find the idol even in the dark, and make himself master of the Diamond, he did not doubt. But the question was, whether if he wandered so far away from the narrow passage by which access was had to the cavern, he could find it again, and so get back to the library before the clock struck 12. If that could be done all might yet be well. If it could not be done—but he would not stop to argue the point. He would make a bold dash for the Diamond. He would risk everything in order to succeed, and trust that the good fortune which had so far favored his enterprise would not desert him in this great crisis of his fate.

A few seconds sufficed for him to weave these thoughts in his brain, and almost before he had decided on what he would do he was advancing deeper into the cavern: advancing slowly, step by step, with outstretched arms in the direction of the idol. By the light of his lamp he noted its position, and now that he was in the dark he went to it nearly in a straight line. Suddenly it seemed as if the idol had risen noiselessly from the ground. The palms of his left hand smote its flat, cold forehead. He had not an instant in feeling for the diamond. The moment his fingers touched it he thrilled from head to foot.

The diamond was held in its place in the forehead of the idol by a small gold clasp which worked in the hollow of the skull. It occupied Ducie some three or four minutes, first to find the clasp, and afterwards to unfasten it. At length he succeeded in opening it, and the Diamond dropped into his palm. His own at last!

With a great sigh of relief and thankfulness he drew back his arm, and having first kissed the gem, he put it carefully away in a safe pocket, and then turned to retrace his steps. Taking the nose of the idol as his starting point, he calculated that a straight line from it to the wall of the cavern would not land him very wide of the entrance. But the difficulty was to keep a straight line in the dark, and the darkness was something that might almost be felt. But there was no time for hesitation. It midnight had not struck already it must be close on the point of doing so. The delay of a single minute might be the cause of his discovery either by Cleon or Jasmin. What the result would be in such a case he did not pause to ask himself. Instead, he set himself with his back to the face of the idol and stepped out slow and steady for the side of the cave.

He had got about half way across the intervening space when a sound fell on his ear brought him on the instant to a dead stand. It was the noise made by some one descending the stone stairs that led into the vaulted room. All had been discovered, then! The death of Platzoff, the secret door standing wide open, and his, Ducie's, appearance. The intruder must be either Cleon or Jasmin. Was either of them aware of the existence of the Diamond, and that it had been hidden in the cave? If not, then his presence there could be easily excused on the score of simple curiosity to see so strange a place. If they knew of the existence of a Diamond, they would suspect at once that he had come in, and would doubtless try to dispossess him of it by force. Well: they should not take it from him without taking his life also: on that point he was fully determined. Presently a thin ray of light which cut the darkness like a sword, shone through the narrow entrance to the cave. It broadened and brightened quickly. As it drew nearer, Capt. Ducie advanced to meet it. His face was pale, but very set and determined. His eyes shone from under his heavy brows with a light that boded no good to the intruder whoever he might be. He was not left long in doubt. Another half-minute brought into view the gaunt figure of Cleon, newly-risen from his sick bed. With haggard face and bloodshot eyes, and with a snarl of the lips that showed his long narrow teeth, the mulatto advanced slowly and warily. In one hand he carried a lamp, held high above his head: in the other a gleaming dagger. Ducie advanced towards him haughtily, with folded arms. As Cleon emerged from the entrance into the cave his eyes fell on the captain's tall figure. He smiled a ghastly smile, and slowly nodded his head twice.

"Thief and villain! I have found you at last," he said. "Your heart's blood shall dye the floor of this cave."

He set down his lamp on a projection of the rock, and deliberately turned back the cuffs of his coat. Captain Ducie said never a word in reply, but kept his eyes fixed unswervingly on Cleon, as he would have done on a tiger or other beast of prey. He was without a defensive weapon of any kind, and was obliged to trust to the quickness of his eye and the strength of his muscles for safety in the coming attack.

Cleon's onslaught was exactly like that of a wild beast. It was a yell and a spring, and it would in all probability have been fatal to Ducie had not the latter been fully prepared for something of the kind. But the very instant Cleon sprang at his throat, out went Ducie's right arm, straight and true like a sledge hammer, full in the mulatto's face. Cleon dropped before it as though he had been shot through the brain. But the next instant he was on his feet again, his face streaked with blood and now looking more ghastly than before. He saw at a glance that Ducie could not understand, but it murder ever burned in a man's eyes, it perped out of the mulatto's at that moment. He was not all daunted by his mishap; only rendered more wary. He made several feints and false moves before he ventured on a second dash at the Captain. At last he thought he saw his chance, and in the twinkling of an eye he had struck his dagger into the captain's shoulder. He had aimed at the heart, but his enemy had proved too quick for him. His dagger pricked into Ducie's shoulder, and Ducie's arm went round him like a vice. The mulatto was active and sinewy, but in close struggle he was no match for the great strength of his opponent. His arms were pinned to his sides, but his head was at liberty, and with his long sharp teeth he fastened on Ducie's cheek and bit it through. This roused Ducie's blood as half a dozen pricks with the dagger could not have done. Lifting Cleon bodily up, he swung him once round, and then dashed him with all his might against the side of the cave. The mulatto rebounded from the rock, and came to the floor with a dull heavy thud. He groaned twice, and then all was still except the heavy beating of Ducie's heart.

Ducie bent over the body for a moment. "His fate be on his own head!" he muttered. Then, having made sure that the Diamond was still safe in his possession, he took up the lamp and passed out of the cave. He shut and locked the two doors behind him, and when he got back to the library he also closed the secret door through the bookcase. As he passed through the smoke room he gave one hasty shuddering glance at the dead body of Platzoff. The half open eyes seemed to fix him with a look of terrible reproach. He fancied that he saw the pallid lips move. "Ingrate!" they seemed to say, "was it for this I took thee to my bosom and called thee friend?"

Ducie put his hands to his eyes and strode on. He found the door that led into the corridor half open as it had probably been left by Cleon in the horror of the sudden change. He had made on entering the smoke room. Ducie closed it carefully behind him. That door locked up a double secret and it behooved him to get clear away from Bon Repos before it could be brought to light. He carried his treasure with him, and that would compensate for everything.

The moment he turned into the corridor to go towards his own rooms, he began to feel faint from loss of blood. The first great excitement was over, and now his wounds began to make themselves felt. Great heavens! if he were to lose his senses at such a critical moment and be found by the servants! They would perceive that he was wounded, and would probably strip him, and then how would it fare with the diamond? Just as this thought was in his mind Jasmin came suddenly round a corner and started back in alarm at sight of his pale face all streaked with blood.

"Sir—Capt. Ducie—what is the matter? Are you wounded?" he cried.

"A slight accident—a mere scratch," gasped the Captain. "Lend me your arm as far as my room, and—and don't leave me yet awhile."

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The first message sent by the telegraph clerk at Oxenholme Station when he went on duty next morning was as under: "From J. M. Windermere to Solomon Madgin, Tydsbury, Midlandshire.

"Address no more letters to B. R. till you here from me again. A grand fracas. The Captain and I are on our way to town. Unless I am greatly mistaken we carry the G. M. D. with us."

CHAPTER XXII.

MADGIN JUNIOR'S THIRD REPORT.

"BUTTON'S HOTEL,
"St. Helier, Jersey.

"MY DEAR DAD.—My telegram from Oxenholme, followed by my brief note from London, will have prepared you in part for the strange events that have happened since the date of my last report. I now propose giving you, as succinctly as possible, a narrative of those events from the point where my last report broke off. You will then understand how it happens that my present communication is dated from this pleasant little Isle.

"After the conclusion of Report No. 2 nothing of consequence happened for a few days—nothing that would allow me to imagine that the discovery of the secret door in the library would further our views in any way. M. Platzoff was confined to his bed for a couple of days after the fit in which I found him. After that time he got up as usual, and everything at Bon Repos went on as before. Captain Ducie was still with us. I understood from Cleon that he had been insured by M. Platzoff to extend his visit. The health of Cleon kept improving from day to day, and about a week after M. Platzoff's sudden attack he announced to me that from that date he would resume those personal duties about his master which during his illness had been delegated to me. Then farewell to my last chance of ever seeing the Great Diamond, I said to myself when he told me.

"And truly, at that moment I despaired utterly of ever advancing one step nearer the object that had brought me to Bon Repos. I was on the point of giving notice there and then of my intention to leave, and of writing you by the next post to inform you of what I had done. Besides, I was getting tired of my occupation—tired of Bon Repos and all in it. I began to hanker after my old way of life, in which a fictitious character is never assumed for more than four hours at a stretch. I had been acting the part of valet for more weeks than I cared to count, and I was heartily tired of the assumption. However, on second thoughts, I determined to delay giving notice for another week. I would wait seven more days, and if nothing turned up during that time to further our views I decided that I would throw up the situation without further delay and go back to town. Never did one hint after the Great Mogul Diamond seemed to me a more wild goose affair than it did at that moment.

"It was in the afternoon that Cleon spoke to me. The evening was to be devoted by M. Platzoff to drashkii smoking—Cleon had been preparing a fresh supply of the drug that very morning, and Cleon's resumption of his duties was to commence at midnight, at which hour M. Platzoff would doubtless require carrying to bed, and the mulatto decided that that duty should be performed by himself.

"Cleon had not yet felt himself well enough to resume his custom, interrupted by illness, of going out every evening to smoke a pipe with the landlord of the village inn. (Both the house and the landlord will be well remembered by you.) This evening he had invited me into his little sitting room to smoke a cigar and join him over a glass of grog—a most unusual condescension on his part. We were still sitting over our cups of tumblers when the time-piece chimed 12. Cleon rose at once. 'Had you not better let me go to night?' I said. 'You are far from strong yet, and M. Platzoff will most probably want carrying to bed.'

"'No, no,' he said. 'I will go myself. I feel quite equal to the task. A visit my return here, and we will have one more weed before parting for the night.'

"He went, and I lighted a fresh cigar. I think he must have gone about 10 minutes when he came back all in a hurry. His face was livid, but whether from fear or other emotion I could not tell, I started to my feet and was about to question him, but he motioned me back. 'Ask no questions,' he said, 'and do not stir from this place till I come back—unless' he added as a second thought, 'in case come without a moment's delay.'

"I saw he was in no mood to be questioned, so I sat down quietly and resumed my cigar. From a number of weapons that hung on a wall over his mantelpiece, he selected a long and very lethal looking Malay cresse. He felt its point with a grim smile, whispering something to himself as he did so, and then he hurriedly left the room.

"Now it was all very well for Master Cleon to tell me to sit still and await his return. I had no intention of doing any thing of the kind. I had a deeper interest in all that happened under that roof than he suspected.

"When he had been gone about a minute and a half, I laid down my cigar and quietly followed him down the long corridor leading to M. Platzoff's rooms. I had on the thin slippers which usually were in the house. M. Platzoff liked all the arrangements at Bon Repos to be as noiseless as possible.

"The corridor ends in a landing: on this landing are several doors that open into different rooms, one of them being the door that gives access to M. Platzoff's private suite. The corridors and the landing were both in darkness.

"Much to my astonishment, on approaching M. Platzoff's door I saw by a stream of light that poured from it that it was only partially closed. I crept near on tiptoe and listened, ready at the slightest sound of an approaching footstep to vanish into one of the empty rooms on the opposite side of the landing. But no sound of any kind broke the deathlike silence. I listened till I was tired of listening, and then I ventured to push open the door a few inches further, and look in. The room was lighted as usual, and was filled with the faint, sickly odor of drashkii, to which by this time I had become accustomed. But Cleon was not there. There, however, was M. Platzoff, not half sitting, half reclining on the divan, as was his custom when in one of his opium sleeps, but stretched out at full length on the cushions.

"He lay with his eyes half open, and at the first glance it seemed to me he was watching me in that quiet, cynical way that I knew so well, and I started like one suddenly detected in the commission of some great offence. A second glance showed me that in those half open eyes there was no light nor knowledge of any kind. I thought that he had been taken with another fit, and without further hesitation I pushed open the door and went in.

"I took the inanimate body up in my arms, and was about to carry it to bed, when something in the fall of the limbs and the expression of the face struck a sudden chill to my heart, and I laid it gently down again. I sought for the pulse, but could not find it; I laid my hand on the heart, but it was still.

"M. Platzoff was stone-dead!

"How or by what means death came thus suddenly upon him I had no means of judging. Poor Platzoff! And has moment old man and I felt sorry for him. But presently came the thought—where is Cleon? and for what purpose did he fetch that dagger from his room? There were no tokens of murder about the dead man; he seemed to have died as calmly as an infant might have done.

"I pressed forward into the bedroom, which, as usual, was lighted up by a pair of wax candles. I took one of these and went onward into the library. I could scarcely believe my eyes when I saw the secret door in the bookcase standing wide open. It opened on a steep and narrow staircase, at the bottom of which was a door also open. Farther than that the faint light of my candle would not penetrate.

"'Does this staircase lead to the hiding place of the Diamond?' was the question that flashed across my mind. Now or never was the time to answer it. But to venture down that dismal staircase into the unknown depths beyond was a task I did not care for. Suppose that, while I were down there, some one were to come and lock me up, I might scream and call for help till I died, yet never be heard by living man. Besides, after all, the Diamond might not be hidden there. The game was not worth the candle.

"I turned to go back, but at that moment the silence was shivered by a yell so utterly fiendish and unlike anything I had ever heard before, that my blood chilled at the sound, and all the stories that I had ever heard or read of Indian cunning and ferocity came rushing into my mind.

"I stood motionless, with the candle still in my hand, listening for a repetition of the terrible cry. But none came. Instead, in a little while I heard the noise of approaching footsteps. Then, indeed, I fled. Anxious as I was to know the meaning of what I had seen and heard, I had no desire to risk my life for the sake of gratifying my curiosity.

"Leaving my candle where I had it, I passed quickly through the suite of rooms, and did not halt till I reached the dark corridor outside. Here I waited and listened till I heard the footsteps coming through the rooms. Then I turned up the corridor, waited behind the first angle, and watched to see who would come out of the smoke room. I expected to see none other than Cleon. Instead, I saw Ducie come staggering out, carrying a small lighted lamp in his hand, and having his face all smeared with blood. Some weird tragedy had just been enacted and I should not have been my father's son if I had not wanted to get to the bottom of it.

"I retired a few paces, and then, calculating my time, I stepped briskly forward as Ducie came up the corridor. We met face to face at the corner, and we both started back in mutual surprise. There was a wildness in the Captain's eyes, and he looked as if he was about to faint.

"'Sir! Captain Ducie!' I exclaimed, 'what is the matter? Are you wounded?'

"'A slight accident, that's all; a mere scratch,' he gasped out. 'Lend me your arm as far as my room.'

"I assisted him to his dressing room, and once there, he sank down on the sofa with a deep sigh.

"'Get me some brandy,' he whispered. 'Before you go, let me tell you,' he added, 'that should I faint you must on no account summon any further assistance, neither must you remove any of my clothes. Bear these two points in mind, and also that you are not to leave me, nor let any one else approach me till I come round. Now go, and get back as quickly as possibly.'

"I had only to go as far as Cleon's room for what I wanted. I found the room just as I had left it. Cleon had not yet returned? 'Would he ever return,' was the question I now asked myself. Had there not been some terrible encounter between him and Ducie, and had not the mulatto had the worst of it? Yet why should there be any encounter between the two, if it were not to determine which of them should obtain possession of the Diamond?

"That the death of M. Platzoff was known to both of them could not be doubted. Supposing, then, that the existence of the Diamond, and the place where it was hidden, were equally well known, what more likely than that there should be a struggle between the two, ending fatally for one of them, for possession of the Diamond? Supposing Capt. Ducie to have been the victor in such an encounter, was it at all unlikely that the Dismond was now about his person? Such a supposition would account reasonably enough for the curious injunctions he had laid upon me just before I quitted his room.

"Full of this great thought, I hurried back with the brandy. True enough, the captain had fainted. He lay at full length on the sofa, with not an atom of sense left in him. But the singularity of the thing lay in the fact that Capt. Ducie's right hand was deeply buried inside his vest, and there grasped some small substance—I could not tell what—with a tenacity that could not be surpassed had his hand not been opened for 20 years. So much I discovered before I proceeded to apply any of the remedies usual on such occasions. After a few minutes he came to his senses sufficiently to know where he was and what I was about. But before his mind had become quite clear on all points he withdrew his clenched hand from his waistcoat, stared at it wonderingly for a second or two, but without opening it; then like a flash it seemed to come across his mind what was hidden there, and with a deep Ha!' he thrust back his hand, only to withdraw it, open and empty, half a minute later. 'He had hidden away the Diamond in some inner pocket,' I said to myself. From that moment I never doubted that the wondrous gem was in his possession, and I could not help admiring the cool patience and the indomitable pluck he must have displayed before he could call it his own. All the same, I determined to try all I knew to cause it to change hands once more.

"The brandy revived Captain Ducie, and in a few minutes he was able to sit up and tell me what he wanted. He told me that he had been wounded accidentally in the shoulder, and bade me to assist him off with his coat and vest. The coat he carelessly flung aside. The vest he doubled up, laid it on the sofa and sat down on it. Then I cut open his shirt and laid bare the wound on his shoulder. It was not very deep but there had been a good deal of hemorrhage. With the coolness and knowledge of an old campaigner the Captain instructed me how to bathe the wound and dress it with some salve which he produced from his dressing case. Then he put on some clean linen, washed the smears from his face, hid the ugly gash in his cheek with a strip of court-plaster, and dressed. All this was done with a silence and celerity that astonished me.

"'So far so good,' said Capt. Ducie. 'I want you next to pack my small portmanteau. Put into it my dressing-case and all my papers, and as many of my clothes as it will hold. Then go and pack up a few things of your own. I want you to go with me, and in 10 minutes I shall expect you to be ready to start.'

"I made some faint objections on the score of leaving M. Platzoff in such an unceremonious way.

"'I will take the entire responsibility on my own shoulders,' he said. 'Your excuses to M. Platzoff shall be made by me. You have nothing to fear on that score. As my shoulder is now, it is quite impossible for me to go up to town alone. You need only be away 48 h

THE WEEKLY BLADE.

TOLEDO BLADE CO., Publishers.

TOLEDO, O., THURSDAY, JAN. 2, 1879.

OUR CLUB LIST.

We have made arrangements with the publishers enabling us to send the BLADE and either of the following publications for the prices annexed (postage pre-paid):

	Single Copy.	With Blade.
WEEKLIES.		
Christian at Work	$3 00	$4 25
Chimney Corner	4 00	5 00
Harper's Bazar	4 00	5 00
Harper's Weekly	4 00	5 00
New York Ledger	3 00	4 10
Prairie Farmer	2 00	3 00
Rural New Yorker	2 50	3 75
Scientific American	3 20	4 50
Scribner's Monthly	4 00	5 00
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Ohio Practical Farmer	2 00	3 00
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Young Folks' Monthly	1 10	2 50
Nat. Sunday School Teacher	1 50	3 00
Picture Gallery, (Juvenile)	50	2 00
The Morning, (Temperance)	75	2 25
American Bee Journal	2 00	3 00
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Frainard's Musical World	1 50	3 00
Leslie's Popular Monthly	3 00	4 00
" Sunday Magazine	3 00	4 00
Harper's Monthly	4 0	5 00
Godey's Lady's Book	2 0	3 25
Peterson's Magazine	2 00	3 25
Scribner's Magazine	4 00	5 00
" Sunday Afternoon	3 00	4 0

One agent can be appointed and authorized to receive subscriptions at the above rates. In making this proposition we only stipulate that we must receive at the SAME TIME, one subscriber of THE BLADE for each copy of any other publication ordered from the list. They need not both be sent to the same person, not even to the same Postoffice, and in renewing their subscriptions, old as well as new subscribers may avail themselves of the offer. The magazines and papers are all sent direct from the offices of publication to subscribers, so that there will be no delay in their receipt. No subscriptions received at the above rates for less than one year.

Please remember that we CANNOT ALLOW COMMISSIONS on subscriptions for the above named papers and magazines, except for THE BLADE, as stated.

As is the invariable custom in all newspaper offices, a subscription year is reckoned as FIFTY TWO WEEKS.

So FAR the public creditors who call at the Treasury for amounts due them prefer legal tenders to gold, and take the payer instead of the coin. This is probably the temper that will continue to be manifested by the public, after resumption shall be legalised.

DR. CUMMING'S popularity has declined wonderfully within a few years past. His Church, once the most crowded in London, is now nearly deserted. His credibility as a prophet having vanished, the people who formerly went to hear him are attracted elsewhere.

BEFORE Hon. HORATIO BISBEE, of Florida, could be deprived of his seat, the Democrats had to reject the entire vote of Madison, which casts a Republican vote of 1,524. The grounds upon which this swindle was based was that one of the Precincts did not make a return properly.

DURING the last two years merchants on the Southeastern coast of Africa have been utilizing a native India-rubber tree, which has hitherto been neglected. The yield last year was valued at over $1,000,000, and the industry is growing to a proportion which bids fair to rival that of South America.

SEN. BLAINE is ready with a most convincing answer to the request for specific allegations of fraud in the South Carolina election. He will bring forward files of the Charleston *News and Courier*, and several other papers, in which the frauds are not only confessed but gloried in, in a way peculiar to Southern journals of that ilk.

BEN. PERLEY POORE, in a letter to the Boston *Journal*, says that Vice President WHEELER is one of the most acceptable presiding officers that has presided in the Senate for many years. He is quiet, firm, courteous and dignified, understands the rules of the body thoroughly, and enforces them quietly—without noise or bluster.

THE Army Reorganization bill seems to be meeting with general approbation. Copies have been sent by Gen. SHERMAN to prominent Army officers asking for an expression of opinion in regard to its merits. Replies have been received from many of them, the majority of which are favorable. Among the latter are those from Gens. UPTON, HANCOCK and SCHOFIELD.

MR. S. H. PARVIN, of Cincinnati, the head of the well known advertising house of S. H. PARVIN & SON, died, on the 23d ult. in that City from an attack of congestion of the heart. Mr. PARVIN was one of the oldest advertising agents in the country, and as a business man, stood deservedly high in the regard of all with whom he had any dealings.

IT is difficult to suit a Democrat. Four years ago those in Wisconsin were sure that Senator MATT CARPENTER was the worst man Wisconsin could have for a representative in the Senate of the United States, and they formed a coalition which beat him for re-election. Now they are working themselves into a perspiration to get enough "moderate" Republicans to join them to elect M. CARPENTER to the Senate to succeed Senator HOWE.

GOVERNOR HARTRANFT, of Pennsylvania is at present the most formidable candidate for the Berlin Mission. He goes out of office poor, on the first day of January, and has been of great service to the party and the country. He has the support of most of the leading Pennsylvania politicians, though it is claimed the CAMERONS feel that he should be content with the Collectorship of the Port of Philadelphia. The principal objection is from those outside of Pennsylvania, who claim that as that State has already the best of the first-class missions—that to England—it would be unfair to give her the next best, that to Berlin.

SEN. WALLACE, of Pennsylvania, is a fine type of the Northern doughface that before the war made Northern Democracy contemptible by supple subserviency to the plantation lords who vapored and bullied, and hic-coughed around the halls of the National Capitol. Then there was no dirty work too mean for a Northern Democrat to do, if commanded by the Southern leaders, and a few offices flung to the North, as bones are thrown to dogs, was ample reward for past services and incitement for future exertion. Sen. WALLACE is so anxious to secure the Vice Presidency at the hands of the South, that his great sorrow is that he does not have more opportunities of demonstrating his obsequious and fervent loyalty to his masters,

"A HAPPY DEPARTURE."

The gold gambler is now extinct—he has died the death that knows no resurrection—he is as much a thing of the past as the dodo, the day of the hand flails and sickles,—or SAM TILDEN. For the past 10 years he has been on a steady decline—his flesh and muscles have been steadily wasting away, his breath has come shorter and shorter, and his voice—once so strident and sonorous as to fill the whole land, and cause all men to listen, from the busy merchant in the Eastern marts to the lumberman in the far-off forests of Oregon—sunk to so low a whisper that he could scarce be heard by those nearest to him.

Many restoratives were suggested and applied by those interested in his welfare. Great political parties were started and managed with no other apparent purpose than to give him a new lease of life. A whole corps of editors were employed in feeding him a pap that was made thinner and thinner as he grew weaker. At last even his most sanguine friends settled down to a recognition of the fact that the best that could be done for him was to protract his life beyond the beginning of the year, when a change might take place which would give him a few more years.

It was of no avail. His pulse, which had rallied a little in September, after he learned the results of the election in Maine, dropped to 1.03 and 1.02 in the second week in October, when the returns from Ohio came. It took another dangerous drop in November—the next day after the first Tuesday. It faded away until its beatings were only recognizable through the closest attention of New York experts. At length early in December he passed away so silently that the time of dissolution could not be told with certainty even by those who were watching for the event. The manner of his departure might be described by his friends in the words of TOM HOOD:

We watched her breathing through the night,
Her breathing soft and low,
As in her breast the wave of life
Kept heaving to and fro.

Our very hopes belied our fears,
Our fears our hopes belied;
We thought her dying when she slept,
And sleeping when she died.

We trust that the remains will be handed over to the Smithsonian Institution for careful preservation, that future generations may have an opportunity of studying the manners and constitution of one of the most insignificant things that ever affected the politics and commerce of a great people. They will see in him a low-browed, shallow-minded gambler—of about the same rating of intellect and education as those conducting an average City gaming hells, but who, nevertheless, lorded it for 17 painfully long years over 40 millions of sailors, soldiers, merchants, manufacturers, mechanics, farmers, journalists, and politicians, fixed the prices of all manner of products and services, occupied the attention of great political parties and statesmen, measured the victories of our arms in the field, sounded the depths of our disasters, recorded our advance toward prosperity, warned our enemies, and cooled our friends. His tyranny at last broken, we draw a long, long, breath of freedom and relief, and bid him the same joyous good-bythat we do at dawn to the hideous nightmare which has pressed down upon us during all our hours of sleep.

CAPT. EADS' JETTIES.

In a letter written to the Pittsburg *Commercial-Gazette*, Major MERRILL, of the Engineer Corps, emphatically combats the wide spread idea that Capt. EADS is the inventor of the jetty system, declaring that it has been in use by military engineers for over 50 years.

The letter exhibits considerable feeling in its discussion of the subject, and brings facts to prove the writer's assertion. It really matters little, however, to the public who was the first to create the jetty, since it has never yet been used with anything like the degree of success which has attended Capt. EADS. If army engineers *have* been familiar with this method of clearing channels for over a half century it has not been put into practical operation. Gen. BARNARD may be the father of the present work at the South Pass, as Major MERRILL asserts, but whatever of success attends the undertaking is due to Mr. EADS' enterprise.

The letter also questions whether the system can be effective at the mouth of the Mississippi, since the contract looks for 30 feet depth, and only 23 has as yet been obtained, although the contractor has been paid in advance for 28. This is true, but Major MERRILL must admit that the time for trial has been very short, and time is a most essential thing in testing an improvement of this kind. It hardly seems fair then to pronounce Capt. EADS' undertaking a failure as yet. At any rate, he has succeeded in obtaining a channel of greater depth than the army engineers did during more than 20 years of tinkering, in which large amounts of money were sunk, to no good purpose whatever.

HOW WE RESUME.

Collectors and other Customs officers are in receipt of the following circular, signed by Sec. SHERMAN, regarding the method of paying duties after the 1st of January next:

"Your attention is called to the provisions of the third section of the act of Congress approved January 14, 1875, providing that on and after the 1st day of January, A. D. 1879, the Secretary of the Treasury shall redeem, in coin, the United States legal-tender notes then outstanding, on their presentation for redemption at the office of the Assistant Treasurer of the United States in the City of New York, in sums of not less than $50.

"By reason of this act, you are authorized to receive United States notes, as well as gold coin and standard silver dollars, in payment of duties on imports, on and after the 1st day of January, 1879. Notes thus received will in every instance be deposited with the Treasurer, or some Assistant Treasurer of the United States, as are other collections of such duties, to be redeemed, from time to time, in coin, on Government account, as the convenience of the service may demand."

From this it will be difficult to conceive why the man who has custom duties to pay in Toledo, Chicago or St. Louis, should fret his soul about the methods adopted for paying out gold in exchange for greenbacks in New York.

Martha Washington was the only woman who ever enjoyed the franking privilege in this Republic. April 3, 1800, after her husband's death, Congress gave her free use of the mails during the rest of her life.—*New York Star.*

Altogether wrong. Every widow of an ex-President has enjoyed the same privilege. The widows of Presidents TYLER and POLK exercised the right of franking letters within the memory of the present generation, and doubtless Mrs. LINCOLN did until the franking system was legislated out of existence.

ANDERSON is now City Editor of the Eureka (Nev.) *Sentinel*. If the natives out there hated a liar as badly as they do a horse thief, ANDERSON would not live a day.

THE NEW PATENT LAW.

Consequent upon the discussion of the proposed amendment to the existing patent law in Congress, comes innumerably expressions of opinion, not only in regard to a possible and needed change, but as to whether it is a sound policy to have any patent system at all. The number who feel that it would be better to dispense with any law is comparatively small and lacking in influence, as it is evident to any right thinker that an individual should have, for a time at least, exclusive control of the children of his brain and exclusive right to the profits that may accrue from their use.

It is no less evident, however, that the law, as it now stands, is liable to gross abuse, and its action under some of its provisions has created a strong public sentiment against it. It is in consequence of this that the effort has been made to push through certain amendments which promise a radical improvement.

Some of the specific provisions of the bill are briefly as follows:

First—A reasonable statute of limitations is desired, so that suits may not be brought after a given time has elapsed since the cause of the action occurred.

Second—A modification in the rule of recovery, in order to prevent claims for excessive damages.

Third—A broadening of the law, to allow a re-issue of patents on account of mistakes in the original issue. A limitation of time within which such re-issue may be made is added in order to prevent the covering of subsequent inventions.

Fourth—A provision is made for proceedings to annul invalid patents.

Fifth—Also, one carefully guarded for taking testimony *in perpetuam*.

Sixth—In order to prevent suits for the infringement of patents which are useless as practical devices, two fees, one of $50 at the end of four years, and another of $100 at the end of nine years, are provided for. If these are not paid, the patent is forfeited. This will get rid of the many which are useless.

Seventh—Licenses are to be recorded in the Patent Office the same as any other patent grant.

Foremost among those who are pressing these changes in the patent law is the Western Railroad Association, formed by the union of more than 80 railroad companies for the purpose of uniform action in regard to the payment of royalties, and the defending of suits brought for infringements of patents. The settlement of questions constantly arising in regard to new improvements by each individual company, was almost impossible since its officers would lack the special experience and study necessary. The Association, employing its officers and attorneys whose business it is to attend to these matters, finds much less difficulty than formerly in solving questions connected with patents.

The many suits involving millions of dollars to which the Association has been the defendant has led its members to perceive the evils in the existing law, and therefore caused its present attitude of urgency in bringing the amendments to the favorable attention of Congress. It is not only for the interest of the railroads, but for all manufactories, or companies using new improvements, and for the good of the patentees as well, that the changes asked for should be made.

OUR MICROSCOPIC FOES.

The BLADE dislikes to harrow up the feelings of its readers, but sometimes it becomes an absolute duty, and it is so in the present case. Up in Chicago, which is by the way, an enterprising little town on Lake Michigan, the people became worried about the presence of trichinæ in pork. So much of the latter article was brought thither that if these little parasites dwelt in the meat to any great extent, there was danger of the City being moved off bodily by the struggling, seething, wiggling mass of infinitesimal life. The Health Commissioner accordingly last September, requested two gentlemen, well known in the scientific world for their acquirements, to examine the matter microscopically and anatomically, and they have been engaged in the work ever since with the following results:

1. Specimens from 100 hogs brought from different slaughterhouses and stock yards of the City, were carefully examined. From this number, 1,927 sections, or nearly 20 from each hog, were placed under the microscope. Half of these sections were from the tender loins and half from the hams.

2. Eight of the 100 hogs were infected, some very badly and others containing comparatively few parasites. Those found were always in the tender loin. (Take notice ye lovers of that delicious morsel.)

3. In view of the fact that so large a proportion of the meat is infected, it is absolutely necessary to caution people to thoroughly cook it before it is brought upon the table. The trichinæ is killed at a temperature far below that of boiling water.

4. The parasites are not killed by salting and smoking. This is shown by the fact that most of the cases of trichinosis in the West have been traced to raw smoked hams.

As a kind of comfort after reading the above, the BLADE will add that these gentlemen give it as their opinion based upon their observations, that the eating of these parasites is not so fatal as generally supposed; that trichinæ actually exists in the bodies of a great many human beings when their presence is not suspected; that post mortem examinations have revealed enormous numbers in the bodies of persons who have not exhibited any symptoms of trichinosis. Conveyed into the stomach *always* in pork, they do sometimes produce serious and even fatal illness, but it is not invariable, and animals are quite as apt to be healthy with them as without.

As a proof of this they say:

We commenced at an early stage in our work to feed trichinous pork to a white rat, then three weeks old. He received a liberal supply of this pabulum from every sample that we found infected. The animal grew rapidly and always enjoyed the best of health; his excellent condition being a subject of remark by visitors at our laboratory. On Nov. 17, we killed the animal, whose muscles were found to be literally alive with trichinæ, from ten to thirteen appearing in every field. Every muscle was infected from the tip of his nose to the end of his tail.

So strong were these gentlemen in their belief of the harmlessness of a few trichinæ that one of their number, Dr. BELFIELD, ate a portion of the rat which contained 10 or 12 living parasites. Several weeks have passed and he has not yet experienced any inconvenience. The BLADE would not, however, advise any general experimenting in this direction.

MR. TILDEN'S friends have devised another reply to the New York *Tribune*. The Baltimore *Gazette* calls that paper a "cipher gopher." This is crushing.

MR. VOORHEES.

The natural emptiness of the man VOORHEES has become so apparent, even to the Indiana Democrats, that many of them are moving earnestly to have him succeeded in the Senate by some one who is more than a none-too clean vessel of sounding brass. Discovering this, VOORHEES raises a howl that there is a "conspiracy against him," that "recreant Democrats and bankers are selling him out to the Money Power," and a "prominent Democrat," [in all probabilities VOORHEES himself,] tells an *Enquirer* correspondent that

"A conspiracy had been organized by the Money Power which embraced not a few prominent Democrats in its organization, for Mr. Voorhees' defeat. The first effort in this direction, he states, will be put forth in the Democratic Legislative caucus. This failing, the conspirators will go into the Legislature with their money and influence, and endeavor, by a free use of both, to buy up enough rural Democrats to compass their object. He says there can be no doubt of this conspiracy, and that it was hatched at Indianapolis, and embraces in its membership several well-known Democratic politicians and bankers of that City. The Democratic member of the Legislature who sells out Dan Voorhees had better have his arrangements completed for passing in his checks, as the outraged Democrats of the State would visit the Capital and give him an orderly exit from a street-corner lamp-post."

This is fearful bosh. The Money Power—whatever that may mean—is not in the habit of dickering for damaged or worthless goods. Men who have brains enough to make or keep money are not at all likely to waste it in any possible connection with VOORHEES, either for him or against, for the simple reaton that he is valueless to them, one way or the other. His support is impotent, and his opposition despicable.

The man's parts are simply excellent lungs and an untiring tongue. In his long life of noisy prate he never advanced a new idea that any one can remember, never uttered a thought that gave evidence of a studious contemplation of a subject, never said an old thing in such new and striking way as to arrest the attention of the hearer. Not an epigram, no clear cut apothegm, no trenchant sentence lights up the dreary waste of verbosity that he has drivelled over Indiana for the last 40 years. Few men can escape saying bright things if they only talk long enough, but VOORHEES is one of those few. His mental purblindness steers him as clear of great thoughts and real truths, as that of the bat drives it away from the light and the fire.

To imagine that anybody outside of Indiana, and those concerned for the credit of the Democratic party, should be at any pains to oppose such a man is ridiculous. The so-called Money Power would think one of the debased trade dollars badly used if wasted in antagonizing a man so mean in ability and insignificant in influence as DANIEL WEBSTER VOORHEES.

WOOD CARVING.

Much interest has been felt by art lovers in the Cincinnati experiment in wood carving, and Mr. BEN. PITMAN, a gentleman to whom, more than to any other person, this department in the School of Design of that City owes its establishment and success through his untiring labors therein, gives, in an answer to letters of inquiry from other Cities, some interesting facts connected with its progress.

During the five years it has been in operation over 100 pupils have received instruction each term, of whom nine-tenths were ladies. More than 450 pieces of furniture were decorated in the same time, increasing their value above the cost of material and construction $4,000.

The aggregate for the five years, as may be easily seen, would be large, "Last term the value of the work produced exceeded $2,000, in addition to which 113 pupils donated $5,000 worth of work in decoration of the great organ of the new Music Hall." The whole expense of conducting this department has been about $2,000 per annum.

These details are full of interest, especially to women, as they show that a wide field for pleasant, remunerative labor is thrown open here, which will at the same time cultivate their love for the beautiful and enable them to give expression to any original artistic ideas of which they may be possessed. There is no reason why such a school should not be established in Toledo. The fine progress which many of the pupils in our public schools have made in drawing from real objects shows that there is plenty of undeveloped taste and talent here which only needs a field to work in, to render it of use and profit. All cannot be great artists or sculptors but there are many who could make a success of wood-carving and furniture decorations, things which go far towards rendering our homes pleasant and attractive. All that is needed is for some one with energy and enterprise to take hold of the matter and arouse the public interest to the desirability of such an establishment. Even though the beginning were small, the growth would come in the future, and the benefit, both in an aesthetic and practical point of view would be real and permanent.

THE UNITED STATES TO DAY.

It is evident from information gathered from various sources that this country possesses fewer very poor people and more with generous incomes than any other in the civilized world. Even England, with a nobility of whom a part possess princely incomes, has many more paupers than the United States. This may not be true of France at present, but a large share of her people live upon what would be a mere nothing here, and have no assured incomes.

The Prussian income tax returns this year show only 179 persons whose incomes are equal to $30,000 per annum, and among these are two members of the Rothschild family and Krupp, the famous cannon manufacturer. The number of those reporting a yearly income of $12,000 is 1,240. This seems quite marvellous, when most of our large cities could individually make as good a showing. It only goes to prove that with all of the troubles of the past few years, and the forced economies of the present, the United States, is better off to-day than the countries of the old world. Without the causes which are operating against their progress, and with every resource within itself to make advancement easy and certain, with a people full of energy and enterprise, there is little need for discouragement and gloom.

SHOWMAN BARNUM wants to go to the United States Senate. He would be an immense improvement upon the present representatives of Connecticut in that body, which is not saying much, however.

THE DIFFERENCE.

The difference between Northern and Southern methods of treating crime is illustrated in the case of the burning of two men to death in Nebraska. This was an outrage similar to those which are common in the South. A gang of men who had some private revenge to work out, put to death with horrible torture, two men, whom they reported were cattle thieves—the worst species of a criminal known to a Western frontiersman. They calculated that this would satisfy all inquiry, just a gang of Southerners silence all inquiry into their outrages, by reporting that their victim had ravished a white woman. But the Nebraskians are not the persons to swallow this story on the mere say-so of a lot of suspicious fellows. They say, in effect, "Furnish the proof that these victims were cattle thieves, and your action, though irregular, will be accepted as all right." But the moment that this disposition is manifested, the perpetrators comprehend that the course of safety is not to stand upon the order of their going, but go at once, and put as many miles as possible between themselves and the investigators. The latest accounts represent the people of that section as greatly excited, holding mass meetings to take measures to discover and punish the murderers, and that the Governor of the State has offered a reward of $10,000 for the arrest of the offenders. Supposing that was simply done once in the South, would there be any more outrages?

ENGLISH VIEW OF RESUMPTION.

The London *Times*, in a recent editorial, expresses the English sentiment in regard to the near resumption of specie payment. It hails it as one of the strongest evidences that prosperity will return to this country, as, in fact, that will be a strong predisposing cause to such prosperity, and England is more or less directly interested in the condition of the United States, since her own is so materially affected.

Of the Bland silver bill it says:

"No more unfortunate measure, as far as American credit was concerned, was ever submitted to the Legislature. As ordinarily framed, and as its promoters tried to make it to the last, the Bland bill was an attempt to substitute for the gold standard which America possessed, and on which resumption, when effected, would take place, what is known as the double standard of gold and silver. One effect, in the present circumstances of the silver market, would undoubtedly have been to give the United States a silver currency, instead of a currency of the more convenient metal, gold, and so to enable them to pay their national creditors less than those creditors had commonly understood they would receive. Another effect would also have been to subject the United States to all the disadvantages of a double standard and the consequent fluctuations which France and other countries have experienced."

As amended, it believes that it will have little or no influence in preventing resumption upon a gold basis.

The question is discussed at length as to whether our preparatory measures have been sufficient to prevent severe agitation in the money market, and concludes that there is no ground for apprehension. If greenbacks are made readily convertible into gold, then, instead of making an exhaustive drain upon the Treasury, a new and immediate demand for them should be created, to an extent even to raise them to a small premium.

As regards the English money market, the result should be to relieve the pressure caused by the preparations for specie payment, which has diminished the gold necessary in the payment of customs duties. This pressure is but momentary, for as soon as resumption has really taken place, a "part of the special accommodation" will finds its way there, and the movements of gold will resume their natural course. Altogether they can "well afford the temporary stringency for the sake of the great advantages that will follow."

COPYRIGHT LAW IN SPAIN.

Spain seems to have been frightened into a peculiar sort of condition that moves her to curtail the freedom of her people in a good many ways. In other words, she is evincing a disposition to institute a sort of surveillance that will put a check to any progression in the country, and, instead of that, force her backward for several decades. Whether this is owing to the fears engendered by the Socialistic movements in Europe, which have filled the monarchial countries with such alarm, or not, it is evident that King ALFONSO, anxious as he is to reign under the strictest limitations of authority, and to imitate the constitutional Government of England, finds it hard to control the fears aroused by the violence of MONCASI.

A new copyright law has recently been made which strikes a severe blow against the freedom of the press. It is as follows: A speaker in the Cortes may, at anytime, give notice that he reserves all rights in any thing that he utters before that body. Hence no paper can report his speech, if he wishes to prevent it, and the country can be kept in perfect ignorance of what their representatives are saying, or of the sentiments which they maintain. A debate involving the principles most vital to the welfare of the people can easily be carried on, and decided in a way to imperil their liberty, and no one be the wiser. It is, in fact, a key with which to lock the doors of the Legislative body, that it may conduct its operations in secret. To what extent this power, thus placed in the hands of the members of the Cortes, will be used does not now appear. That will, of course, depend upon coming events—but it is a dangerous law to establish, and such a step can only be explained in these enlightened days, by excessive fright or a desire to obtain unlimited power.

BEFORE the war Washington was in all respects a Southern City. Southern manners governed society. Southern families were the aristocracy of the place. Southerners formed the great bulk of the population, the hotels, streets, police system and sanitary regulations were as bad as they can only be in Southern Cities. Now the statistics show that of the 160,051 inhabitants of the District, 5,634 were born in New York, 4,756 in Pennsylvania, and only 1,573 in Ohio. The extent of the elimination of the Southern people by the war has been very large as is shown by the same census return. There are now but 218 native born from Alabama, 47 from Arkansas, 99 from Florida; 350 from Georgia, 382 from Kentucky, 239 from Louisiana, 238 from Mississippi, 289 from Tennessee, 88 from Texas, and 400 from South Carolina. Of the 15 Methodist Churches in Washington but one is Southern Methodist. The change since 1860 has been a marked one in every respect.

A NEW paper has been started called the Penn Yan *Mystery*. It has always been a mystery to us what they named a town Penn Yan for.

A NAVAL SCANDAL.

Admiral Porter Involved.

Letters from His Correspondence with the Fair Mrs. Rosalie Wetmore.

Special Telegram to the Chicago Times.

A SUIT FOR BACK PAY.

WASHINGTON, Dec. 24.—Capt. Wetmore, late of the Navy, has brought two suits against Admiral Porter, one to recover certain sums of money that he claims were wrongfully withheld from his pay, and the other for damages upon the ground of the alleged alienation of the affections of his wife, Rosalie Wetmore. In 1873, while Wetmore was still in the service, a divorce was obtained by his wife. The divorce set up the plea of cruelty, and Wetmore says that the divorce was an arranged affair between them, and that no allowance was made for alimony. Yet, notwithstanding this fact, it is a matter of record upon the pay-rolls of the Navy Department that $99 a month of Wetmore's pay was deducted and paid by check to Mrs. Wetmore for several months. A suit is pending for the recovery of this money, which will soon be settled in the District Courts.

THE SECOND SUIT

is much more important, as it alleges improper intimacy between Admiral Porter and his wife prior to the procurement of the divorce, and that the forced payment from his salary is one of the proofs that Admiral Porter took an extraordinary interest in Mrs. Wetmore. Capt. Wetmore was with Admiral Porter in service upon the Mississippi during the war. Mrs. Wetmore was with him part of the time, and it is from that period that her acquaintance with the Admiral began. Prior to the divorce, Wetmore captured some letters written to Mrs. Wetmore by Admiral Porter, and he puts them in as evidence to be used in his second suit. These letters to Mrs. Wetmore have no year date. They were written in the year the Franco-Prussian war began. This is

ONE OF THE LETTERS

where the Admiral invites Mrs. Wetmore over to New York for a frolic:

July 25.—MY DEAR FRIEND: I have been intending to write you for some days, but it has been too hot here to-day for anything. I am so worn out that I am making preparations to go to Narragansett. The war in Europe will put a stop for the present to Mr. W.'s going abroad. He could do nothing more there, and it would involve him in useless expense without any results. * * * I am going away in two months, live and do nothing. I may spend a week in New York, and if you want to have a frolic and go to the opera, and do not like the country you can come over and see me. I hope Mr. Mac will not know I am there, he is such a goose. I think I have given him all the work I can at present. I work for your sake, though you ought not to have too much money; you will be getting extravagant. Save all you can for a rainy day and Katy. No one knows what time may bring forth, or what vicissitudes of fortune each may meet with. I want to see you beyond the reach of future want. I can only say take care of the pennies and the pounds will take of themselves. * * * I hope you will be a millionaire yet. Let me hear from you before I go. I am preparing to start. * * * With best love, yours truly. THE AD'L.

All of the letters are signed "The Ad'l." This is the regular signature of Admiral Porter to all his private correspondence. Admiral Porter was always engaged in

FINDING SOME WORK FOR WETMORE,

as during these latter years. Wetmore held only civil positions in the navy. There was no special reason why the Admiral should be anxious to do anything for Wetmore, except on account of his wife. Since Wetmore has brought suit against the Commander-in-chief of the Navy he says that he has been cut and prescribed by all of the officers of the navy, with few exceptions. However that may be, it goes almost without saying that the District Courts are poor places for men without money or position to sue individuals so prominent and well known a man as Admiral Porter. The letters given below are transcripts of those in the possession of Wetmore's counsel, Healey & Stone:

WANTS MRS. W. ALL TO HIMSELF.

In the following letter, where references are made to getting business for Wetmore, Admiral Porter speaks of a company that had business relations with the Navy in furnishing row locks. This letter is regarded as one of the strongest indications of Porter's intimacy with Mrs. Wetmore:

DEAR FRIEND:—I received yours, and I am of the opinion that you and Mr. W. do not know how to take care of your interests. Mr. M. (MacIntosh) may be a very nice young man, but he has an eye to his own interests. Now, I do not care a cent about him. I only care for you and Mr. W. in all that I do in that line. I think he ought to give you the full one thousand, as, by right, Mr. W. is entitled to thirteen hundred. I will see if I can strain a point and get something more from Roolock. I think I do not like the idea of his getting to windward. * * * I said I hoped to see you in New York. I was fooling. I did not think you would care to go so away from your country retreat, but I saw so little of you in Washington that I should like to have you all to myself—have a day or two in New York, where I shall be somewhere about the time the yacht race comes off. I shall be a participant in that. I have a place for Mr. W., that will be better than Roolock's, and he can, if he is prudent, make a good sum out of it. But I cannot put it on paper. It is to go to Prussia, all of which I will tell you about when I see you, and put in your possession the plans of a torpedo, which will destroy the whole French navy. I will write you from Narragansett, where to meet me at New York. I shall stop at the large hotel in Union Square—I forget the name of it. I have an aunt there who I have promised to stop and see. I feel in duty bound to go there. It is a pleasant place, and a clean one. I had an experience at the —— hotel when I went to West Point. I want to go to a place where the bugs do not live. I think the name of the hotel is the —— House. If you will come there you will find me, or rather, I will find you, and then we can talk over all the plans for the future. I will get that cottage for you yet, and then, when I see you getting fixed in the world, shall feel more comfortable than I do now. I leave here on the 1st for Narragansett. Will only be there a day or two and then go to New York, of all of which I will keep you advised. With best love, also to Kate, (her little daughter). Give her a kiss for me.

Yours as ever,
THE AD'L.

A FINE THING FOR THE FRENCH.

The above letter is very important in another regard, and that is that it goes to prove that Porter was using Wetmore as an agent to supply the Prussian Government with means to destroy the entire French Navy. This is a pleasant fact for the French nation to learn; that the Admiral of the American Navy was trying to drive a sharp bargain with the Prussian Government at the price of thousands of lives of the French.

A COTTAGE AT CHESTER.

The two following letters were written shortly after the witnesses had gone to establish themselves at Chester, Pa., to live just outside of Philadelphia, where Wetmore was employed as nadal inspector.

MY DEAR FRIEND: I suppose by this time you have left grave-yard and all it dreary surroundings to go to Chester. I hope some day to have you in your own cottage. I was married 15 years before I was in my own house. Send me the name of the street and the number of the house, and also a diagram of the place, so that I can form some idea of where you are located and be able to walk right out and see you if I ever come to Chester. Do not forget to write. With best love, yours as ever. AD'L.

MY DEAR FRIEND: I write you to do a favor for me: at least get Mr. Wetmore to do it. I enclose you a pawn-broker's ticket for a watch and chain which were borrowed from my little daughter, and found their way into a pawn-broker's. The ticket found its way to me, and I now enclose a check to redeem it. Send it to me by express in a box paid on delivery. I received a letter yesterday from Mr. W. in which he informs me he is going to hunt a home in Caester. I hope it won't end in a hunt, but that you will get settled there in a snug little home of your own. People can live in their own house no matter how small, on halt what they can live on in a boarding house. I say nothing of the comforts. Now, you know I must always have my finger in your pie. I am going to give some good advice about going to housekeeping. When you take a house do not take too large a one, at the same time one that will interest you. Do not have spare rooms. You will have too many visitors. Get a house with a pretty foot lawn if possible. In Chester get a house above the bridge and near the main road, so that you can have a good view and also have the benefit of the omnibus, which runs now, also to be near the best market. Get a place where you can see the cars coming in, then when you want to take a run to Philadelphia it will be handy. Then do not come to Philadelphia too often. It costs. By looking about you can obtain all these things. I saw some nice houses building when I was there. You ought to have been housekeeping six years ago. A rolling stone gathers no moss, and with that true saying and my best love, I remain, as ever, THE AD'L.

WHEN HIS MOTHER DIES.

In the next letter Admiral Porter promises to give Mrs. Wetmore his mother's cottage as soon as the old lady dies.

MY DEAR FRIEND:—I got back this morning. I brought my mother from Baltimore with me. I found the old lady very frail. She is now 79 years old, and may go off at any moment. It was beautiful out there—the most lovely country you can imagine. I did nothing all day but sit on the porch and smoke my cigar, enjoying the breeze. It is a lovely little place and I send you a sketch of the cottage. The grounds are a little out of order, but the trees are growing beautifully, and in time it will be a sweet place. The old lady is not able to see after it, and of course it looks a little rough. Now, this is the place I intend you shall have as a home for yourself when the old lady leaves us. You can then have a nice place to go in summer, with the certainty of enjoying health. It will be a nice place for you to learn to keep house and economize. You and Mr. W. will be able to live there, and if anything happens to him you will have a home as long as you live, unless you get married again, and then you will get out of my good books. Do not laugh at all my plans for you. It is well you have some one to look out for you, for, smart as you are, you do not know how to look out for yourself. Now, perhaps, the old lady will outlive us all. Who knows? as there is many a slip between the cup and the lip. I leave here on the 1st. Do not write any more after the receipt of this until I tell you, for the letters will go astray. With best wishes, I remain, yours truly,

THE AD'L.

MRS. WETMORE TO THE ADMIRAL.

The only letter in the collection from Mrs. Wetmore to the Admiral was written shortly after her divorce, when the Admiral was squeezing the divorced husband's pay accounts to provide for the support of the ex-Mrs. Wetmore, who was always the Admiral's friend. Her letter is as follows:

PHILADELPHIA, Dec. 19, 1873.—MY DEAR FRIEND: I write to acknowledge the receipt of yours this morning with check enclosed for $75, which you will pardon me for returning for your indorsement, as it is made out to your order. I was agreeably surprised when I received it, for, with all your previous favors, I considered it rightfully yours, but suppose you will arrange all that with Mr. Wetmore. Agreeable to your suggestion, I visited my lawyer and have requested him not to take up the case in time, which should have been finished this month, but to let all things remain *in statu quo* as long as I desire, which is next a week to Wednesday. * * * * My thanks for your disinterested kindness in this whole matter, and pardon my short letter, as the subject has become one painful for me to dwell upon. There is no necessity for me to agree to sign any papers of *separation* from Mr. W., so I will not further allude to the matter, but trust this will find you well and enjoying all the pleasures incident to the holiday season. With much love, I remain very sincerely yours,

ROSALIE W.

THE TORPEDO SCANDAL.

Admiral Porter, in the letter below, addressed to Capt. Wetmore, gives further particulars of his employing Wetmore as an agent to sell his torpedos to Prussia during the Franco-German war:

NARRAGANSETT, Sept. 7, 1870.—DEAR SIR: Letter received. I think you can safely call on the Prussian Minister in relation to the torpedo. He may, perhaps, pay you down something, which will help you along in case you conclude to go to Europe. I would rather not meet you here, or anywhere where it could be known that you communicated with me, just before going abroad. There are lots of devils who would make out that I was supplying Prussia, through you, with infernal machines. I shall retire from the Department for a time. If you manage right you will make something out of it, but don't divide the torpedo business with any other. Write me a line before you really start, and I will send you letters. I shall leave here soon for home. Washington would be the best place to see me, because no one there can think what other people are doing, they are so engaged in their own affairs. Yours truly,

THE AD'L.

MRS. WETMORE'S INTERESTS.

The letters below show Porter's interest in the ex-Mrs. Wetmore after the divorce was obtained. They are letters to Capt. Wetmore:

NEW LONDON, July 29, 1874.—DEAR SIR: I inclose your pay account, and shall depend on your *honor* to send Mrs. W—— $60, as I think it nothing more than just that you should do. I don't know how that affair has progressed, but if it ended this month it is the last payment I shall exact from you. When I arrived in Philadelphia I found her in arrears for Katie's schooling, all of which I paid off, and you can do no less than send her $60. I don't know where they are, but su

Answers to Correspondents.

We are chliged to remind our readers that there are certain classes of questions which we cannot undertake to answer, viz.:

1. Those not accompanied by the name of the writer. The name is not required for publication but only as an evidence of good faith. All letters not complying with this rule find their way at once into the waste basket.

2. Mathematical problems, and questions in grammatical construction. We are willing to give all our readers an opportunity to ask and answer the former, but we have not the type necessary for publishing algebraic problems and solutions.

3. Questions which in the judgment of the editor are not appropriate or proper for the columns of the BLADE. Hundreds of questions come to this department every week, and the editor must be allowed to exercise his discretion in making selections calculated to promote the general interest.

4. Inquiries as to the standing or reliability of individuals, firms, or corporations doing a general business. The BLADE'S endorsement is too valuable to be bestowed indiscriminately and it is not always possible for us to devote the time necessary to ascertain the standing of an individual or a firm located in distant parts of the country.

J. L. S., Frankfort, Pa.: We do not know.

JOHN D., Toledo, O.: Try our advertising columns.

S. C., Earlville, N. Y.—The agency you name is perfectly reliable.

MRS. E. B. T., Cheyenne, W. T., asks: "Is the Household Map laid off into counties?"—Yes.

C. S. D., West Sebewa, Mich.—The Latin word "Tuebor" in the Michigan coat of arms means "I guard."

H. S. WOODS, Lenox, Ioo., would like the address of any of his fellow prisoners, taken at Intervention, Mexico, in 1847.

MRS. E. E., Amboy, Mich.—Write to Hon. J. A. Williamson, Commissioner of the General Land Office, Washington, D. C.

G. O. S., Fairfield, Neb.—The State authorities ought to reach the matter you name. Apply to the Sheriff of your county.

T. H. FAIT, Brimfield, Ills., would like to have a copy of the poem entitled "The Rum Maniac." Can any of our readers oblige him?

JOS. W. M., Frankfort, Ind.: We can furnish you with Chamber's Encyclopedia. Drop us a card saying what kind of binding you want, and we will give you prices.

DR. W. R., Cottage Grove, Neb., asks: "Is Washington or New York the metropolis of the United States? Please answer through the BLADE to settle a dispute."—New York.

T. J. S., Arcanum, O., says: "I send the following answer to the problem of E. A. K., Oak Harbor, O. The piece broken over is 54.8 feet long, and the stump is 45.2 feet high.

MESSRS. New Franklin, O., sends this: At the end of 60 days I discount, at 10 per cent., a 90 day note bearing interest at 8 per cent, and receive $206. What was the face of the note?

H. C. H., Scottsboro, Ky.—The Mexican dollar is coined by the Government of Mexico.

2. There are four U. S. Mints, viz.: Philadelphia, San Francisco, Carson City, Nev., and Denver, Colo.

H. P. L., Hurricane Grove, Wis.—The "Life of Morton," in the BLADE Book Catalogue is undoubtedly the best book of the kind extant. It will be sent postpaid to any address on receipt of $1.50.

A. W. B., Ceylon, O., asks: "Where shall I write to find out about government land in Missouri?"—There are government land offices at Booneville, Ironton and Springfield, in Missouri.

S. H. A., Windsor, Ill.—Dickens' "Great Expectations" will cost you $1.00, postage paid. We are just now out of Tennyson, but hope to have more soon. The other books named we do not handle.

Q., Wetmore, Kans., writes: "If P. C. Beasley, late of Seneca, Kan., (supposed to be now in Ohio,) will communicate with J. McGinnis of Wetmore, Kans., he may learn something to his benefit."

E. A. K., Oak Harbor, O., writes: Say to E. L., of Canton, O.? that he is mistaken about having a triangular piece of ground of the dimensions he gives, viz., sides 20, 40 and 60 rods each, unless it is to his eye.

F. H. P., (no address) asks: "Is there a newspaper printed in the United States devoted to architecture? If so, where and the price?"—The American Architect and Building News, published weekly by J. R. Osgood & Co., Boston.

H. C. H., Scottsboro, Ky., says: "Tell G. M. N., Waterville, Ohio, that his answer is not correct in regard to the $600—⅞, ⅞, 1-8, 1-6. The correct answer is: A, $21.18; B, $15.370-342; C, $12.216-342; D, $10.342 342-180; total, $600."

H. W., West Point, Neb., asks.: "Will you please tell us, in your Answers to Correspondents, where the Kentucky Live Stock Record and the Poultry World are published?"—The first at Lexington, Ky., and the second at Hartford, Conn.

F. V. B., Oak, Neb.—The apparent inequalities of the skull of a living person are probably caused by the hair, scalp and underlying flesh. There is no reason why the average skull should not be just as smooth as that of your skeleton, after it has gone through the same process.

C. W. H., Winston, Neb., writes: "If any one who knows anything of the address of Henry H. Hunting, nurseryman, lately of LaCygnes, Kan., will write to Harding Bros., Vinton, Valley County, Neb., he will confer a great favor, and may be the means of uniting brothers who have lost each other."

LOUIS CRAIG, Dexter City, O., asks: "Will some reader of the BLADE give the postoffice address of John Ramage and Andrew Henninger, who were formerly members of Co. A, 121st Regiment, O. V. I.? Information regarding the above will be gladly received by an old soldier belonging to the same Company and Regiment."

M. A. F., Brookville, Pa., asks: "1. Is the wind governed by the motion of the earth so that it must move with it or in the same direction, never changing from north to west, or in that direction from any point? 2. Is there an outlet, through the lakes, to the Ocean, for large steamers from Chicago?"—1. Ordinary observation ought to furnish an answer to this question in the negative. 2. Yes, through the Welland Canal.

J. F. D., Holsdon, Ills., asks: "Will some one please tell me through the BLADE where tamers hints should be kept, and what they should be fed during the Winty season?"—We believe that good sweet hay and oats are said to make the best Winter food for rabbits. Perhaps some one who has had experience will give the most convenient dimensions and best arrangements to secure cleanliness and ventilation in the hutches.

L. H. H., Vinten, Neb., sends the following to the boys: "In the centre of a circular lake twenty (20) miles in diameter sits a swan. An eagle flies straight across the lake where it is twelve (12) miles from shore to shore. When he is half way across the lake, he is 17-18 of a mile (3168 feet 8 inches) above the water. How far is he from the swan, making no allowance for the convexity of the earth's surface?"

A. P. A., Post Perry, Pa., asks:—"How can I tell a genuine meerschaum pipe from an imitation?"—It is not very easy to distinguish the genuine meerschaum. The imitation article is said to be smoother than the real as well as heavier. There is no reason why an imitation pipe might not color to some extent, as it is made largely of meerschaum dust. Your questions as to the origin and nature of meerschaum were answered very fully some time since.

F. N. G., Jacksonville, Ill., writes: I send answer to the problem given by E. L., of Canton, Ohio, published in your paper of the 19th inst., as to how many acres were in a triangular piece of land, the sides of which were 20, 40 and 60 rods, respectively. Answer: 3.3633 acres. Rule: From half the sum of the three sides subtract each side severally, multiply together the half sum and the remainders, and extract the square root of the product, which gives number square rods.

E. P. G., New Aurora, Ind., asks: "When did the use of surnames begin among modern nations?"—The use of surnames among modern nations first commenced in France about the year 1000. They were introduced into England about a century later. Their use, however, in both countries, was confined almost exclusively to the nobility, and they were usually derived from the names of their estates. It was not until some centuries later that their use became general among all classes.

J. N. D., Imlay City, Mich., writes: "I see by the 4th section, 2nd clause of the Constitution of the United States, that Congress shall meet on the first Monday of December in every year. Now, please inform me in your Answers to Correspondents if the members of Congress, elected this Fall, take their seats next December. History states that A. Lincoln was re elected to Congress in 1846, and took his seat on the first Monday in December, 1847, as the only Whig from Illinois."—The next Congress nominally begins with the 4th of March, 1879. But virtually nothing is done prior to the first Monday in December, unless the President for any cause, should see fit to call an extra session.

A. V. S., Cleveland, Ky., asks: "What is the history of the "ditch of bacon" recently mentioned by a London correspondent as being distributed to married couples?"—It is stated that Robert Fitzwalter, Lord of the Manor of Dunmow, Essex, England, in 1224, enacted "That whatever married couple will go to the priory, and, kneeling on two sharp-pointed stones, will swear that they have not quarreled nor repented of their marriage within a year and a day after its celebration, shall receive a flitch of bacon." The earliest recorded claim for the bacon was in 1445, since when to 1855 it had only been demanded five times. A flitch was again awarded in 1869.

MOSES, New Franklin, O., sends the following answers to problems: E. L. says he has a triangular piece of land, the sides being 20, 40 and 60 rods. I refer him to Euclid, book 1st, proposition 20, for the following theorems: 1. Any two sides of a triangle are together greater than the third side. 2. The difference between any two sides of a triangle is less than the third side. Now either of these theorems will show that a triangle cannot be formed with the sides which he gives. So the question reduces to an absurdity.—The number of persons in E. W. V.'s restaurant party at first was seven (7).—In E. A. K.'s problem of broken tree the height of the stump would be 45⅝ feet, and the length of piece broken over would be 54⅜ feet.

J. B., Shawnee, O., writes: "I offer a solution to the problem of Aaron, of Sagrus, O., which appeared in the BLADE some time since. Let O be the center of the 100 feet sphere, and C the apex of the man standing on the sphere, and B the visual ray tangent to them. Then O C squared, minus O B squared, and the square root of this sum (that is, the remainder,) equals B C 22.912879, and this number divided into 50, or the radius of sphere E, equals the tangent O C B 2.18218; and this multiplied by the diameter of the sphere, plus the length of pole, plus the height of the man, equals 416.247, and this number squared multiplied by 3,141593 equals the area of the circle that cannot be seen, equals 625,835 feet. I did not take into consideration the curvature of the earth, for it just amounts to one-eighth of an inch in the radius of the circle."

E. K. H., Farmington, Mo., writes: "I have an honorable discharge from the army. I want to get a land warrant; will my discharge answer or not? I want to have it laid on a piece of land without going on it just now. Where and how shall I apply for a warrant?"—Your discharge would entitle you to certain privileges in locating a homestead, but it does not entitle you to a land warrant. You may locate your homestead through an agent, but it would be it would be necessary to move on it before the expiration of six months. In these proceedings, your discharge would be sufficient evidence of your service in the army, and would furnish all the needed evidence in the location of your homestead.

E. M. M., Minden, Neb., asks: "Have artesian wells ever been tried in the desert of Sahara, and if so with what success?"—Such wells have been sunk there for several years past with excellent success. In that part of Sahara into which the French Colony of Algeria extends, abundant water is now to be found. In an utterly arid and barren place, a well was sunk in a few weeks, and out rushed a stream of delicious cold water, plashing under the burning rays of a tropical sun, with a volume of over 4,000 quarts a minute. This has been followed up in various parts of Algeria, and it is estimated that the aggregate yield of water is 600,000 gallons an hour. Where arid desolation once reigned, palm trees in scores of thousands now spread their grateful shade over thriving villages.

JEXXIE, Elmore, O., asks: "Will you please give the significance of a few of the symbols used by caricaturists and painters, as 'Clasped Hands for Unity,' &c., &c.? What does 'The Primeval Lamp' burning represent? 2. What are Judge Otto's publications, as mentioned by your Washington correspondent"—1. So many of these symbols are used by secret and other societies in an arbitrary sense that we can only give you a general idea. The links of a chain, as well as clasped hands, are used to indicate unity. A lamp or torch is generally used to symbolize knowledge or intelligence, and the primeval lamp may be meant to indicate the original source of mental light, the Deity himself. 2. Our Washington correspondent was perpetrating a mild kind of a joke. The fascinating volumes to which she refers are the reports of the U. S. Supreme Court, prepared by Judge Otto.

T. F. C., Edina, Mo., asks: "Will you please tell me how to cut old files over to make them good as new? You answered this once during the Summer, but I can't possible find the paper."—The files must first be thoroughly cleansed in warm water containing a small quantity of potash, which readily removes any grease or dirt from them. After the files are thus cleansed, they must be washed with warm water and dried by artificial heat. Next, place one pint of warm water in a wooden vessel, and put into it as many files as the water will cover. Then add two ounces of blue vitriol (sulphate of copper) finely pulverized, and two ounces of borax, well mixed, taking care to turn the files over so that each may come in contact with the mixture. To the mixture now add seven ounces of sulphuric acid and one-quarter ounce of cider vinegar, which will cause the files to assume a red appearance at first, but they will soon assume their natural color. They then must be removed, washed in cold water, and dried by artificial heat. When dry they must be greased with olive oil, wrapped in porous paper, and laid aside for use.

J. F. C., Medina, Mo., asks: "Can you give me a recipe to patch rubber boots"—A very good recipe is one which we have previously given in reply to similar inquiries. Cut virgin or native india-rubber with a wet knife into the thinnest possible slices, and with shears divide them into threads as fine as fine yarn. Put a small quantity of the shreds (say one-tenth or less of the capacity of the bottle) into a wide-mouthed bottle and fill it three-quarters full of benzine of good quality, perfectly free from oil. The rubber will swell up almost immediately, and in a few days, especially if shaken often, assume the consistency of honey. If it inclines to remain in undissolved masses, more benzine must be added; but if too thin and watery, it needs more rubber. A piece of solid rubber the size of a walnut will make a pint of the cement. This cement dries in a few minutes, and by using three coats in the usual manner, will unite leather straps, patches, rubber soles, backs of books, etc., with exceeding firmness. The india-rubber unvulcanized can be obtained at most all large stores where rubber goods are sold, and at some drug stores.

How To Do It.

Dubuque Times.

The proprietor of a principal hotel in the city is noted for the diligence and care with which he purveys for his establishment. Passing by the well-filled store of a provision dealer the other day his attention was attracted by a large pile of fine dressed chickens. He went in and asked the dealer:

"Have you old chickens?"

"I expect so."

"Then pick out all the old chickens in that pile."

The storekeeper went to work with alacrity, deeming himself fortunate in having the opportunity of making a sale highly satisfactory to himself. Soon the pile was divided into two parcels, one entirely young and the other old. He now looked up awaiting the further commands of his customer.

"I believe," he said, "I will take the pile of young ones."

Let a man sit for two years on a barrel at a political corner grocery, and he is apt to think himself good enough to be appointed judge.—*New Orleans Picayune.*

The Sunday School.

The Dedication.

LESSON 2, SUNDAY, JANUARY 12, 1879.

GOLDEN TEXT:—The glory of this latter house shall be greater than of the former, saith the Lord of Hosts: and in this place will I give peace, saith the Lord of hosts.—*Haggai* 2:9.

LESSON TEXT.

[Ezra 6: 14-22.]

14 And the elders of the Jews builded, and they prospered through the prophesying of Haggai the prophet and Zechariah the son of Iddo. And they builded, and finished it, according to the commandment of the God of Israel, and according to the commandment of Cyrus, and Darius, and Artaxerxes. 15 And this house was finished on the third day of the month Adar, which was in the sixth year of the reign of Darius the king. 16. And the children of Israel, the priests and the Levites, and the rest of the children of the captivity, kept the dedication of this house of God with joy. 17. And offered at the dedication of this house of God a hundred bullocks, two hundred rams, four hundred lambs; and for a sin offering for all Israel, twelve he goats, according to the number of the tribes of Israel. 18. And they set the priests in their divisions, and the Levites in their courses, for the service of God, which is at Jerusalem; as it is written in the book of Moses. 19. And the children of the captivity kept the passover upon the fourteenth day of the first month. 20. For the priests and the Levites were purified together, all of them *were* pure, and killed the passover for all the children of the captivity, and for their brethren the priests, and themselves. 21. And the children of Israel, which were come again out of captivity, and all such as had separated themselves unto them from the filthiness of the heathen of the land, to seek the Lord God of Israel did eat. 22. And kept the feast of unleavened bread seven days with joy; for the Lord had made them joyful, and turned the heart of the king of Assyria unto them, to strengthen their hands in the work of the house of God, the God of Israel.

ILLUSTRATIVE APPLICATIONS.

They prospered through the prophesying of Haggai.....and Zechariah (v. 14.) Many a good work would have failed but for the words of cheer that helped it on. Many a good worker would have given up in despair but for the encouraging words which he had heard from those who wished him well. Many a good work has despaired, from lack of helpful words which ought to have been spoken, but were not. Words of blame, and words of doubt, are disheartening to those who are straining every nerve in a good cause; so also is silence. Soldiers fight better, servants serve better, scholars study better, ministers preach better, for hearing words of praise and hope from those who are over or about them. Everybody who is doing anything worth doing, needs cheering and approving words to keep him up and speed him on. A child needs to be often told that he is doing well, and that he may hope to do better; that he is likely to finish his task, and to gain what he is striving for, in his home life and in his school duties. The wife needs hopeful words from her husband, in her trials, little and great, and the husband needs them in his. Your pastor needs to be thanked for what he had done, and to be encouraged to what he ought to undertake. Public officials executive officers, and representatives in any political sphere, need to be cheered to continued well doing, and to be stimulated to better doing. Your friend needs new words of friendship and sympathy continually, that he may better fill his place and do his work as your friend. No work for God can go on as it ought to go on, without the words of those men and woman of God who have an interest in that work, and a duty to give expression to that interest.

According to the commandment of . . God, . . . and according to the commandment of Cyrus. God's plans and man's plans often work together, and even seem independent. At times it is clear that "man proposes, but God disposes;" man having one plan, and God having quite another. Again, God proposes and man disposes in the same direction. And there are occasions when God proposes and man seems to independently propose, a movement which calls for both man's work and God's work, for man's service and God's blessing. God's part in every movement must not be lost sight of. Without it man's best labor is for nought." "Except the Lord build the house, they labor in vain that build it." Nor should man's part in God's service be overlooked or overvalued. Man is—by God's plan—needed in carrying out God's plans; and a curse, a bitter curse, is pronounced against them that "came not to the help of the Lord against the mighty." Man's plans and man's commandments ought to be in the line of God's plans and God's commandments. Every movement among men, and every law and precept of man, in the family, in the State, and in the church, ought to run parallel with God's laws and God's precepts. In this way the progress of family and State and church will be ever according to the commandment of God, and according to the commandment of the earthly ruler thereof.

This house was finished (v. 15). There comes a time when a work that was all important in its doing is at last done. Instantly the duty of every one who had that work in charge is changed. Old duties have passed away. New ones ought to be taken up. When this house of God is finished, there is no longer any duty on any one to be its builder. Whatever else he has to do, he has not to build this house. It is well for a person to recognize his finished work as finished—and to let it alone. There is no further need or worry over *that* task. The only imminent question is, What next?

The dedication of this house of God (v. 16.) That which belongs to the Lord ought to be counted as the Lord's, known as the Lord's, dedicated to the Lord, and kept and used as the Lord's. If it is as it ought to be, its dedication is quite as important as its building and its finishing. If it is a man of God, his dedication should be neither neglected nor forgotten. Time, talents, property and service, which belong to the Lord, should be dedicated to the Lord and used accordingly. Only that on which God has no fair claim ought to be without a formal dedication to God. What ought you to dedicate to the Lord? What have you dedicated to him? "Ye are the temple of God." "Ye are God's building." All that you have belongs, with yourselves, to God. Has its dedication been formally made, and is this dedication borne in mind by you continually?

Such as had separated themselves..... from the filthiness of the heathen of the land (v. 21). He who would be pure must separate himself from the impure. Vile companionships are defiling to man and displeasing to God. He who would draw nigh to God must draw away from the godless—even though they be nearest neighbors, or of his own household. It may be his duty to still live among them to set a good example before them, to strive by loving entreaty and earnest endeavor to win them from their way to God's way; but he must be apart from them in his spirit and sim and together. He must not be like them, nor yet unequally yoked together with them. There is no getting near to God unless we are willing to give up sin and sinning, and sinful associations and intimacies. There can be no true purity in connect with "filthiness."—*H. Clay Trumbull, in S. S. Times.*

The Gorgeous Staff Discomforted.

Washington Correspondence Boston Journal.

The widows of Asher, who were loud in their wail, didn't make half the fuss that some of the army staff officers and their families display over Gen. Burnside's proposition for a reduction of the army. These red tape and circumlocution heroes, "who never set a squadron in the field," but who have passed inglorious years in signing their names to a wholesale lot of vouchers and reports, refuse to be comforted. Last year they were forbidden to draw any longer rations for houses they didn't occupy. But now they are to be placed on the retired list, although not of a retiring disposition, and they naturally dread a curtailment of their enjoyable pay, supplies from the Subsistence Department at cost, longevity rations, etc.

A WONDERFUL STORY.

The Ghost Upon the Thompson Farm —Jaquith's Adventure with an Aged Spectre—Stones are Thrown Without Hands.

New York Sun.

STERLING, Mass., Dec. 9.—The Thompson farm used to be one of the finest in Sterling, and its owners were famous for their hospitality. The grandfather of the present Thompson is still remembered for his open-handed ways, and his decorated tea set and wine glasses are still preserved in the family.

The Thompsons had pretty nearly reached that stage of poverty from which there is no relief but the poor farm, when a man came down from New Hampshire. His name was Jaquith, he hailed from Keene, he brought a little money with him, and his uncle, Daniel Thompson gladly accepted his offer to work the farm on shares. For awhile the men got along well enough together. Then there was a quarrel, which was all the more unfortunate as the Thompsons lived in one half of the old house and Jaquith in the other. The back yard was used in common by both families.

One day Mr. Jaquith was crossing this, when he suddenly became aware that a stone had been thrown at him. He stopped indignantly, but there was no one in sight. Presently another stone came tumbling at his feet. There was snow on the ground, and stones were not handy. After that Jaquith could not go out without being assailed by stones from unseen hands. They seemed to drop from the sky itself. Although to most men it seems rather a remarkable thing to have stones drop on them from the sky, the phenomena seemed to make little impression on Jaquith. But worse was to come.

Jaquith had been doing some shopping in Clinton. It was half past eight in the evening when he started for home. His story is best told in his own words, which the editor of the Clinton *Courant* took down from his own lips:

"When I got to the turn from the main road to the narrow one leading to my house, my mare jumped. She never jumps, but this time she sheered off. I turned in, and had got about half way in the woods when the mare jumped again. The reins were hanging loose, and as I pulled them up I saw something with one hand on the dashboard and the other on the horse's rump. There was no mistake, for there was moon enough to see plainly. I saw it, and took my whip out and struck at it. I suppose I struck the mare, for as soon as I drew the whip up she struck into a run. Upon that I saw the object come up as though from under the buggy, and the mare was running just as hard as she could and snorting loud enough to be heard a half mile. I struck at the form as best I could with the whiplash; but, whatever it was, my whip fell through it as though it had been steam from the mouth of a kettle. I suppose I struck the mare again, for she went off at a livelier run than before. I stooped over to pick up the reins again, when I felt two slight touches on my back. I turned around, and there with his two long, bony hands clutching the buggy back, was the head and shoulders of a man. I dropped the reins and took the butt of my whip, and with the mare running over the uneven ground, I laid the butt over the thing with all my strength; but it had no more effect than if I was beating the air. I cussed and damned, but the thing still hung on for a moment longer, and then disappeared. My hands were trembling when I took the reins again, and the mare brought me home pretty lively. As near as I can represent, the thing was dressed much like a priest, in a white robe, which covered its legs. There was a string drawn in at the neck like a butcher's frock; his sleeves were long and full at the bottom. His hair was just as white as the purest snow, and was combed very smoothly and evenly back from his temples, and parted in the middle. He had no covering for his head. He was an old man, with a very spare face, without teeth, and, I should think, about six feet high. His face had the appearance of a dead man's face."

Since then the old Thompson place seems as full of spirits as was Alloway Kirk in Tam o' Shanter's time. Stones are thrown, Noises, groans, and shutting of doors, rustling of garments are heard, and bedclothes are disarranged. An honest workingman of the name of Currant, employed at haying for Jaquith, could not sleep in the old garret because things went crawling over him, and a form prowled about, opening and shutting chests. Martha Thompson, aged 11, was afraid to sleep in the garret. One night she refused to go to bed there, and Mrs. Jaquith, taking a lamp, went up with Martha Thompson to bring down the bedclothes, in order to make up a floor bed. As they reached the garret, Martha screamed, and Mrs. Jaquith looked up. There sat a strange old man. He looked at them both but did not move. They fled, and called Mr. Thompson. When he came the old man was gone. The little girl says the old man was dressed in white, was pale, and had long skinny hands. Little Annie Thompson, aged eight, says that she has several times seen an old man, dressed in white walking around with a cane.

One night they hung a slate outside the door, requesting visiting spirits to leave their autographs thereon. The next morning it bore the signature of Mr. Thompson's mother.

On the Thompson farm there is a grave of one of the little children of the family—and not long since, in the sand near by, as if a little finger had traced it there, appeared this pathetic sentence: "Here I lie, all alone." Poor baby!

Jaquith, who seems to be an honest man, has left the Thompson place and moved to Berlin, Mass. Mr. Thompson is a man of eccentric habits. He now lives by himself in a hut at the edge of the woods, built on the spot where he once cut a man down who had committed suicide by hanging. He dresses peculiarly and wears his hair in a pug. He was nowhere about when I visited the haunted house. It is said that he spends a good deal of time in solitary wanderings.

A Quaint Old Letter.

Chicago Times.

That gentle servant of the Lord, the kind and tolerant Cotton Mather, a good man and a holy, is recalled to the memories of this generation just now because of the discovery of an interesting manuscript letter of his in the library of the Massachusetts Historical Society. It breathes the very perfume of the gospel of peace:

SEPTEMBER, 1682.

"To ye Aged and Beloved JOHN HIGGINSON:

"There be now at sea a shippe (for our friend Elias Holdcraft of London did advise me by the last packet that it would sail sometime in August) called ye Welcome, R. Greenaway, Master, which has aboard a hundred or more of ye heretics and malignants called Quakers, with W. Penn, who is ye scamp at ye head of them. Ye General Court has accordingly given secret orders to Master Malachi Huxett, of ye brig Purpoise, to waylaye ye said Welcome, as near ye coast of Codd as may be, and make captives of ye Penn and his ungodly crey, so that ye Lord may be glorified and not mocked on ye soil of this new country with ye heathen worshipps of these people. Much spoil can be made by selling ye whole lot to Barbadoes, where slaves fetch good prices in rumme and sugar; and we shall not only do ye Lord great service by punishing ye wicked, but shall make gayne for His ministers and people.

"Yours, in ye bowels of Christ,

"COTTON MATHER."

Unfortunately the best laid plans of mice and ministers gang aft agley, and W. Penn and the passengers of the *Welcome*, instead of transportation to Barbadoes and conversion there into rum and sugar for the delectation of the godly, reached Philadelphia in safety.

The Work Goes On.

The work of fortifying the two lines of defence of Constantinople proceeds with great activity. The Government factories are occupied in the manufacture of 10,000 wagons and barrows for the conveyance of the material, cartage of earth, etc. These fortifications will, when complete, be armed with 800 guns of large calibre. The defensive works are constructed in parallel lines, so that the first is commanded by the second, the second by the third, and so on. They are connected by trenches, with embankments, serving as shelter for the infantry. Since the armistice preceding the conclusion of peace between Russia and Turkey, 29 vessels have arrived at Constantinople, mostly from America, with large cargoes of rifles and cannon, and the Turkish troops are now armed as completely as on the eve of the Russo-Turkish war.

A MECHANICAL WHALE.

The Greatest Triumph of Genius in Boat Building

From Cassell's Magazine.

But a short time ago the world was startled by the deadly effect of the torpedo; and as this fearful engine of naval warfare is every day arriving at a greater state of perfection, it bids fair before long to completely drive out of the field our costly ironclads. We cease, however, to marvel at the torpedo when we hear of the latest discovery of scientific warfare—namely, a submarine boat. This boat, named after the designer of the "Garrett" torpedo boat, can be made to sink, rise, move forward and backward, above or below the surface, at the will of the manipulator. It is cigar-shape, running to a point at each end, in length about 14 feet and in width about five feet. It is constructed of iron plates nearly a quarter of an inch in thickness, and the weight of the boat, including ballast, is about five tons. It is propelled by means of a four-bladed screw worked from within by an ingenious combination of treadles and fly wheels, and is steered by means of an ordinary rudder. The boat is balanced evenly by means of a leaden keel, nearly two feet broad and weighing about two tons. Access is gained to the interior of the boat by means of a little square tower, rising from the center of the cigar to a height of about two feet. Once within and having closed this man hole, the operator can descend when he pleases. At each end of the boat is placed a water tank, and it is by means of these tanks that he descends and ascends at will. If he wishes to descend he turns a small trap, and this filling the above mentioned tanks with water, the boat naturally sinks; when he desires to rise to the surface he makes use of an air pump, and expelling the water restores the buoyancy of the boat. In the sides of the above mentioned tower are four little windows and, in addition, two small glass caps. These are flanked internally by a long kind of stocking, of stout waterproof material. The caps being removed, these stockings fill with water, and, by turning them inside out and using each as a glove, the operator gets the free use of his arm outside the boat to work his torpedo. In addition to working the boat the submarine traveller has to keep himself supplied with pure air. The breath which he inhales passes by means of a tube through a kind of knapsack containing a mixture of chemicals, and by this means is purified sufficiently to be fit to enter the lungs again. The boat is, of course, lighted by electricity, as gas would increase the impurity of the atmosphere. A series of experiments took place a short time ago with the boat in question, and were, we are given to understand, highly successful. The present speed of the boat is only four or five knots an hour, but Dr. Garrett contemplates building a boat of much larger size, capable of accommodating three or four men, and has a scheme in view for increasing the powers of propulsion of the boat.

PHILADELPHIA DEFAULTERS.

They Assume the Garb of Convicts and Begin the Expiation of Their Crime.

From the Philadelphia Times, Dec. 18.

On the way out they were invited to a seat outside, but Morton declined, while Hubn, remarking that he would not see much of the world for some time, accepted and sat by the driver. Arriving at the great stone house for criminals the two men were led to the Warden's office and turned over to the Warden. A clerk recorded the answers to the questions put by the Warden, Morton being asked first. "What is your full name? Age? Where born? Religion? Are you temperate or intemperate? What is your trade or business or profession? Were you ever in prison before? Are you married? Where does your family reside? Have you property? Can you read and write? Where were you educated? Have you any chronic disease? And so on through every possible inquiry. To all these questions Morton answered in a low, calm, distinct voice; but Hubn was embarrassed and could scarcely control himself from bursting into tears. When this preliminary examination had been carried out, the men were blindfolded by placing bags over their heads, and they were led to an adjoining room where their personal discription was taken. Then a convict barber shaved their faces clean, and the bags being replaced they were taken to the tailors' department and ordered to don prison uniform. All their own clothing, including even their stockings, was taken away, and the rough garb of the convict handed to them. Once more the bags were replaced, and the men were led hither and thither through the corridor in order that they might be confused as to the locality of the cells, and then they were led to the separate rooms assigned them and the doors closed. And thus the late President of the Market Street Railroad and its treasurer entered upon their punishment.

A SENSATIONAL ASCENSION.

An Aeronaut's Gymnastic Exhibition in Mid Air.

From the San Francisco Chronicle.

The announcement that David N. Hawley would make a balloon ascension on a trapeze attached to the Montgolfier balloon "City of Paris" attracted an immense concourse of spectators to Woodward's Gardens yesterday afternoon. The weather was propitious, the light southeast breeze which prevailed being scarcely perceptible within the amphitheater. In the center of the rope enclosure lay a large pile of paper muslin, such as is used for window shades, alternate pieces of green and light yellow being sewed together, with but little regard for the closeness of the stitches. This heap of flimsy cloth represented the balloon in its uninflated condition. Near by were a number of wisps of straw, the combustion of which was to furnish hot air sufficient to sustain the aerial vessel during its voyage. At 3 o'clock the process of inflation was commenced under the supervision of August Buisbay. The balloon was raised from the ground and supported by means of ropes extending to the tops of high poles on either side of the inclosure. A fire was then kindled inside of the monster bag and fed with straw until an intense heat was produced and the muslin was distended to its utmost capacity by the heated air. The balloon which is said to be the largest west of the Rocky Mountains, has a capacity of 70,000 cubic feet, and when fully inflated presented the appearance of a gigantic pear, longitudinally striped with faded green and dirty yellow. Encircling it midway was a pendent strip of cloth, connected with the lower opening by small cords, which was intended to form a parachute as the balloon descended. No basket was provided, a single bar being the aeronaut's sole support. At 3:30 the signal to "let go" was given, and the balloon shot upward with great velocity to a height of about 1,500 feet, heaving like a ship in a storm. With wonderful coolness the aeronaut suspended himself by his toes to the swinging trapez, and waved his handkerchief to the assembled thousands, whose hearts had almost ceased to beat in expectation of an awful catastrophe. Having attained its greatest elevation the City of Paris regained its equilibrium and drifted rapidly toward the Pacific Ocean, the adventurous athlete continuing to perform his reckless feats until lost to sight beyond the Mission Hills.

After remaining in the air for half an hour the aeronaut effected a safe landing on the Ocean House road, near the sand beach, about 1,000 yards from the breakers.

The Frenchman Who Waited.

Boston Transcript.

Even as no human being ever saw Louis XIV, without his wig, so no one ever surprised the late Garnier Pages out of full dress. Whether at home or abroad, he was always in irreproachable black, with snowy collar and cravat. One day, under the Empire, some one asked him why he thus went about in solemn sables, and the following reply was returned: "Perhaps this afternoon, or to-morrow, or again it may not be till next week or next year, there will be an 'incident,' a revolution will follow. I never can tell at what moment Paris may rise and the people demand that I shall lead them to the Hotel de Ville. One should always be ready for the emergency, and I mean to be." M. Garnier Pages waited 18 years, and on the 4th of September, 1870, the rising came. Paris called for him, and in full dress and faultless cravat, the leader of 1848 was borne to the Hotel de Ville.

PULVERMACHER'S SPECIALTIES

ADDRESS!

To the Weak, Nervous, and Debilitated, who Suffer from Ill-Health consequent on Lingering, Chronic, Nervous or Functional Diseases.

External Remedies are the Safest

and best that can be applied in diseases, on account of the facility which we possess of watching their action and their results; and of these remedies Electricity, in the form of mild, continuous, and prolonged currents, as realized exclusively by

PULVERMACHER'S

ELECTRIC

BELTS AND BANDS,

has been found the most valuable, safe, simple, and efficient known treatment for the cure of disease. In our descriptive Pamphlet we review the manifold benefits to be derived from Pulvermacher's Appliance, and bring forward testimony in their favor from the most

Learned Physicians and Scientific Men

in Europe and this country. We also demonstrate why relief and cure result from their use after every other plan of treatment has failed. Reader,

Are You Afflicted,

and wish to recover the same degree of health, strength, and energy as experienced in former years? Do any of the following symptoms or class of symptoms meet your diseased condition? Are you suffering from ill-health in any of its many and multifarious forms, consequent on a lingering, nervous, chronic, or functional disease? Do you feel nervous, debilitated, fretful, timid, and lack the power of will and action? Are you subject to loss of memory, have spells of fainting, fullness of blood in the head, feel listless, moping,

Unfit for Business

or pleasure, and subject to fits of melancholy? Are your kidneys, stomach, urinary organs, liver or blood in a disordered condition? Do you suffer from rheumatism, neuralgia, or aches and pains? Have you been indiscreet in early years and

A Victim to Youthful Follies,

or carried the marital relation to excess in later years? Have these indiscretions and excesses left you in a weak and debilitated condition? Are you timid, nervous, and forgetful, and is your mind continually dwelling on the subject? Have you

Lost Confidence in Yourself

and energy for business pursuits? Are you subject to any of the following symptoms: dreams, palpitation of the heart, bashfulness, restless nights, broken sleep, nightmare, confusion of ideas, aversion to society, dizziness in the head, dimness of sight, pimples and blotches on the face and back, and other despondent symptoms? There are

Thousands of Young Men,

middle-aged, and even the old, who suffer from nervous and physical debility. There are also thousands of females

Broken Down in Health

and spirits from disorders peculiar to their sex, and who, from false modesty or neglect, prolong their sufferings. Why, then, further neglect a subject so productive of health and future happiness when there is at hand a means of cure? Why not throw off the yoke altogether, and seek a remedy that has

Science and Common Sense

to commend it?—a remedy of indisputable efficacy, and the most certain means of restoration to health and pristine vigor?

There are many diseases of an acute and febrile type that we do not propose to cure by means of Electricity; but from all that Electro-Physiology teaches us, in regard to the *modus operandi* of the

Curative and Preservative

effects of Voltaic Electricity, we may most reasonably infer that all those chronic ailments and all diseases dependent on a depressed condition of the nervous forces, exhaustion of nerve power, or the diminished energy of vital functions, as treated upon in our publications, are happily most susceptible of cure by means of

Pulvermacher's Electric Belts and Bands.

These conditions they will cure, while drugs will not; and we offer the most convincing testimony direct from the afflicted themselves who have been restored to

Health, Strength, and Energy

after drugging in vain for months and years.

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PULVERMACHER GALVANIC CO.

Cor. Eighth and Vine Sts.

CINCINNATI, O.

How They Live.

New York Times.

It will, we imagine, surprise most New Yorkers to learn that, according to the last census of this State, 12,659 families are now living in log cabins. Of other dwellings, 598,031 are built of wood, 98,260 of brick, and 18,718 of stone. More than one-half of all these cost less than $2,000 apiece; more than one-third less than $1,000, and 7,168 less than $500 each, showing that any extravagance which interior New Yorkers may have is not of an architectural order. In the County or City of New York, houses, as may be supposed, have much more value than in the country, 56,010 having cost $5,000 and upward, mainly upward. Indeed, the dwellings of the Metropolis alone have cost about as much as the dwellings in all the rest of the State. Of 1,537,727 productive New Yorkers 341,627 are farmers or farm hands. Of the working women of the State, one half, or 137,410 of them, are house servants. Over 150,000 men earn their bread as day laborers. There are 50,103 clerks, 40,406 tailors and seamstresses, and 35,476 milliners and dressmakers. Celibacy seems to be in favor with New Yorkers. There are 2,673,813 unmarried, to

THE WEEKLY BLADE.

TOLEDO BLADE COMPANY, PROPRIETORS.

TOLEDO O THURSDAY, JAN. 2. 1879.

THE TOLEDO BLADE!

TERMS POSTAGE PAID!

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THE BLADE,
TOLEDO, OHIO.

A HINT IN TIME.

It is a good plan, occasionally, to look at the address on your paper, in order that you may know when your subscription expires, and no time is better than the present. Every address shows plainly just when the subscription expires, and no subscriber need miss the paper if he will take the matter in hand in time. For example the paper now going to WILLIAM EDWARDS, at Carroll City, Iowa, is marked "16 Jan. 9," by which Mr. EDWARDS knows that his subscription expires on the 16th of this month. The paper addressed to R. J. MILLS, Skowhegan, Maine is marked "20 Feb. 9," and Mr. MILLS knows that he will receive no papers on his old subscription after February 20th. By sending his subscription before it expires, a subscriber runs no risk whatever of failing to receive full credit for his renewal, the only thing necessary being to state that it is a renewal, while on the other hand, he avoids any liability of missing any of his papers. A hint in time saves a great deal of subsequent trouble—when it is acted on. New attractions are promised for the new year, and no one who takes the paper now can afford to do without it in 1879.

MR. NASBY

Will have a screed in the next issue of the BLADE. He has not informed us as to the particular topic upon which he will shed light, but it will doubtless be instructive as well as entertaining.

SENATOR CHAFFEE yields to the importunities of his friends, and consents to be a candidate for re-election.

GOV. COX thinks he will be 10 days at New Orleans, unless the cipher telegrams come before the committee.

THEY accuse SIMON CAMERON of wanting the German Mission for DON, and hence his opposition to HARTRANFT.

WE publish this week the first of the promised series of articles descriptive of the Territories. It will be followed by others as stated last week.

WE should like to send out a few thousand more specimen copies of the BLADE to those who would be likely to appreciate them. Send us the names of your friends.

THE wood of the poplar tree has come to be used extensively in the manufacture of paper, and the owners of mills are buying up poplar swamps in Canada at 50 cents a cord, for that purpose.

ALBANY *Journal*:

They urged him to run in Ohio,
But Thurman replied with a sigh O,
"I have coming to vain,
I can't stand a campaign,"
Said this frank little man from Ohio.

WASHINGTON'S body servant has come to life again. Now he is blacker than ever and is 140 years old. How many times is he to appear on earth to vex the human race?

THE balloting for Senator in Illinois will begin January 21. LOGAN seems to be leading in the race, but then LOGAN is one who employs the noisy, boastful arrogant tactics of the Democracy, which makes it difficult to say just how much is bluff, and how much real strength.

THE New York *World* points out that when Senator CONKLING, near the close of Pres. GRANT'S term secured the removal of the United States Marshal in New York, the Collector at Buffalo and the Pension Agent at Albany, he gave no reasons, nor did he ask the President to assign any.

A CAPITAL way to make a holiday gift to a friend is to select some good book from the BLADE catalogue, and when you renew your subscription, order it sent to your friend's address. We do not require that books selected should be sent to the same address as the BLADE.

LOVERS of precious stones, whose limited means will not permit their purchase, may take courage. A New York firm are now manufacturing rubies, emeralds, and sapphires of large size and great brilliancy, which they claim can soon be purchased at a very low price.

OUR old friends and subscribers can do us a great service just at this time of the year by showing and recommending the BLADE to their friends and neighbors. A word spoken in season is an excellent thing.

COL. FRED. GRANT bankers for some of the good times his father has been enjoying, and DON, it seems, is to sail to join the old gentleman. We hope that he will enjoy himself. As he has managed to do this very successfully so far in life, he can probably be trusted to do it in the future.

IT seems that the bite of some human beings is as poisonous as that of venomous snakes. A resident of Washington recently died from the effects of a wound inflicted upon a finger by the teeth of a man with whom he had quarreled. That sort of weapon has not in the past been considered deadly, but it seems there is a quality in the human jaw hitherto unknown, and decidedly dangerous.

THE work of organizing Book Clubs under the plan introduced by the BLADE, is going bravely on in all parts of the country. We can supply more good reading, for less money, than any other establishment East or West.

CURRENT EVENTS.

With the exception of the usual Holiday festivities, Washington has been unusually quiet during the past week little occurring to break the monotony of the Holiday vacation. The only ripple outside of politics has been occasioned by the publication of a sensational statement involving Admiral PORTER, the Commander-in-Chief of the U. S. Navy, and the wife of Capt. WETMORE, an ex-naval officer. It appears from the published correspondence, that WETMORE, some time since, obtained a divorce from his wife, and that the Admiral had interested himself largely in her behalf. The letters which are made public, while they show a great degree of intimacy between the parties, contain nothing which would prove any criminal relations.

A statement from the Treasury Department, on Monday, shows that at the close of business on that day the available coin balance was $226,000,000, of which $200,000,000 is gold currency; the balance was $12,500,000; $306,259 were paid out on Monday in currency to persons preferring legal tender notes to gold. Owing to the fact that the first of January is a holiday, resumption virtually will not begin until Thursday, but as gold has remained quietly at par since the 17th of December, it is not likely that any financial agitation will be noticeable.

In a conversation on Saturday, the President stated that he was giving no attention to the collection of official reports showing fraud in the recent elections in the Southern States for the use of the Teller Committee, as he had learned the Committee had formally refused to call upon him for such information.

No action has been taken by the President looking toward filling the place made vacant by the death of BAYARD TAYLOR. It is probable that a name will be sent to the Senate at an early day after the opening of the session.

The BRYANT commemoration held in New York on Monday last, drew together a large number of the prominent men of that City and elsewhere, including the President, Secretary EVARTS, Gen. SHERMAN and others. The address of the evening was delivered by GEORGE WILLIAM CURTISS, who gave a very full and interesting biographical sketch of the poet from his early days to his death. A reception to the Presidential party was given in the evening.

SENATOR THURMAN let his mouth get away with him, as the bad boys on the street would say, when he charged the corrupt use of money at the recent elections, and said that Federal officeholders had been assessed for political purposes. The Republican members of the Blaine Investigating Committee propose to make a formal call upon the Ohio Senator for his proofs, and it will be put to him in such a way that he must either produce them or retract.

The friends of the standard silver dollar are doing considerable boasting over the alleged increase of the demand as the day for resumption approaches. It is stated that while the average daily orders have not exceeded ten thousand dollars per day, that since gold fell to par the orders received at Washington have gone as high as $30,000 per day. There is certainly no reason why the people who prefer the silver dollars should not be allowed to have them, notwithstanding experience shows that they return to the Treasury through the Custom Houses faster than they can be paid out.

Sec. SHERMAN denies most positively the recent sensational statements in New York, that he favored the First National Bank of that City, and says that the bank was chosen by the Syndicate as a redemption agent, and never had a bond until it was paid for. Sherman says that next year he hopes to refund the remainder of the 5-20s, amounting to $350,000,000. He thinks he can do it and save $7,000,000 interest.

Preparations for the next gubernatorial canvass in Ohio are just now attracting no little attention among the politicians. The Democrats are making an effort to secure the consent of Senator THURMAN to make the canvass, but owing to the peculiar and extremely shaky position occupied by that gentleman on financial questions, he manifests a very natural reluctance on the subject. The Republicans are ready to put FOSTER or GARFIELD on the track with Secretary SHERMAN in reserve. The relation in which Ohio stands to the Presidential campaign of 1880, makes its position next fall one of great significance, and it requires no prophet to see that should THURMAN find defeat in the gubernatorial canvass he is permanently shelved as a candidate for President.

The National Yellow Fever and Cholera Commission, recently appointed by Congress, arrived at Memphis on the 28th ult., and proceeded to organize and map out the line of investigation to be pursued. It will be remembered that Dr. JOHN M. WOODWORTH Surgeon-General of the Marine Hospital Service, has been made President of the board of experts who will conduct the investigation.

The Potter sub Committee, including the Hons. CLARKSON POTTER and J. D. COX, arrived at New Orleans on Monday. The Yellow Fever Commission have also reached New Orleans and appointed a sub-Committee to secure the attendance of such witnesses as are qualified by experience to furnish evidence.

WE have in course of preparation, a new Book Catalogue in which the books will be arranged by subjects, instead of by classes. It will greatly facilitate selections, and will prove a decided convenience.

THEY are now going to build a monument to Major ANDRE on the spot where he was executed. There is a great deal of unnecessary notoriety attaching to this case. ANDRE, while he might have been a very nice young man, as young Englishmen of that day went, was hardly worth a hundredth part of the fame he has received. He was caught in very bad business, and hung as deservedly as ever a spy was. Let us have the memory of some worthier man, who died in the execution of his duty, rescued from oblivion.

IF you wish to purchase books, and will give us a general idea of what you want, we shall be pleased to select them for you. We believe that we can even do better by you than you can for yourself.

COAL mine owners are among those in England directly affected by the electric light. According to a very careful estimate a few days ago, the quantity of coal consumed in England in gas making was set down at 6,670,000 tons, against a production of coal of 114,300,000 tons. In this country kerosene is largely used in the production of gas.

ORANGE BLOSSOMS.

GOLD—GREENBACKS.—January 1, at the United States Treasury Department, the birthplace and life-long residence of the bride, by the Rev. JOHN SHERMAN, assisted by numerous civil and financial dignitaries, the charming young Miss BATTLE BORN GREENBACKS, aged 17, and the venerable and highly respected COINED GOLD, of uncertain age. No cards.

This is by far the most interesting event of the social season, and it is believed will open an era of more than usual gayety. The match has been long anticipated by people everywhere, and has been the subject of much heated discussion. A great many who claimed to be the bride's best friends were violently opposed to the union, claiming that it could not be lawfully made, that if made it would not long endure, that it would bring nothing but misery to the parties, and their friends, that the disparity between the ages was too great; that the bride would lose the freshness and vivacity that made her so attractive to the dwellers in this comparatively new country, and, finally, they alleged that the bridegroom was a worn-out old *roue* whose *liasons* with damsels of the bride's type were numerous and scandalous; that no law which the wit of man had yet been able to devise had been sufficient to force him into a permanent union with any of them, or prevent him from deserting them at the whim of the moment, are leaving them to shame and ruin.

The friends of the match were equally certain that the only safety for the bride was in uniting her to some person of such age, experience and firmness of character as would check the dangerous and mortifying volatility of her disposition, and lead her in the paths of honor and uprightness. Without this curb there was every reason for fearing that her sanguine temperament would lead her to become the victim of designing rascals, bringing shame and confusion upon herself and the friends who were most deeply interested in her welfare. As to the charges against the bridegroom, they challenged proof of an instance where the desertion had been his fault. It had always come about through the shameless perfidy of those who had aspired to connection with him in order to have the prestige of his great name. Wherever the other party to the alliance had carried out the terms of the contract in good faith, no more honorable and constant partner could be found than he.

Those holding this view are in the great majority, and the nuptials will be hailed with general rejoicing.

What the law hath joined together, let no man put asunder.

A PROBABLE INVESTIGATION.

We may have an investigation of the cipher telegrams, and, stranger still, if we do have it, it will be by and with the consent of the Democratic leaders. This is due to no spasm of virtuous yearnings in those gentlemen's hearts, but springs rather from a feeling that TILDEN may not be so nearly dead as is generally believed, and that it is best to get him clear out of the way, for good and all. There is one thing that the other aspirants to the Democratic nomination in 1880 will not stand, and that is to have the spook of SAM. TILDEN wandering hither and thither over the land distracting attention from them, and filling the public mind with all sorts of portentious imaginings.

The laying of this ghost can be brought about on grounds that look highly moral, while they are simply those of party expediency. The corruptions of TILDEN are believed beyond a doubt by nine-tenths of the American people. There are few to be found anywhere whose partizanship will lead them to seriously dispute the substantial truth of the stories of his corruptions and attempted corruptions in Oregon, Louisiana, Indiana, Florida and South Carolina. The only defense against these that has ever been attempted was the jesuitical plea by a New England sophist that there could be a difference in the degree of sin between bribery to secure the right and bribery to secure the wrong.

Shrewd leaders would see but one plain course before them in this emergency. That would be to throw this JONAH overboard with every appearance of righteous wrath, at his having prostituted to such base ends the high trust reposed in him by the Democratic party. This course becomes the more obvious when he shows, as he does now, indications of being a very strong competitor for the nomination in 1880.

The Democratic leaders now claim that the failure to take up the matter before this has been due to the efforts of Messrs. POTTER and RANDALL, each of whom had special personal reasons for not entering into the movement for investigation. The pill will be gilded for the mass of the party by a pretense of also investigating terrible frauds by the Republicans in 1876. This threat will hardly impress very strongly those who have witnessed the thunderous beginning of the Potter investigation dwindle down to an insignificant squeak about frauds which it was unable to prove.

A SUGGESTION.

With the enormous rush of orders incident to the holiday trade, it is not at all strange that our supply of some books on our list is exhausted. For this reason it occasionally happens (though not often) that we are unable to fill orders for individual books that may appear in our catalogue. We suggest to our readers that it would be an excellent plan in ordering a number of books to name one or more as "second choice," so that we might avoid any delay in filling the order. Even in the case of single orders, the plan would prove an excellent one, and would frequently add to the convenience of both parties. Remember that it is only rarely cases occur where books are exhausted, but that we make this suggestion to cover any possible contingencies that may arise from an order, and to prevent delays.

THERE are 6,000 unemployed men in Geneva, and all over Switzerland the poor are suffering greatly. Yet, they have had no contraction, no resumption, no JOHN SHERMAN—none of the causes that are claimed to be at the bottom of the trouble in this land.

A WORD OF WARNING.

Don't allow yourself to be overpersuaded by any plausible canvasser to subscribe for any of the numerous "cheap papers" that are offered all over the country at this time of the year. Remember that a paper that is "cheap" in its subscription price is apt to be cheap in a great many other things beside, and that is sure to prove dear in the long run. Such a paper as the BLADE will always be found worth all, and many times more, than it costs.

WHEN a reader or subscriber makes one order from our catalogue, it is our to be followed by a second and a third. Our books always give satisfaction, and indeed are warranted to do so.

WASHINGTON TERRITORY.

Its Topography, Resources and Present Condition.

Compiled from the Report of Its Governor, Hon. E. S. Ferry.

The Territory of Washington is divided by the Cascade range of mountains into two nearly equal divisions, which are popularly known as Eastern and Western Washington, differing widely in climate, soil, and, to some extent, in productions.

WESTERN WASHINGTON.

A very large portion of Western Washington is covered with dense forests of fir trees of immense height and girth. The average height of these trees is more than 200 feet in many cases exceeding 300, with diameters up to 12 feet. Tested by an experience of more than 20 years, fir timber has been found to be a material almost unsurpassed for shipbuilding. Ships of more than a thousand tons have been built in this Territory exclusively of fir timber and lumber, which rank as A No. 1 with underwriters at San Francisco and Liverpool.

Spars from Puget Sound have for many years, in large quantities, been shipped to England, France, and elsewhere on the Continent of Europe.

It has been estimated that the cost of building ships here is 35 per cent. less than the cost at Bath, Me., or at any other Atlantic ship-yard. In the near future, ship building on Puget Sound will constitute one of the most important branches of productive industry in the Territory.

The attention of the Government is respectfully directed to this subject, and to the advisability of establishing a navy yard at some point on Puget Sound.

RESOURCES.

The principal resources of Western Washington are coal and lumber. Coal has been found in nearly every County. In fact, the entire Puget Sound Basin, extending over an area of more than 20,000 square miles, is supposed to be a vast coal field. Mines are now in operation in the Counties of Whatcom, King, Pierce, and Thurston. The daily production is about 600 tons, the larger portion of which is exported to San Francisco.

The lumber interest at present takes precedence above all others. There are 13 large saw mills upon Puget Sound, each having the capacity to manufacture daily from 50,000 to 200,000 feet of lumber. The present annual production is about two hundred and fifty million feet. More than two hundred million feet are exported to San Francisco, South America, the Sandwich Islands, and to other points.

There are also exported from Puget Sound, barley, oats, potatoes, wool, hops, hoop-poles, hides, canned and barreled salmon, oysters, and many other articles. The aggregate annual value of exportations from Western Washington is estimated at over $5,000,000.

Four-fifths of Western Washington has a gravelly soil unfit for cultivation. This is especially the case where the fir tree grows exclusively. The other fifth is rocky up to the alluvial land in the valleys of the rivers and smaller streams of prairie and reclaimed tide-marsh land. On these lands, all the cereals, except corn, and all the fruit and vegetables grown in the Northern States are raised, of a quality and in quantity and size only known on the Pacific Coast.

While Western Washington as a whole cannot be classed as agricultural, yet it has an area of more than 5,000 square miles of excellent farming land, which will be ultimately brought under cultivation, and be capable of maintaining a large population.

PUGET SOUND.

The great feature of Western Washington is Puget Sound. It extends from the British line north and from the Straits of Juan de Fuca on the west to Olympia in the interior, and has a coast line of 1,594 miles. It can be navigated with safety at all seasons of the year by the largest ocean steamers or the smallest sailboat. Severe storms on its waters are unknown, and there is not a bar, shoal, rock, or other obstruction to navigation from the Pacific Ocean to Olympia, a distance of more than 200 miles. It is made up of a continuous succession of bays, inlets and harbors, and is so dotted with islands that it is impossible to get more than two or three miles from land at any point on its waters. It is, in short, one vast, noble harbor, destined to be the western terminus of the Northern Pacific Railroad, and on its completion, being on the line of the shortest route between the Atlantic States and Japan and China, it will be the *entrepot* of a large portion of the commerce of the Occident and the Orient.

CLIMATE.

Strictly speaking, there are two seasons in Western Washington, Winter and Summer. The Winter, or wet season, commences about the first of October, and ends about the first of April. During this period there will be many weeks of pleasant weather. The average annual rain fall in the Puget Sound Basin is about fifty inches. It will appear almost incredible that in this northern latitude, between 42° and 47°, ice and snow are seldom seen. The average temperature during the Winter months is 39°, and during the Summer 65°, a mean difference of only 24°. The maximum temperature for a few days in Summer will be about 90°, but the nights are always cool and refreshing. The Summer months are exceedingly pleasant, and the climate during this period compares favorably with that of Southern Italy. One singular and as yet unexplained climatic feature is, that thunder and lightning are of very rare occurrence.

EASTERN WASHINGTON.

The vast rolling prairies of Eastern Washington make it one of the best grazing and wheat-growing regions on the content. There is little timber, except on the margins of the rivers and smaller streams. It has an area of wheat land capable of producing—with ordinary culture—more than 100,000,000 bushels annually. A failure of crops *never occurs*.

The present season the yield is regarded as not an average, and it will be 25 bushels per acre. Forty to 60 bushels are not unusual. The wheat product of this region the past season will be about 14,000,000 bushels. One million bushels will be transported down the Columbia River to Portland, and from thence to Europe, and, as heretofore, will probably be claimed as a product of the State of Oregon. All the fruits, except tropical, and all vegetables, of superior quality, are grown in great abundance.

The climate and soil are particularly adapted to the production of peaches and grapes, large quantities of which are raised of unsurpassed excellence and flavor. A very nutritious indigenous grass, commonly known as "bunch grass," *Festuca pratensis*, grows spontaneously over many thousand square miles, affording excellent range for stock. It is self-curative, and retains its nutritious qualities when allowed to remain on the ground uncut. The raising of stock is extensively prosecuted. A market is found on Puget Sound and in British Columbia, and large numbers are annually driven to the Union Pacific Railroad and thence transported to Chicago.

It can safely be asserted that Eastern Washington will, in a few years rival California in the production of all the cereals, both as regards aggregate quantity raised and quality, and will far surpass that or any other state in the average yield per acre. There is, however, at present, one serious drawback: The only outlet for the products of this region the Columbia River to Portland. There are two obstructions to navigation in this river, the Cascades and the Dalles. These are overcome, to a certain extent, by railroads constructed around them: but as the entire transportation the river is now, and has been for years, controlled by one company, freights are necessarily very high.

At the present time the price of wheat in Eastern Washington is from 35 to 50 cents per bushel, and at Portland, Oreg., a distance of about 200 miles, it is 90 cents; the cost of transportation being 100 per cent. for this short distance. When the work of constructing canals at the Cascades and the Dalles, now being prosecuted by the general Government, is completed there will be an uninterrupted steamboat navigation from the wheat-growing regions of Eastern Washington and Oregon, and Western Idaho, to the Pacific Ocean. There is no work of internal improvement now carried on by the Government which is of more importance than these canals. Another outlet can be furnished by the construction of the branch line of the Northern Pacific Railroad from Eastern Washington across the Cascade Mountains to Puget Sound. The advantages of this Road to the whole territory are almost incalculable. It would afford ample facilities for the mutual interchange of the various dissimilar productions of the two sections. The coal and lumber of Puget Sound would be exchanged for the wheat and other productions of Eastern Washington, and the surplus grain production of the latter could be transported to the western terminus of the Road, and thence shipped to any part of the world.

The average temperature in Eastern Washington is as follows: Spring 52°; Summer, 72°; autumn, 53°; winter, 34°. The average annual rain fall is about 20 inches.

TERRITORIAL UNIVERSITY.

This institution is located at Seattle. It was erected from the proceeds of the sale of university lands donated by the general Government to the Territory. It is in a very prosperous condition. It is mainly supported by appropriations from the Territorial treasury, and managed by a Board of Regents.

PENAL AND BENEVOLENT INSTITUTIONS.

An asylum for the insane and idiotic is located at Steilacoom. It is maintained at the expense of the Territory. The present number of inmates is 76. It is under the control of a board of trustees, appointed by the Governor.

The Territory has no penitentiary building. Criminals convicted of felonies have heretofore been confined in the county jails of the Territory. The last Legislative assembly provided for the keeping of all prisoners by the Sheriff of Thurston County, by contract. Suitable buildings have been erected by the contractor at Seatco, where all the Territorial prisoners are now confined. The wisdom of this system has been questioned, but it is too early to determine whether the results will be favorable or not. The United States has a fine Penitentiary on McNeil's Island. It is used exclusively for the confinement of prisoners guilty of offenses against the laws of the United States.

LEGISLATIVE ASSEMBLY.

The Legislative Assembly meets biannually, and is composed of a council consisting of nine members, and a house of representatives consisting of 30 members. The sessions begin on the first Monday of October. Elections for members of the Legislative Assembly. Delegate to Congress, and other officers occur on the first Tuesday after the first Monday of November, biennially.

SUFFRAGE, ETC.

All citizens of the United States, all persons who have declared their intention to become citizens six months preceding any election, and all half-breed Indians who pay a property tax are legal voters. At all elections for school officers, women who pay a property tax are legal voters, and are eligible to any office under the school system of the Territory. The population, estimated from the census of 1877, is 50,464. The aggregate value of real and personal property in the Territory the past year, according to the assessment returns, is $18,930,864 95.

INDIAN AFFAIRS.

Within the past two years public opinion in this Territory has radically changed on the Indian question. There is now a very strong feeling against the reservation system. This, to a great extent, has been created by the Indian outbreak in Idaho last year and in Oregon during the present year. There is also a feeling of insecurity in the minds of settlers, especially in Eastern Washington. They are surrounded by dissatisfied and discontented Indians, who may at any moment and with little warning commence hostilities. Many of these Indians were in full sympathy with the hostiles in Oregon during the recent outbreak in that State, and some of them actually joined the Bannocks. The opinion very generally prevails that, had the hostiles been able to cross to the north side of the Columbia River, they would have been joined by at least 500 Indians in Eastern Washington. The presence of gunboats on the Columbia River probably prevented the hostiles from crossing.

At a recent conference between Gen. Howard and a part of these Indians, they were promised a new reservation in this Territory, on both sides of the Columbia River. The citizens of this Territory are almost unanimously opposed to this. They regard the reservation policy not only a failure but a constant menace to them. While the Indians remain upon the reservations their tribal relations are kept up; they talk over their grievances, real or imaginary; they send emissaries to other reservations to excite feelings of hostility to the whites, and the result for several years has been an annual Indian war, in which innocent men, women and children have been massacred, and the Government put to millions of dollars of expense.

The remedy that is desired is, to abolish all Indian reservations, break up tribal relations, hold all Indians responsible under the laws for their acts, permit them to avail themselves of homestead and pre-emption rights, and in short, treat them as citizens of the United States, which this policy would clearly make them under the first section of the Fourteenth Amendment to Constitution of the United States. This policy was unanimously recommended by both the Republican and Democratic Territorial Conventions, which assembled in this Territory the present year. It is possible that this policy might not be feasible in other Territories. Reference is only made to this Territory, where it might be tried as an experiment at least. In the event that it is not deemed advisable to pursue this policy, then the transfer of all the Indians in Eastern Washington to the Colville Agency, and those of Western Washington to the Neeah Bay Agency would be far more satisfactory to our people than the present system, provided that an adequate military force were stationed at each reservation, to keep the Indians under subjection. These reservations could be easily enlarged, so as to afford ample facilities for hunting, fishing, grazing and agricultural pursuits; they are isolated, one being in the Northeastern and the other in the extreme northwestern part of the Territory, and from their peculiar geographical position, years must elapse before they will be encroached upon by settlers.

The interest of the Indians in the other reservations could be appraised by the Government; the amount thus found due could be invested in United States 4 per cent. bonds, the interest from which could be paid to the Indians on the two reservations, for the support of schools or other beneficial objects. This policy would open to settlement more than one million acres of fine grazing and agricultural land now included in reservations. These reservations are to-day entirely surrounded by settlers, many of whom are encroaching with their stock upon the grazing lands on the reservations, thus engendering quarrels and bitter feelings between the settlers and the Indians.

Loss of the Emily B. Souder.

KINGSTON, Jamaica, Dec. 29.—The following details were received of the steamship "Emily B. Souder." A leak was discovered at nine o'clock on the morning of the 10th and the deck load thrown overboard. At 11 o'clock in the evening the wind was blowing a half hurricane, and the saving of the vessel became hopeless. Four boats were got out; one was found useless. The first boat contained the first mate, John Christen, George Scan and five passengers, was swamped along side. The second boat, in which were Engineer Booth, two of the crew, one lady and several passengers, drifted away. The third boat, containing the purser and others, also drifted away. At 10 o'clock a life craft was constructed and the captain, chief engineer, second mate and two passengers left on it. Of the six persons remaining, Theodore Steinert, O. A. Anderson and one passenger left on a floating hatch, leaving two cooks and one passenger, whom it was impossible to help, as the seamen deserted three minutes after starting. At day break on the 21st, Steinert and Anderson were alone; no boats or bodies in sight, nothing but the floating cargo. The two men saved were rescued at 5 o'clock in the evening by a schooner bound to Jamaica.

For the Blade.

ANDERSONVILLE

A STORY OF SOUTHERN PRISONS.

The Life of a Prisoner-of-War in Richmond, Andersonville, Millen, Savannah, Charleston and Florence.

BY A PRIVATE SOLDIER.

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CHAPTER XII.

A LEAN AND HUNGRY LAND.

As the next nine months of the existence of those of us who survived were spent in intimate connection with the soil of Georgia, and as it exercised a potential influence upon our comfort and well-being, or rather lack of these—a mention of some of its peculiar characteristics may help the reader to a fuller comprehension of the conditions surrounding us—our environment, as Darwin would say.

Georgia, which, next to Texas, is the largest State in the South, and has nearly 25 per cent. more area than the great State of New York, is divided into two distinct and widely differing sections, by a geological line extending directly across the State from Augusta, on the Savannah River, through Macon on the Ocmulgee, to Columbus, on the Chattahoochie. That part lying to the north and west of this line is usually spoken of as "Upper Georgia;" while that lying to the south and east, extending to the Atlantic Ocean, and the Florida line is called "Lower Georgia." In this part of the State—though far removed from each other—were the Prisons of Andersonville, Savannah, Millen and Blackshear, in which we were incarcerated one after the other.

Upper Georgia—the capital of which is Atlanta, is a fruitful, productive, metalliferous region, that will in time become quite wealthy. Lower Georgia, which has an extent about equal to that of Indiana, is not only poorer now than a worn-out province in Asia Minor, but in all probability will ever remain so.

It is a starved, sterile land, impressing one as a desert in the first stages of reclamation into productive soil, or a productive soil in the last steps of deterioration into a desert. It is a vast expanse of arid yellow sand, broken at intervals by foul swamps, with a jungle-like growth of unwholesome vegetation, and teeming with venomous snakes, and all manner of hideous crawling things.

The original forest still stands almost unbroken on this wide stretch of 59,000 square miles, but it does not cover it as we say of forests in more favored lands. The tall, solemn pines, upright and symmetrical as huge masts, and wholly destitute of limbs, except the little, umbrella like crest at the very top, stand far apart from each other in an unfriendly isolation. There is no fraternal interlacing of branches to form a kindly, umbrageous shadow. Between them is no genial undergrowth of vines, shrubs, and semi-trees, generous in fruits, berries and nuts, such as make one of the charms of Northern forests. On the ground is no rich, springing sod of emerald green, fragrant with the illusive sweetness of white clover, and dainty flowers, but a sparse, wiry, tarnished grass, scattered thinly over the surface in tufts and patches, like the hair on a mangy cur.

The giant pines seem to have sucked up into their immense boles all the nutriment in the earth, and starved out every minor growth. So wide and clear is the space between them, that one can look through the forest in any direction for miles, with almost as little interference with the view as on a prairie.

In the swampier parts the trees are lower, and their limbs are hung with heavy festoons of the gloomy Spanish moss, or "death moss," as it is more frequently called, because where it grows rankest the malaria is the deadliest. Everywhere Nature seems sad, subdued and somber.

I have long entertained a peculiar theory to account for the decadence and ruin of countries. My reading of the world's history seems to teach me that when a strong people take possession of a fertile land, they reduce it to cultivation, thriven upon its bountifulness, multiply into millions the months to be fed from it, tax it to the last limit of production of the necessaries of life, take from it continually, and give nothing back, starve and overwork it as cruel, grasping men do a servant or a beast, and when at last it breaks down under the strain, it revenges itself by starving many of them with great famines, while the others go off in search of new countries to put through the same process of exhaustion. We have seen one country after another undergo this as the seat of empire took its westward way, from the cradle of the race on the banks of the Oxus to the fertile plains in the Valley of the Euphrates; impoverishing these, men next sought the Valley of the Nile, then the Grecian Peninsula; next Syracuse and the Italian Peninsula, then the Iberian Peninsula, and the African shores of the Mediterranean. Exhausting all these they were deserted for the French, German and English portions of Europe. The turn of the latter is now come; famines are becoming terribly frequent, and mankind is pouring into the virgin fields of America.

Lower Georgia, the Carolinas and Eastern Virginia have all the characteristics of these starved and worn-out lands. It would seem as if, away back in the distance of ages, some numerous and civilized race had drained from the soil the last atom of food-producing constituents, and that it is now slowly gathering back, as the centuries pass, the elements that have been wrung from the land.

Lower Georgia is very thinly settled. Much of the land is still in the hands of the Government. The three or four railroads which pass through it have little reference to local traffic. There are no towns along them as a rule; stations are made every 10 miles, and not named, but numbered, as "Station No. 4"—"Number 10," etc. The roads were built as through lines, to bring to the seaboard the rich products of the interior.

Andersonville is one of the few stations dignified with a name, probably because it contained some half dozen of shabby houses, whereas at the others there was usually nothing more than a mere open shed, to shelter goods and travelers. It is on a rudely constructed, turkey railroad, that runs from Macon to Albany, the head of navigation on the Flint River, which is 100 miles from Macon, and 250 from the Gulf of Mexico. Andersonville is about 60 miles from Macon, and, consequently, about 300 miles from the Gulf. The camp was merely a hole cut in the wilderness. It was as remote a point from our armies, as they then lay, as the Southern Confederacy could give. The nearest was Sherman, at Chattanooga, 400 miles away, and on the other side of a range of mountains hundreds of miles wide.

To us it seemed beyond the last forlorn limits of civilization. We felt that we were more completely at the mercy of our foes than ever. While in Richmond we were in the heart of the Confederacy; we were in the midst of the Rebel military and civil force, and were surrounded on every hand by visible evidences of the great magnitude of that power, but this, while it enforced our ready submission, did not overawe us depressingly. We knew that though the Rebels were all about us in great force, our own men were also near, and in still greater force—that while they were very strong our army was still stronger, and there was no telling what day this superiority of strength might be demonstrated in such a way as to decisively benefit us. But here we felt as did the Ancient Mariner:

Alone on a wide, wide sea,
So lonely 'twas that God himself
Scarce seemed there to be.

CHAPTER XIII.

WAKING UP IN ANDERSONVILLE.

We roused up promptly with the dawn to take a survey of our new abiding place. We found ourselves in an immense pen, about 1,000 feet long by 800 wide, as a young surveyor—a member of the 34th Ohio—informed us after he had paced it off. He estimated that it contained about 16 acres. The walls were formed by pine logs 25 feet long, from two to three feet in diameter, hewn square, set into the ground to a depth of five feet, and placed so close together as to leave no crack through which the country outside could be seen. There being five feet of the logs in the ground, the wall was, of course, 20 feet high. This manner of enclosure was in some respects superior to a wall of masonry. It was equally unscalable, and much more difficult to undermine or batter down.

The pen was longest due north and south. It was divided in the center by a creek about a yard wide and 10 inches deep, running from west to east. On each side of this was a quaking bog of slimy ooze 150 feet wide, and so yielding that one attempting to walk upon it would sink to the waist. From this swamp the sandhills sloped north and south to the stockade. All the trees, save two inside the stockade had been cut off and used in its construction. All the rank vegetation of the swamp had also been cut off.

There were two entrances to the stockade, one on each side of the creek, midway between it and the ends, and called respectively the "North Gate" and the "South Gate." These were constructed double, by building a smaller stockades around them on the outside, with another set of gates. When prisoners of wagons with rations were brought in, they were first brought inside the outer gates, which were carefully secured, before the inner gates were opened. This was done to prevent the gates being carried by a rush by those confined inside.

At regular intervals along the palisades were little perches, upon which stood guards, who overlooked the whole inside of the prison.

The only view we had of the outside was that obtained by looking from highest points on the north or south sides across the depression where the stockade crossed the swamp. In this way we could see about 40 acres at a time of the adjoining woodland, or say 160 acres altogether, and this meager landscape had to content us for the next half year.

Before our inspection was finished, a wagon drove in with rations, and a quart of meal, a sweet potato and a few ounces of salt beef were issued to each of us.

In a few minutes we were all hard at work preparing our first meal in Andersonville. The debris of the forest left a temporary abundance of fuel, and we had already a cheerful fire blazing for every little squad. There were a number of tobacco presses in the rooms we occupied in Richmond, and to each of these was a quantity of sheets of tin, evidently used to put between the layers of tobacco. The deft hands of the mechanics among us bent these up into square pans, which were real handy cooking utensils, holding about a quart. Water was carried in them from the creek; the meal mixed in them to a dough, or else boiled as mush in the same vessels; the potatoes were boiled; and their final service was to hold a little meal to be carefully browned, and then water boiled upon it, so as to form a feeble imitation of coffee. I found my education at Jonesville in the art of cookery aho-cake now came in good play, both for myself and companions. Taking one of the pieces of tin which had not yet been made into a pan, we spread upon it a layer of dough about a half-inch thick. Propping this up nearly upright before the fire, it was soon nicely browned over. This process made it sweat itself loose from the tin, when it was turned over, and the bottom browned also. Save that it was destitute of salt, it was quite a toothsome bit of nutriment. A hungry man, and I recommend the readers of THE BLADE to try making a "pone" of this kind once, just to see what it was like.

The supreme indifference with which the Rebels always treated the matter of cooking utensils for us, excited my wonder. It never seemed to occur to them that we could have any more need of vessels for our food than cattle or swine. Never, during my whole prison life, did I see so much as a tin cup or a bucket issued to a prisoner. Captured men were driven to all sorts of shifts for want of these. Pantaloons or coats were pulled off and their sleeves or legs used to draw a mess's meal in. Boots were commonly used for carrying water, and when the feet of these gave way the legs were ingeniously closed up with pine pegs, so as to form rude leathern buckets. Men whose pocket knives had escaped the search at the gates made very ingenious little tubs and buckets, and these devices enabled us to get along after a fashion.

After our meal was disposed of, we held a council on the situation. Though we had been sadly disappointed in not being exchanged, it seemed that on the whole our condition had been bettered. This first ration was a decided improvement on those of the Pemberton building; we had left the snow and ice behind at Richmond—or rather at some place between Raleigh, N. C., and Columbia, S. C.—and the air here, though chill, was not nipping, but bracing. It looked as if we would have plenty wood for shelter and fuel; it was certainly better to have 16 acres to roam over than the stifling confines of a building; and, still better, it seemed as if there would be plenty of opportunities to get beyond the stockade, and attempt a journey through the woods to that blissful land—"Our lines."

We settled down to make the best of things. A Rebel Sergeant came in presently and arranged us in hundreds. We subdivided these into messes of 25, and began devising means for shelter. Nothing showed the inborn capacity of the Northern soldier to take care of himself better than the way in which we accomplished this with the crude materials at our command. No ax, spade nor mattock was allowed us by the Rebels, who treated us in regard to these the same as in respect to culinary vessels. The only tools were a few pocket-knives, and perhaps half-a-dozen hatchets which some infantrymen—principally members of the 34 Michigan—were allowed to retain. Yet, despite all these drawbacks, we had quite a village of huts erected in a few days,—nearly enough, in fact, to afford tolerable shelter for the whole 500 of us first comers.

The withes and poles that grew in the swamp were bent into the shape of the semi-circular bows that support the canvass covers of army wagons, and both ends thrust in the ground. These formed the timbers of our dwellings. They were held in place by weaving in, basket-wise, a network of briers and vines. Tufts of the long leaves with which are the distinguishing characteristic of the Georgia pine (popularly

For the Toledo Blade.

MAKING THE MOST OF ONESELF.

The Subject of Food Continued—Some Old Crusades—Food for the Children—The Origin of Bread—Graham and Brown Bread

FOOD.

The failure of the potato crop can hardly be an injury, if it leads to the use of the great variety of grain food as a substitute for the overdone vegetable. The famine in England early in this century led the nobility to adopt coarse bread altogether, or their tables, for the sake of setting an example of wholesome economy, which proved an advantage to the health and strength of all classes. The wicked potato bug will prove a saving reformer if he obliges families to give up their solitary tuber nedes roys or add a lot of more forms of food for preserving so much economy and of health, but that any disparagement is offered to the potato, which would be most ungrateful, owing to the service it has been to us. But it was becoming the sole dependence of many families as a vegetable, and was largely taking the place of bread. In fact the fare of most of the country would prove one third meat, one third potatoes, and the final third would include all the bread, fruit, pastry and vegetables eaten. Now, the potato is a very good thing as one of the many vegetables which ought to appear on every table, but as a staple of food it is cease no comparison with the various grains.

SOME OLD CRUSADES.

The Graham and vegetarian crusade is over, and like most reforms, left more good behind it than it ever did in its full fervor. It led to very few adopting to live on coarse bread and vegetables altogether, but it circulated a better understanding of the qualities of food and led to the use of a proper proportion of garden food and abolished the senseless prejudice against brown flour with many people still dislike, just as they did the negro on account of color. But the truth, as found out by the history and habits of the world, is that grains are intended to form the larger part of the food of man. No other food combines so much of the nutriment needed to fill up the human body. It supplies the elements of heat and strength in such quantity that it is, beyond comparison, the working horse for the race, besides containing lime for the bones and teeth, and phosphorus for the brain and nerves. It has been proved the food for making strength, from the days when the Roman armies were fed on rations of wheat unground and uncooked; on which they were able to march and fight superior to all other troops of the world. The English navies, or railway hands, when work is pushed to the utmost, are fed by the contractors with hourly supplies of oatmeal, well-cooked and served along the line. A late instance of its use is given by Dr. Chambers. In a piece of heavy work on the Great Western Railway in England, the rails on 500 miles of track were shifted from broad to narrow gauge within a fortnight, the task being the heavier because all the rails were held down by bolts and nuts, which were to be unscrewed and replaced after moving each rail. Three thousand men were employed, working double time, sometimes from 4 in the morning to midnight, without a drop of beer or alcohol in any shape, except one man being sick or drunk. The men slept in shanties along the line, so as not to waste their strength or time coming and going, and brought with them their bacon, bread and cheese, beer, &c., for their meals, but besides this an extra allowance was issued to each man of a pound and a half of oatmeal and half a pound of sugar, and a cook was provided for each gang of 21 men, who cooked them of oatmeal gruel along the line, which was served to the men in tin cans as they called for it hourly and half-hourly. Not a drop of spirits was allowed, but the men found the gruel kept up their strength, satisfied the thirst produced by hard work, and left them in better condition than if they had worked on heavy meals and beer or whisky.

FOOD FOR CHILDREN.

Wheat, and oatmeal, cracked or half ground and thoroughly cooked is the food to rear healthy children, and give rounder, elastic forms to women, and laborious strength to men. All prejudice against it must vanish in view of the test of experience, and the polite scoff at the "cracked grits of the savage," is silent before the smooth, blooming faces and superb figure produced by its use. Nature always generous, has provided that the simplest forms of preparing food shall be sufficient for a complete nutriment. If cooked wheat or oatmeal could be brought into use as largely as the potato, the physical change in the race could not fail to be apparent in five years. But as we must, bad cookery has done its best to bring the best food into disrepute and the reason of the least possible benefit. The reason why so many people dislike such food is because it is half boiled, with a raw taste, or watery and flat. Now this food, above all things, requires to be thoroughly cooked, so that each grain swells to its utmost, both that it may swell any more in the stomach, and that the heat may have its full action on each kernel. To this end the coarse grain should be stirred into boiling water, your heaping tablespoonful to the quart of water, with a teaspoonful of salt, boiled as fast as fire minutes, and left to boil slowly till every particle is burst in the water like popped corn, which is the test of its being well cooked. It should be thick when done, and cut like jelly when cold. Well cooked wheat or oatmeal is pleasant food for any appetite which can relish a fine potato. But we do not eat our potatoes in a saucer, with nothing else, and it is seeking too much that persons of a lively taste should relish grits in the same plain fashion. Intelligent nature abhors plain food—that is, tasteless food. It is a wise provision to secure proper variety, that the staples should always be more relishing in combination with the spices, the oils, the fruit and herb flavors, and the sugar which the system needs. Grits can be eaten with almost anything that relishes, with steak and gravy in place of potato, and if cooked, well-cooked and served along the line. A late instance of its use is given by Dr. Chambers. In a piece of heavy work on the Great Western Railway in England, the rails on 500 miles of track were shifted from broad to narrow gauge within a fortnight, the task being the heavier because all the rails were held down by bolts and nuts, which were to be unscrewed and replaced after moving each rail. Three thousand men were employed, working double time, sometimes from 4 in the morning to midnight, without a drop of beer or alcohol in any shape, except one man being sick or drunk. The men slept in shanties along the line, so as not to waste their strength or time coming and going, and brought with them their bacon, bread and cheese, beer, &c., for their meals, but besides this an extra allowance was issued to each man of a pound and a half of oatmeal and half a pound of sugar, and a cook was provided for each gang of 21 men, who cooked them of oatmeal gruel along the line, which was served to the men in tin cans as they called for it hourly and half-hourly. Not a drop of spirits was allowed, but the men found the gruel kept up their strength, satisfied the thirst produced by hard work, and left them in better condition than if they had worked on heavy meals and beer or whisky.

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Contrary to the general opinion, the latest researches of physicians go to prove that wheat is much more desirable than oatmeal as food. The latter abounds in oil, which gives its cosmetic value in softening and protecting the skin, and the excess of this oil, when it is largely used in diet, is said to give rise to irritation of the skin, like those produced by buckwheat. Some doctors go so far as to charge the prevalence of the itch among the Scotch peasantry to their living on oatmeal porridge. It is not necessary to dwell the question any farther than to conclude that since no such objection can be raised against wheat that it is safe to prefer it. Oatmeal would undoubtedly be best for thin, sickly children and consumptives who need oil in their food to supply the wasted tissues, while wheat will prove the best in the long run for general use.

The objection made by many persons on fire using either wheat or oatmeal, that it creates irritation of the bowels, so far from being an objection to its use, is the very sign that it is needed. It restores the power of the system to carry off all matters which have been collecting for a long time and which require extra work to cast out. This passes off in a short time and the system regulates itself. Most people, making a choice of diet for health, go to an extreme, and begin by making a living on grits, which produces a condition like that which every farmer knows in cattle on a sudden change from dry food to green, and exercise. It is not necessary to eat grits morning, noon and night, as one is neither a Roman soldier or a navvy, so it is best to begin more sparingly, a small saucer at breakfast for the first days, and a saucer night and morning, till accustom the system to its use without unpleasant effects. Those who like it in various ways, and use it constantly, will find it lays up for them a reserve force which gives a delightful sense of physical well-being. It would be a novelty to many persons to feel the sense of regained strength and ability to do and go and sustain, which would follow a thoroughly good diet, of which wheat was a large part.

THE ORIGIN OF BREAD.

Does anybody ever stop to wonder how bread came to be a part of the food of the race? The Indian grinds his corn or roots, and makes a cake, which he bakes on a rock before the fire. Always the grinding and the fire—what for? The grinding to separate the glossy packed particles of the grain stored by Nature in condensed bulk for our use, the fire to still further swell those particles and change them by the chemical action of heat, which converts the raw starch of the grain into farina, and saccharine sugar, making it less likely to sour and decompose in keeping or eating. The best and sweetest bread in the world is of wheat meal, what we call unbolted flour, mixed with water or milk to a stiff batter, with salt, and baked on a flat stone at the fire, after the manner of the Scotch scones and oatcake, the direct heat of the coals doing its work to perfection in this way. The breakfast cake which good housekeepers prefer to call wheat muffins, because genus seems too stencil a name and altogether too much of a satire in general on the article produced, often fail, simply because they do not catch a quick enough heat. The old-fashioned Dutch ovens, or bake kettles, buried in the coals, are perfection for baking, when iron has to be used, and I am happy to find that they are still made in quantities, for the Southern market. Many of the excellences of the far-famed Southern corn bread is owing to the manner of its baking.

GRAHAM AND BROWN BREAD.

The best brown bread is made without yeast, which is entirely unnecessary with corn meal. Fine flour mixed with water and exposed to heat like wheat muffins or Scotch cake, would turn to glue, which the gastric juice would be unable to dissolve and fit for the blood, so some agent must be used to raise or lighten it. With coarse meal this is not required to so great a degree, as seen in the muffins which expand and lighten sufficiently by the mere action of heat. Very good Graham bread is made by mixing with cold water or milk to a batter so stiff that the spoon stands in it, a teaspoonful of salt to the quart of flour, and a tablespoonful of sugar or syrup, to restore any sweetness it may have lost, and one tablespoonful of butter or lard or salad oil. Fill hot iron pans with the mixture an inch deep, and bake with a brisk heat in or out of an oven. The success depends upon a proper stiffness of the batter, for which no rule can be given, as flour differs in the water it takes up, and on the high, steady heat.

The best brown bread I ever ate was made with baking powder, measured according to the directions which come with every can, stirred in the flour, mixed quickly with cold milk and a spoonful of syrup, or sugar, till the stiff mixture would cleave from the spoon, when an eighteen two-quart jar was two thirds filled and set in the oven of a coal range, and baked for two hours. The earthen jar is more porous than an iron pan, and cooks anything better than iron. A steady high heat, as for common yeast bread for an hour and a half, with a very quick heat to finish, is necessary to make good brown bread. No kneading is possible, the flour must be thoroughly mixed and hurried into the hot oven before the effervescence of the baking powder has time to work off, the cupful of yeast would may be added for every quart of rown flour. Corn meal in Graham bread made with yeast is apt to sour it easily. If rye and Indian bread is wanted, use a cupful each of the meal and the rye flour to the quart of wheat, and add the water or milk by cupfuls, till the mass cleaves from the spoon.

AERATED BREAD.

The directions for this are so simple to tell and so difficult to carry out, that I give it with hesitation, knowing how many will only find failure in it. Good hard Winter wheat flour, of the grade known as household flour, is mixed with water, in which a dessert spoonful of salt dissolved in each quart, till it can be moulded on the board, when flour is slowly worked in till the dough will get stick to the hand, after which it is kneaded for half an hour. Instead of raising air in it by chemical effervescence of acid and alkali, with baking powder, the air necessary to make it light is worked in, and the bread baked at once, without standing to rise. The process of working it is aided by simple machines, a patent butter worker answering a good purpose. Beating it with a wooden beetle is another way, at which two men can help; chopping it fine with a knife and rolling and re-rolling with a pastry pin is such an old way of making bread, but is very sweet and the whitest and lightest of all bread when well made and as it keeps a long time, a quantity can be made of it at once. Bread-making is the most difficult thing to describe, and leaves the hapless writer ready to say like the old Nantucket woman, when asked how her arm felt when it was broken, "I could show ye, lots easier'n I could tell ye."

SHIRLEY DARE.

A NICE GOVERNOR.

Mr. Grover, of Oregon, Uses the State as His Private Property.

SAN FRANCISCO, Dec. 30.—A Portland dispatch says: "For about two months the commission appointed by the Legislature of Oregon have been investigating the books and papers connected with the State Department. Their report, now submitted, shows that funds to about $97,000 have either been unaccounted for or paid out without the authority of law. Among these amounts are the following items: Swamp land fund unaccounted for, $27,-575; illegal fees paid for conveying convicts and insane persons to places of confinement, $37,382; quartermaster stores in the Modoc war unaccounted for, $13,200; overpaid to secretary of State Chadwick, $5,600; school and school land funds, about $9,-000 deficiency. Since the close of the late State administration, J. H. Cann, clerk of the Board, has paid to the treasurer, $8,200 belonging to various State funds, and declares his ability and willingness to pay all that is due from the official transactions of the Board that come within his supervision. The report is very severe in its condemnation of Governor Grover. It lays on him a large part of the blame for the loose, extravagant and corrupt administration. The report is particularly severe in relation to the conduct of the Board of School Land and School Fund Commissioners, of which Grover was at the head. It charges that the State's educational fund has been squandered until it is not worth 50 cents on the dollar, and it is shown by the Committee that Grover himself took large sums of the fund on very trifling and inadequate security, and used the money for his own purposes. Also that he loaned large sums out of the fund to others in such ways that the money came back to his own pocket; taking for money in the name of the State almost worthless security, in consequence of which there is a great loss to the fund. Grover, by virtue of his office as Governor, had the loaning and management of the municipal funds. The committee say that to the sin of obtaining money dishonestly, is added that of the violation of the oath bound trust, that of guarding the fund sacredly. The committee add that many of the transactions of the Board were concealed from the public by failing to report the same to the Legislature, and that then such statements as were made were false. Many of the losses are of a character which cannot be well estimated, and probably will never be accurately.

The Indian excitement, to all appearances, has subsided. The Yakima volunteers have returned from Priest's Rapids. Four of the Perkins' murderers are in jail. Moses is still in jail, and it is hinted that he will never be allowed to leave Yakima. Some of the Indians say that all of the Moses and Sinohalla Indians are coming to the Reservation to live. Simohalla himself has been arrested.

A man will pasture his fowls on his neighbor, all summer and preserve the most complacent conscience in the State; but let a sneak thief come along some moonless night and bag a couple of decrepit old hens and he will raise a howl that can be heard over in Rhode Island.—*Norwich Bulletin.*

Correspondence.

HOME LETTER.

The City Christmas—Holiday Presents—Mistletoe and Holly—Church Fair Work—Winter Comforts—To Correspondents

Correspondence of the Toledo BLADE.

NEW YORK Dec 26, 1878.

MERRY CHRISTMAS.

The busiest fortnight of the year, before Holidays, Vanity Fair has been held as usual in the shop windows. High class houses like Tiffany's and Lord & Taylor's, and the Palais Royal kept open nights till 10 o'clock, for the convenience of business folk who could only go shopping after hours, and Central Broadway with its electric lights was gayer by night than by day. It was quite the amusement for people of leisure to stroll abroad after dinner to watch the lively scene. The electric light is coming so rapidly into use that it makes shopping at night as safe for judging colors and fabrics as the daylight which struggles into the interior of large stores. It was quite the feature of this Christmas, when every shop of importance for the first time must mark its enterprise by its own electric light.

WORLD'S GIFT.

Its adoption is the great scientific achievment of the year, more wonderful and vastly more beautiful than the tricks of the telephone and phonograph. It has not the yellow tinge of sunlight or of gas; if the blue steely light of a keen star were brought to earth, till all the surroundings bathed in its rays, intense, revealing but not dazzling, it would be identical with the electric light. Tnat strange, keen, cool blue light, which reveals the very pins in the street, with a distant yet friendly beam, has endless fascination in it. It is soft as moonlight as searching as the lightning's flash, and as unflickering as day, when rightly worked. Its beauty came upon me like a revelation while riding at dusk one evening in a car through gloomy Grand street, where the gas lamps hardly penetrated the shadows, when suddenly the car was flooded with mellow light. "What heavenly moonshine," was the first thought, "and how much above the gas," when, turning my head, the source of the light came in sight, an electric light in a fourth story printing office. But that could not do away with the charm of the exquisite radiance, sent for the world's Christmas gift, suited for every common need, yet divine enough to be original with that star over which magicians and wise men rejoiced with exceeding joy. It may be chiefly used to advertise large dry goods houses and news bulletins, but having once been introduced to its beauty unaware, nothing afterward can take away its romance.

A SHINING BUT NOT A BURNING LIGHT.

It was a curious and fearful sight to watch the generator of the electric light in the basement at Ridley's great East-End store, where a brilliant steam engine was working, the electric machine whose large glass cylinder was whirling at extreme speed, the joints, piston-rod, wheels and cylinder bathed in electric sparkles, flashing and crackling as if both machines ran in fire, while seeing the wires which led the magical light at the top of the building four stories above. It was fearful to see this conflagration swinging and gyrating in its confined space with enough waste cotton and paper lying loose under the very dip of the cylinder to fire the house in three minutes, and it surpassed the tales of ancient magic to see this fiery wonder flashing harmlessly among stores of rubbish; for this light illuminates without burning, and a flash of it could pass through a heap of gunpowder without exploding it.

THE EVERGREEN TRADE.

The market and streets have been screened in front for weeks with great piles of evergreen for decorations, breathing the fragrance of the woods. Yearly the evergreen trade increases, the sloops sailing from Maine forests with young pines and cedars for Christmas trees, the boats down the Hudson and the Erie trains coming in loaded with the same incense-breathing cargoes, and the poorer population of the country round rejoices in this midwinter industry. Barrels and tons of evergreens in ropes, wreaths and crosses are made up and sent to the markets by the same class which finds its Summer profits in picking berries on field and mountain side, and much and increasing skill and taste are brought to the work. The fronts of the dingy warehouses by the river were beautiful with stores of wreaths, in which every Winter hoard of the woods was blended, ropes of ground pine and cedar by the yard or hundred yards, as wanted, Christmas wreaths of feathery ground pine and woodmoss, blue-berried cedar; winter green and partridge berry mixed with the pale of rockmoss, arbor vitæ and spruce, twigs of garden box and bittersweet with scarlet berries, ivy and laurel, the brown varnished leaves yet left on the bayberry, and all the greens alive at this season, on the banks of the Hudson and the valleys or mines in the interior. The holly wreaths in my window are from Virginia, and of late seasons, the steamers have brought over cases of English mistletoe, which sells from 50 cents to $2 50 a branch, and every liberal house toasts its sprig of pale green with waxwhite berries above the door or under the chandelier, carrying its traditional privilege of kissing any lady passing under it, dame or great lady, old or young, kin or stranger. It is held in the highest degree ungracious for any lady to refuse the privilege, which has come down from the times of the Saxons. As I write it strikes me there must be mistletoe enough in this country if we knew where to find it. Cannot some of the subscribers in wooded regions tell us of its whereabouts? Mistletoe is a parasitic vine, growing on the oak, elm, and other forest trees, and bears a sort of gummy, white berry. A friend at hand says it used to be found along the Ohio River, in the yellowish green masses, growing in make on the beech. Gray's Botany mentions the American mistletoe as found from New Jersey and Illinois southward, preferring elms and hickories, and the white mistletoe grows in Europe on apple, pear, linden and poplar. Who will open up the haunts of the American vine?

HOLIDAY PRESENTS.

It is held good taste to make gifts of use as well as elegance to personal friends, reserving the purely ornamental articles for more ceremonious acquaintances, while to any one in whom sufficient interest is felt to revive remembrance on slight but pleasant terms, it is proper to send the wishes of the season in the printed Christmas or New Year cards. Lovely little souvenirs these are, illustrated with all the skill of artist pencils and the resources of fine chromo printing. The English cards are delightful bits of water-color, groups of flowers, the winter snowdrop, or what enjoyment the holly sprig with red berries, the cedar with the red breasted bird, or delicate vignette which transfers all the grace of the original sketch. Numbers of ladies here and abroad add to their incomes by designing these cards, which of late it is the fashion to gather into little albums or scrap books for children. The variety is almost endless, and charming ones are from five to 15 cents, as delicately finished as the larger ones. Some of the finest sachets found are attached to these holiday cards lessening slightly and yet increasing memory. They come from Sweden, and they are of English manufacture.

REWARD CARDS.

We all remember the dingy little slips of pink or blue Scripture cards which used to be given the prompt scholar each Sunday, and the gay "reward of merit" which was the monthly prize for good behavior, and greatly valued at that date. Our children now have ore and taste cultivated by the lovely pictured cards that come so cheaply that almost any teacher can afford to make them her aid in controlling little minds. The tract society, an honored institution to many of us, has done an excellent work in issuing text cards, painted as if by hand in lovely designs of bird and leaf and flower, surrounding a startling text, so that a child's association with it must be of the sweetest images in nature, in the little packages beside me, which were part of a child's Christmas gifts, the work is pretty enough to attract an older person, the wee nest under a strawberry vine, the white rose and sprig ove, the red rose and sprig ove not, the holly and the ivy cluster that overhang the single verse, making a thing of grace to the senses as well as heart. And what shall I say of those school cards which bear quotations of noblest poetry illuminated with delicate art, so that high sentiment and beauty must always seem to belong together to a child who takes his impressions from them. Women find choice designs for embroidery and painting from these sources, which the ablest artists of England do not disdain to embellish.

HOME COMFORTS.

Of all gifts, those are most enviable which combine the skill of friends with handsome design. Among the presents received by one lady of wealth, an admirer of art, was a fan of violet wood, painted by an artist whom she had befriended, with a Mediterranean view so finely executed that an English gentleman of rank visiting here, offered $300 for a companion. Another lady was surprised by a small cabinet with ivory centers let in the panels, which her husband, an amateur artist of merit, had decorated for her with copies of Plaskett's designs. At one old fashioned country house, Santa Claus was permitted to appear from behind the fire board, where he found ample quarters in the huge chimney, and distribute his gifts through the house on Christmas eve, to the intense delight of the youngsters who took awe-struck and satisfied peeps at his snowy beard and fur cloak from under the blankets. It would be very hard to shake the faith of that family in the reality of Santa Claus now. Of course a clever uncle who got up the character with the aid of a costumer. Out of that pack came no gift that did not bear the handiwork of some member of the family, from the book cover for an oft-used manual, embroidered in fine canvas and bound in dark red kid, to the carved workbox, which was a year's work of a young brother for his elder sister. One gift highly valued was a pair of silk stockings knit by hand, warm, handsome, and bound to last till the next century.

A FANCY CHAIR.

A handsome piece of fancy work was a shaker rocking chair, firmly made with birch frame, the back, seat and arms cushioned in unbleached linen canvass, thickly worked in point russe with silk and crewel, with a broad stripe of maroon velvet down the centre, the arms and seat finished by fly fringe or variegated wools, eight inches deep, concealing the frame work of the arms and legs, ending in the largest size ball tassels of shaded crimson, making the work magnificent in color. To accompany this was a standing work basket, of wicker, with border in canvass and velvet, the deep fringe concealing the sides. A handsome waste basket in applique and embroidery of the richest shades, was finished by loops of silk cord with natural acorns for tassels. These are used also to finish wall pockets and brackets. They should hang in clusters, of from five to seven for good effect. An acorn fringe hanging from a bracket is very pretty. The acorn cups are soaked in hot water till soft enough to thread on a silk cord, when the nut is glued again in its place, the acorn is caught to the edges of the bracket, another nut threaded, and so on. An inch of silk cord is left above the acorns to allow them to swing freely.

CHURCH WORK.

Holiday efforts are over. There are fairs, and bazars and charity baskets yet to be worked, for pen wipers and pincushions are always staples, and one of the latest and showiest figures for either purpose is cock robin, five inches long, in red merino, stuffed, with very gay wings worked in crewel or silk, on the side, legs of bent wire, a tuft of feathers or silk, and a comical little saddle or short cloak of black velvet on his back, which serves to wipe the pen.

Did any Editor E. ever ask to be done with all the little round tin spice and baking powder cans that accumulate, and did she ever wonder what to set the children at, to keep them out of mischief at the same time? She can answer both questions by setting the children to make match-holders and hair-receivers of the cans, covering them with perforated board or silver board, cut to go round the can, catching the ends together by glue, and pasting scrap pictures in front and across the seam, finishing the top and bottom with a pleating of ribbon to suit the principal color in the pictures, and fastening a ribbon or cord to the sides. Hang it up near the little slate of, sand-paper to hold the burnt matches.

For hair receivers, to hold loose hair from the comb, the tin box is covered with bright silk satin or merino, with a ruffle of cheap lace edging around top and bottom, and the lid has a fancy cover, is joined to the box by a silk cord so that it will not be lost, and the whole is hung by a ribbon to the side of the mirror.

The straw cuffs used by accountants and others to protect the lower half of the sleeve, are made into fancy baskets, worked with a thick raised design in coarse wool, a sprig of oak leaves with cluster of real acorns or cherry foliage with crimson balls for fruit, or what is prettier, in circles or ornamental stitches of differing colors, with bands of merino or velvet between. A bag top and bottom of red or blue is gathered with a cluster of ball tassels below and drawing strings above to hang each side of the bureau. With the gathered bottom and handle of top, these make handy little workbaskets, to carry a ball and knitting. The cuffs are ten and twenty-five cents a pair.

The best fancy shops now furnish samples of embroidery patterns for a trifle of 25 cents or so, already worked on bits of canvas three or four inches square, showing stitches, materials and mode of working, so that any one with very simple knowledge of worsted work can complete a large piece without further directions. The new Bolivian work, the long India stitch, point Russe and other stitches, are shown so plainly that a very tyro in needle-work can follow them.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Irene, Bay City, wants to know what can be found to keep a very chilly person warm when regular merino underwear fails.—Full length suits of all-wool flannel, called invalid's flannel, which is very fine and three times as thick as ordinary flannel, are the best protection. The flannel costs $1 25 a yard, and 2½ yards make the suit. It is lovely, as fine and soft as infant's flannel, but thick enough for crib blankets, and very light. It has only lately been offered, and meets the wants of delicate women, who will find the expense of such suits abundantly made up by the perfect warmth and vigor received from them. Cardinal flannel drawers, closing by an embroidered band below the knee, and a skirt of fine washing felt, fastened on a cotton flannel waist or light corset, and a gored dress lined throughout, should be protection enough for Northwestern Winters. But in very cold days a fur lined jacket of silk or cloth, lined with coney, catskin or squirrel fur, which are very cheap, will be found a life long comfort. Hand-knit wool stockings, under which a pair of thin cotton ones are worn, should protect the feet, and there are slippers of felt and gray cloth with rain soles, which cost only 50 cents and are light and comfortable for house wear. Black velvet or cloth slippers lined throughout with dark fur are $2, and boots similarly lined are from $4 to $6. Teachers and sewing women who sit with cold feet should have hea ed soapstone slabs for foot stools. The French ladies use foot warmers continually in their rooms, and undoubtedly many cases of neuralgia and inflammations would be prevented by their use in this country. Cases of thick gray flannel bound with colors are made for the little slab of stone, and can be quite ornamental. White night stockings, lined with lambswool fleece nearly an inch deep are luxuries for those who have cold feet at night.

It was delightful to see Mrs. Scott's description of her old ware in the Bazar some weeks ago, but long ago I lay out give the marks or initials on the underside of the plates, by which the maker and the ware are determined. The chocolate-colored plates are probably the sepia printed ware largely imported into America late in the last century. In describing old china, which, let us hope a good many ladies will be tempted to do, be careful to note any mark impressed or printed under the pieces, no matter how rude or trivial it seems.

To D. B. F., who wrote about bathing when tired, I would say that it is not considered well to take the usual tepid or the cold bath when exhausted, as the strength is too low to get up a reaction, that is, to warm up again, and it is to t is Dr. Fitch has reference. The *warm* bath is known by all the Faculty as one of the best restoratives for fatigue. Let D. B. F. try it a few times when tired, and she will know more about its value than doctors can tell her. The notion that soap closes the pores, I saw in another paper, which ought to have too much intelligence to print such nonsense, even when signed "Medicus." Soap removes the old oily secretion of the skin, which water alone does not readily do, and being rinsed off in the bath, cannot by any possibility close the pores. It is a good thing to have such questions asked, for it leads to practical tests of the matter in doubt. People should not take what Dr. Fitch, or any other doctor, Shirley Dare, or any other writer, says for granted, but try for themselves whether things which concern their own bodies and lives are true or not. Prove all things—hold fast that which is good, is the best advice that can be given.

I can tell "Mayflower" of a lotion which has never failed to relieve neuralgia, though nothing goes at that a thorough course of treatment, which eliminates the poison from the blood.

SHIRLEY DARE.

LETTERS FROM MAKEPEACE.

The Princess Alice—Bayard Taylor and His Successor Conceiving Certain Combinations—The Late Gen. Williams.

Correspondence Toledo Blade.

Our capital is a great nerve center, not only for this continent, but for all Christendom, and a shock that occurs in lands beyond the seas is sure to find some vibratory cord here in this focus of all imaginable interests. The death of the Princess Alice has thrown the British Legation into mourning, the gentlemen wearing crape on their hats, the ladies, toilets of black through out. Festivities which were looked forward to at their palatial headquarters, with the return of Lady Thornton and her daughters, will now be deferred till late in the season, or possibly altogether. Princess Alice's death is thought by the superstitious to have been foreshadowed by the recent disastrous loss of the steamer bearing her name. It is said that her death from diphtheria, and that of the young son whom she recently buried with the same disease, were consequent upon living in an old palace where the drainage was defective. Her life opposed many involved several notable coincidences; she first became a mother on her own 25th birthday, April 5th; and her death occurred upon the anniversary of the death of Prince Albert, her father, Dec. 16th.

The death of Bayard Taylor, besides being a real heart-loss to the Nation, stirs up matters here among the politicians. With indecent haste they are clamoring for the succession. Pennsylvania, whose motto under the long rule of the Quaker City has been "Keep all you get, and get all you can," is not satisfied with having the Minister to England; she wishes Germany also, by virtue of Minister Taylor's country residence being in that State, although he was really a New York City journalist (*Tribune*). A delegation of politicians will come up from there to-morrow, to urge the claims of Gov. Hartranft—to keep him out of Don. Cameron's way in the Senatorial race. Michigan puts in a counter-claim—or rather the Chandler faction, which is a Maine-Michigan combination—to have Christiancy (of all men alive *Christiancy!*) tendered that post, to open the way for Mr. Chandler's return to the Senate. Beloved, these things ought not so to be. I don't believe in class and coalitions in a Republic. Much as I like and admire Sec. Sherman, I think the Sherman-Cameron combination an incubus upon our great commonwealth, and the Hale-Chandler combination scarcely less so. These two old tigers seized the opportunity to make a man, no more than likely to nominate the next Presidential candidate. If anything would reconcile one to a season of Democratic rule, it would be the consequent loosening of the grip of these two powerful factions upon the fat things of Government. But alas! in the Democratic party it is not better. They, too, have their sacred families, every member of them as hungry as leeches now, from long abstinence. Here in Washington one continually sees the ramifying of these family threads that underlie political action, and which, it constitutes a sort of oppression. If you are outside the sacred line, you must in some way be a factor in the aggrandizement of some individual inside of it, or success is made difficult to you." The counteracting influence to all this is the selfishness of certain other strong men, that impinges against the sacred orbits of these select luminaries, and occasionally pushes them aside. Politics is a selfish game all around; I sigh sometimes to think how the people are bound winked by a few high-sounding words, while their leaders quietly go on, parting among themselves the garments of crucified Liberty. I know such reflections are not popular, but they are forced upon every candid mind that watches the game from within.

Bayard Taylor's death calls up a host of pleasant reminiscences from all quarters, but scarcely more so than did his going away to Berlin. What a magnificent ovation that was to him, from the Goethe Club and the Century Club, before he went away. I am glad it came to him in his life time. Posthumous honors are very unsatisfactory—to the recipient—so far as we know. Bayard Taylor lectured here at the Congregational Church, in the Fall of 1875, on *Schiller*, to a crowded house, the only time I had the pleasure of seeing his portly, personable, muscular figure and genial face. It was an evening of rare enjoyment. He was a man of fact, and made many felicitous hits; none more so than when he dropped his "iront" name, as Artemus Ward would say, "James Bayard Taylor," he was named, I am told; and as James B. Taylor he might or he might not have individualized himself to the world, but the chances would have been against him. Charles Dickens did the same, with even less reason, for Dickens is a name that of itself indicates a man, but who of us has not known many Taylors? Delving into the Senate past I recall the first time that his name came before my childhood's cognizance. It was when Barnum had advertised for a prize-song for Jenny Lind to sing at her first appearance in this country, and it was announced that the successful competitor was Bayard Taylor, the young poet and pedestrian traveler, and the song began thus:

"I greet with a full heart the land of the West,
Where the banner of stars o'er the world is unrolled;
Whose empire o'ershadows Atlantic's wide breast,
And rises to the sunset her gateway of gold."

And it was explained, in a footnote, that the last line was not a mere poetic license, but that the harbor of San Francisco was literally a golden gateway at the hour of sunset, and to see this "golden gateway" was my dream and my aspiration from that hour till I saw it for myself in all its indescribable beauty years later.

But I think the supreme hour of Bayard Taylor's literary career was that in which he wrote "The Song of the Camp, a Grimean Incident." By that one poem he will outlive the century that gave him birth. It was such a climax to him, as was Julia Ward Howe's "Battle Hymn of the Republic" to her, which sang itself in her brain one wakeful, feverish night of those sad old war times, and impelled her to spring up and write it down, and write herself immortal by that creation, or inspiration rather. I would like to have been that woman when, in the white heat of that midnight rapture, her awe-struck hand was impelled to write "Mine eyes have seen the glory of the coming of the Lord." It was like Moses on the mountain top, amid the thunderings and the ineffable tokens of Divine presence.

The session of Congress closed for the holidays with a death that has left a thoughtful track on many faces—Gen. Alpheus S. Williams, Representative from Detroit. On Monday morning last he was smitten in his Committee room with congestion of the brain, from apoplexy. He was immediately removed to his lodging at the pest of Capitol Hill, on 3 street just south of Pennsylvania avenue, facing the Botanical Gardens; and lingered there in unconsciousness until Saturday morning at four o'clock, when he breathed his last. Brief funeral services were held at his late parlors this (Sunday) morning at nine o'clock, preparatory to the conveying of his remains by special train to Detroit. The record of General Williams is familiar to my Toledo readers. Born in old Sy brook, Connecticut, in 1810, he graduated at Yale in 1831, and subsequently took a course of law study thereafter traveled in Europe till 1836. In that year he removed to Michigan to practice law and became an active politician was five years editor and proprietor of the Detroit daily *Advertiser*, leaving that post to command the 1st Regiment Volunteers in the Mexican war. Was Postmaster of Detroit under Millard Fillmore, and in 1861 received a commission from Pres. Lincoln as Brigadier General in the Union army. At South Mountain, Antietam and Gettysburg he commanded the 12th corps, and it is claimed that his corps turned the fortunes of the day at Gettysburg. In command of the 20th corps he marched with Sherman to the sea, and took part in the campaign of the Carolinas. He was an Andrew Johnson Democrat, and by him appointed one of the Commissioners to adjust the military claims of Missouri, and after his defeat as Democratic candidate for Governor in 1866 he was sent by Mr. Johnson as Minister to the Republic of Salvador. He was one of the Democrats whom the tidal wave of 1874 swept into Congress, where he has made a very fair record as Chairman of the Committee on the District of Columbia. Under his chairmanship the District has secured what promises to be a stable form of Government, and a more satisfactory one, all things considered, than it has had for many years. He was defeated in the canvass for the 46th Congress this fall, by a naturalized German of Detroit, whose name will occur to you, but has escaped my memory. This defeat wore upon him very much. His death at this time, while a sore bereavement to his family, was not inopportune for him for I suppose an ambitious man would rather die than be shelved, and his loss of power was almost over. His personal record here was blameless, so far as the public knew. His lodgings were simple and a trifle dingy, in that old-fashioned quarter of the City which was once an aristocratic center. At his obsequies this morning it was touching to notice that the grandest and most impressive features were those incident to his military services, the escort of honor and staff were present in uniform; and a guard of Mexican veterans. Two martial bands of music escorted the remains to the Baltimore & Potomac Depot. Speaker Randall and both the Michigan Senators were in attendance, as also many of his associates in the House. The committee to escort the body to Detroit is composed irrespective of party, of Messrs. Willetts and Hubbell, of Michigan, Cannon and Townsend, of Illinois, Dickey, of Ohio, Aiken, of South Carolina, and Mayham, of New York. The pall bearers were eminent citizens of Washington, in deference to his services on the District Committee; also, prominent Masons were present in regalia, as he was a member of their Order.

There is always something impressive and august about such a funeral. It sounds out a man's career as neatly as any way that can be thought of. There is a savor of gratified ambition about it, a stateliness that dignifies the return of the poor body to its kindred dust. The religious services were brief, and conducted by the Chaplain of the Deaf Mute College here, a personal friend.

Gen. Williams' condition was announced in the papers from day to day during his illness and a line was drawn across Third street, to

The Household.

CORRESPONDENTS writing for this Department will please observe the following rules:

1. Write Household Department on the envelope.

2. Give real name and Post Office address not for publication, unless you wish—but for reference in case it is necessary to address you by mail.

3. Write only on one side of the paper, write plainly as possible, and do not interline.

4. Be as brief as the nature of the subject will allow.

Winter Flowers.

We all know that southern or southeastern windows are best for plants and it one rejoices in a bay-window with the sunny aspect, "all other things being equal," we may reasonably expect plenty of bloom and lovely foliage. I am an ardent lover of foliage plants, though not to the exclusion of those cultivated for their blossoms. Many devote space to plants that will not pay for the time and trouble expended upon them merely because they do not know the best varieties for window culture in Winter. I have been also much surprised at the non-success of some in the winter cultivation of Geraniums and Pelargoniums, some saying they had no blossoms upon either until spring. As a general thing young geranium plants rooted in August or September will blossom freely all winter; but I find some varieties much more free than others, and would recommend for winter use the following: Cheerful, bright cherry color; Master Christine, dwarf, beautiful pink; Tom Thumb, scarlet, dwarf; White Tom Thumb, pure white; Mrs. James Vick, white with pinkish center; and Jean Sisley, scarlet, white eye. All these are single. The double variety, Ass Grey, a lovely salmon color, has proved an almost constant bloomer. The above selection furnishes a variety of colors and continual bloom. Do not fail to have a few of the tricolor, gold, and silver varieties, for their showy foliage; for instance, a scarlet Mrs. Mathon, Mozart-in-snow, and Lady Cullum; or Mrs. Pollock, Beauty of Calliedale, and Beston's Silver Nosegay. The new "Happy Thought" is very desirable and quite distinct in its markings, having a yellow blotch in the centre of the leaf and green margin.

A few plants of the Coleus, such as The Shah, Setting Sun, Chameleon, and the well-known Verschaffelti, add much to a collection. I find the Chameleon needs to be "nursed" in order to make its foliage beautiful. Indeed, its rich velvet leaves, spotted with rose, purple, yellow, and green, are far handsomer than some blossoms. Give it soil composed of two-thirds loam and one-third sand; never use manure in the soil or stimulants if you wish it to retain its beauty. A few plants of Achyranthes are quite desirable, especially Aurea Reticulata, leaves bright green, marked with a network of bright yellow, and sometimes blotched with carmine; also Gilsonii, leaves carmine, stems rich pink. To mingle with these, get a plant or two of Centaurea, with their silvery-white leaves; Candida and Clementei are considered best. By all means procure a Dracena, with its lovely crimson ribbon-like leaves, and a plant of Farfugium Grande attracts attention, with its shining green leaves spotted yellow. All the above foliage plants are of easy growth, the Coleus being most tender and requiring most heat. Use soil as for other plants, and repot when you see the little rootlets creeping through the aperture in the bottom of the pot, for that indicates a need of more sustenance. A few greenhouse Ferns will add grace to your window, and will grow in the shade, behind the blooming plants, requiring plenty of moisture and partial shade. Both the large and small silver-leaved do well; also, the delicate Maiden-hair and the Lygodium Scandens, or Japanese Climbing Fern. I am delighted with the latter. It will droop as well as climb, and its delicate, graceful vine looks charming creeping on a tiny cord about my window. Every one loves the Rose, the "Queen of Flowers," while few have success in their cultivation in warm sitting-rooms; but a cool room suitable for Pelargoniums will just suit them. Such an one can be easily obtained by having a register in the sitting-room or dining-room, communicating with the chamber above; and should the latter possess sunny south or east windows they will be well suited to many greenhouse plants. Roses need stiff, rich soil and considerable water while in rapid growth. Some of the best winter varieties are agrippina, bright crimson; hermosa, pink; safrano, yellow; and the new white tea rose, Cornelia Cook. This reminds me that I never yet saw a window conservatory to many white flowers, and each year I try to increase my collection. The fine tassel-like flowers of the stevia and eupatorium; the sweet-scented white polyanthus narcissus; white ixias, with their delicate blossoms; the new abutilon, Boule de Niege; white primulas, double and single; the winter blooming white fringed chrysanthemum inodorus, are all for the window in winter. These, together with the white tea rose, white geraniums, and pelargoniums and an Azalea and Camellia, will furnish a fine variety of white flowers.

All the readers of the *Cabinet* have been told of the hot water treatment for the cacti, and its need of weekly stimulants. I consider the dwarf cacti best for house culture, as the plants do not grow as large, consequently are easier to handle, and the blossoms being smaller, are more useful as cut flowers. I know a lady who has two cactus grown from seeds. They were good sized plants, one year old, when I saw them, and looked as if they might bloom the next Winter. Besides the enjoyment derived from the cultivation of house-plants, there is much pleasure in being able to garnish flowers for the parlor vases, for button-hole bouquets, and, last but not least, in having an occasional box of blossoms to send to a friend. We need a few fragrant flowers, such as mignonette, heliotrope, daphne, maherula odorata, and plenty of sweet-scented geranium leaves, but space forbids the enumeration. I have not dwelt upon the necessity of an even temperature, weekly washing, giving fresh air, etc., as it is already a "twice-told tale;" neither have I given a full list of the many plants that may be used in the window-garden, to say nothing of vines and basket-plants; but if one-half I have mentioned be successfully cultivated one need never be without "Winter Flowers."—H. J. M. G., in Floral Cabinet.

About Plays, Dancing and Kissing.

One of my little cousins had a surprise birthday party; that is his cousins went to see him and he did not know they were coming. Well, they were mostly all small, and could not play games for older folks, neither could they play ruby games all the evening. As "teacher" was there and she is a favorite with them all, as young teachers generally are who care for children at all, they must have her tell them something. So she taught them a game. I do not know the name, but would think it should be called "My Hen." Supposing there are a dozen seated quite near together and to begin with they seat themselves in a line and No. 1 turns to No. 2 and says, "I have a hen" No. 2 inquires, "Can she crow." No. 1 says "Yes." Then No. 2 turns to No. 3 and says, "I have a hen." No. 3 then asks the same question No. 2 did, namely "Can she crow." No. 2 turns to No. 1 with the same questions. No. 1 says "Yes." No. 2 turns to No. 3 and says "Yes;" also then No. 3, and all follow until the last, the same question goes back the entire line. The fun lies in watching heads turn. That is the first hall; second hall begins right over. No. 1 turns to No. 2 and says: "I have a hen and she can crow." No. 2 asks, "How does she crow?" Then No. 1 crows as well as she can. So, it follows right down the line again, No. 1 having to crow and answer every time the question gets there, and the others also, until they get to the one who asked "How does she crow?" the whole dozen, before they finish, are all laughing so they can hardly do their part. Some will say it is silly. What if it is? Don't we all want a good laugh sometime? and we might better take it at ourselves in good part. Yes, I agree with them that promiscuous kissing is not extra good. I believe in keeping my kisses for those I like. Fannie Dale must have a strange set of boys and girls where she lives. They read to me like a company that all grow especially for her use. There are lots of plays that are just as good, if not better, with the kissing part left out, and that will go just as smoothly. Yes, let the young enjoy life; but be good enough to see to it that they enjoy it in the right way. Let them remember that as they begin—so it will go with them through life—if they sow "wild oats" they will have to reap them. At the dancing party the gentleman is not considered one who does not buy a ticket to help pay the fiddler. Why not take, instead, that money and club together and get some steel engravings? Some don't like to read, but there are very few who do not like to look at pictures and talk of them too. And the girls can gather each one what loose pictures come in her way and make a "picture book." I have one, and little folks, middle folks and big folks all like to look at it. No one wants you to talk scandal, but it seems to me if the girls even wanted it, that they could find some way of enjoying themselves besides dancing. I saw an article in the *Christian Union* about "Worldly Amusements" that was very good indeed. I wish you could have all read it.

Did any of the young folks of the Buckeye city to see how many words they could make out of one large word? Not to make up words, but the little words, of which there are so many. I have spent lots of evenings that way. You need not trouble the grown people, but try what you can do yourselves. You cannot always have them with you, so the sooner you can be independent in such little things the better.

Annie, of Toledo, my address is as below. I am sorry the mistake was made before, but hope it will be all right yet.—CARRIE R. SLACK, North Prairie, Wis.

Heads and Points.

Absent but not forgotten—neither have we been forgetful. Indeed, speaking the tender sentiment of our heart we are frank to declare that it is truly wedded to the "Household" and doesn't intend to be divorced.

Are explanations needed? Is it not enough that we are here.

When this article hecomes into print you will, doubtless, be fluttering over pages and flying to your "neighboring geniuses" in search of new items for the finishing touches of Christmas preparations. Do you want a tree, and are you outside the boundaries where evergreens flourish? Perhaps you are within reach of one of those little, scrub oaks which hold their rustling brown foliage all through the Winter. A collection of them is to our mind, one of the most melancholy touches of Nature. It always holds a suggestion of some dear friend who died and is too poor to be buried. We like the spirit of such trees as the walnut and the maple, who yield to the inevitable and shake their misery down and out of sight as quickly as possible. Albeit, in times of need, the scrub oaks clinging leaves are as many virtues, and finally bring it into society, a trim-shaped, small-sized tree, at Christmas tide looks

"—Bright as a star when only one is shining in the sky."

Bring it in! Plant it in a box of stones! Carpet the mound-shaped vase with moss, if you have moss, or with white cotton wool, if you must make a virtue of necessity, and let the governing idea be a scraggy Winter. If you have green vines, trail them over the branches; if you covet them and haven't them, manufacture some ivy from green paper. Use a stiff cord for the stem.

Several yards of splendid chain may be speedily improvised by the use of your scissors, glue bottle and some strips of gold or silver paper. These chains are really decorative, and after their little mission is accomplished they may be hidden away in some out-of-the-way corner for next year's looping and festooning. Pop-corn may be strung for garlands, and might be hooked to the same end, and only everybody will eat it up! We are glad to say the vines and chains look flavor. Don't put a cross upon your tree. Let everything speak of the gladness of our Savior's birth. High up, suspended over it by a wire or slender thread, to seem as if floating, place a single golden star. This can be cut from card and afterward covered with gilt.

How we wish the rich and prosperous matrons of the Household would each, for the coming season of celebration, set in her bright parlor a tree that would bear a gift for all the needy ones around her door. How we wish "tried mothers" would just *this* Christmas, "take" a little time—not *much* is needed—and hang a tree with blessed fruit—it only doughnuts and red apples, or paper birds and cooky dolls might animate the scene, the new knit socks might be waved, and deftly fashioned mittens of cloth might aid to give pleasure and apologetic cloak.

We do not hint at costly pleasures; these are abundantly provided for all who have the right to indulge them. But our heart, as the charmed days begin to brood, begins to beat in yearning for that other world of lives, which seems so far apart from the universal have been written. Do not understand me to be offended. I am the personification of good nature, besides my shoulders are broad and can bear all that and much more. Some ladies seem to fear it was very wrong to write to a stranger. I would say if a lady *really* thinks it amiss, do not write. No one should do that which tends to lowering herself in her *own* estimation. I know as a rule it is not the best way of forming acquaintances, yet no one can deny that there are exceptions.

Didn't I feel venerable when reading those remarks of Hoosier Girl? almost as old as that patriarch yclept Methuselah.

He of the glass and scythe does seem to be in a great hurry. The snows of 24 winters have fallen upon my head without whitening a single hair. In conclusion, I would say, that if the ladies will pardon this intrusion, I will promise not to repeat the offense soon, unless—unless invited.

Yours decerntially,

BARRY TREVOR,

Reeses Mills, Ind.

Pulse-Warmers.

Too late for Christmas, perhaps, but I will write a little, any how. The girls are making the silver and gilt perforated cardboard scarce here. Some are making air-castles, others toilet sets, consisting of comb-case, match safe, hairpin receiver, and cornucopia, each worked with zephyr, bound with narrow ribbon to match the zephyr; or some work the edge with zephyr, they are quite an ornament for a bedroom; any young girl can make them. Here is an easy way to make points for every-day wear: Cut a small square for pattern; take a strip of cloth, double in the middle, length wise, double pattern in the middle, lay it on the doubled edge, cut into the cloth the width of this, open cloth, catch two edges together in the middle, double again and your points are complete.

A rule for knitting wristlets.—Set up as for a stocking (single); even tens on each needle, as 10 stitches make a scallop; put thread over needle before you begin to knit; knit one stitch; thread over once; knit three; take off one; narrow; slip and bind; knit three; thread over; knit over; thread over. This completes one scallop and begins another, and so on till deep enough.

I have been looking for Little Nell! She said she would call again.

Will some one tell me how to root a camella. I have a double white one; would like to know whether slips can be taken off, or how they are obtained. And those scale lice; is there any way to get rid of them? They trouble some of my plants, especially my orange. I have tried smoking with tobacco, but it injures plant and fruit.

Would like to know how to bleach ferns; also how to clean sea shells so as to make them look fresh as they did when taken from the water. Will some one give a recipe for making frosting of melted sugar—it looks like snow or popcorn?—U. AND I, Ashtabula, O.

Cooking Recipes.

We don't profess any "book learning" upon the topic of

MEAT COOKERY.

What we know is simply a series of small discoveries. When it is all told, dear Rosella Rice will find it but a little chapter which she can easily hide in a corner of her scrap book. If there's any good in it we hope the Minister's wife will also have the benefit.

The way all came about, seventy or eighty years ago, when we dallied along in our teens, the wise mater familias gave us some lessons and set us to help a young cook prepare her beef in tidy order. All honest and tasteful eaters knows that nine-tenths of the appetite lies in the way the repast looks! Dainty cloth and napkins, shining china and silver, accompanied by a glass of milk, very often furnish a quite satisfactory meal, but ambrosia and nectar would lose their flavor if the plates bore finger marks.

We were brought up in the faith that cold sliced beef, to be perfect, must be boiled sparingly; boiled until it is as tender as a good conscience, boiled until it gladly slides from the bones and parts its fibre without thought of assistance. Then the beef is done. Get your forks and be convinced that they are useless. You will try spoons and lastly resort to a skimmer which is the only correct thing. Don't break up the best three-quarters of a cup of sugar, one cup of raisins, two teaspoons ground cinnamon, two teaspoons allspice. To this add boiling water enough to make a mixture quite juicy. Make a very rich crust using one cup of the mixture for each pie. Before eating warm a little in the oven. In cold weather they will keep a long time, *i. e.*, if you have no *boys*. In that case, I have very serious doubts.—ENGLISH IVY, Reece's Mills.

BUCKWHEAT CAKES.—Follow Lisa Benbarett's directions in last week's Household department, for buckwheat cakes. It is mother's plan to add a half teacup of sour milk with the warm water, this makes them brown nicely; (if you have no sour milk use sweet.) Should they become sour dissolve one even teaspoon of soda in boiling water and stir in just before baking, always taking out a teacupful of the batter before putting in the soda; set this aside and after baking out all that is required, put this cupful again in the batter for the next time. You will have good cakes in this way, and they will continue to be light for a long time; when they cease to be light, renew with more yeast. Perhaps I will tell another time how mother makes a delicious pudding and flaky pie crust.—FLUTIE, Wauseon, Ohio.

COLDSLAW.—Cut up the cabbage very fine with a sharp knife, and sprinkle over it a teaspoonful of salt. For a large dish, say a quart of cut cabbage use two eggs, a piece of butter the size of an egg, half a teacup of water, half a teacup of good vinegar. Beat the eggs very light, add the water, vinegar and butter, and put all in a tin on the fire, stirring all the time until of a creamy thickness. Pour it hot over the cabbage, shred fine, and leave it to cool. If you some one would give a good recipe for rusks—one that does not take many eggs.—MRS. W. W. ALLEN, Del Norte, Col.

GRAHAM BREAD.—Put flour and warm water together with a little salt; add a little yeast, just enough to rise well; when light, add one cup of syrup. Stir well with a spoon; bake in a moderate oven one hour. It is nice when warm.—M. H. HOOLE, Cordovo, Minn.

I very much want a tried recipe for plum pudding. Some one please send immediately, either to Household Department or by postal card, to A. BUFFALO, Buffalo, Kans.

I send you a recipe for mince pies. Whoever eats of them will say "delicious." Five pounds of beef, chopped fine; five pounds suet, chopped; five pounds apples; three pounds raisins two pounds English currants; one and one-half pounds citron; one ounce nutmegs, grated; one ounce ground cloves; one ounce ground cinnamon; five pounds sugar. Mix well together, pack down in a jar, and cover well with brandy. Now your meat is ready for use.—MRS. H. N. WORDEN, Morefield, W. Va.

A "SHANK OF BEEF."—I thought I would like to tell you how I prepare one, as we think it is excellent and goes further than in any other way. Have it sawed into a number of pieces, so as to fit in the kettle easily; pour on boiling water and boil nearly all day, or until the meat falls from the bones; then take the meat out in a chopping tray and chop quite fine; and in the meantime strain the stock or gravy, carefully removing the fat that rises to the top, and then return meat and gravy to the kettle; season with pepper and salt, let it come to a boil and pour out in a basin or pan to cool. It will then slice the same as the canned meat we buy. It will probably be necessary to add more water after it is returned to the kettle, as it will go farther and slice just as well. I have nearly a milk pan full when it is made.—L. M. S.

APPLE TAPIOCA PUDDING.—Soak one teacupful of tapioca over night in one quart of water; next morning pare and core six apples, stew till quite tender, lay them in a deep dish, add sugar and lemon to taste, pour tapioca over the apples, and bake till it becomes a jelly. To be eaten cold with cream and sugar.—ANNA H.

CELERY SALT

an excellent substitute. To make it at home you have only to grind celery seed with sufficient salt to suit the taste. Bottle closely, or the flavor will be injured.

After all, there will be some fragments, and a certain device—original with myself and perhaps a great many other people—is to mince them, put in a pot with a small supply of broth and stew down, stirring frequently; season with sage and pepper; pack closely in a bowl until firm.

It was the grief of seeing so much excellent soup poured out that awoke the blessed unrest which evolved

CANNED BROTH.

We took up the subject with fear and trembling. We boiled the liquid down, down, down! We strained it—we filled it into small bottles, allowing to each a spoonful of dripping—we corked them and sealed them and set them in a cool closet and when the summer was hottest and the butcher six miles away we had beef soup at our discretion! We felt a glow of delight—indeed we may have had vanity! In due season came the experiment with the meat. First, when it was nicely salted, we made boiled beef—then we made a raid upon the household supply of half gallon and gallon stone jars. We felt frugal and happy as a squirrel while we smuggled the hot meat, crosswise, into the hot cans. A ladle of broth went in to fill the crevices and a crust of dripping smoothed over the top. For broad jars, two or three thicknesses of muslin with layers of egg and flour paste formed an excellent air tight cover. Cans with lids cared for themselves.

We presume there are few readers of this department who have not tried successfully, the experiment of canning sausage. If partly fried, packed in jars, and covered with its own dripping, it remains delicately fresh for a long time. We like the method of packing sausage in muslin bags about three inches in diameter—just the thinnest old, clean muslin will answer—and the slices are so round and dainty. Rub the surface well with lard before hanging away, as an aid to preservation.

If we were a housekeeper and of moderate means, we would keep meats canned for convenience, if for no other reason. I the speckled hen, forcordained or harvest pot-pie, insinuated her beak among our pea rows or investigated too closely the soil of our incipient petunia beds, we would straightway cooop her in a can. If the gobblers were fat and the grain bin getting low, we would save corn and cares and other considerations, by a general butchering, boiling down, toming and bottling up.

Indeed, we are not so certain, but we would do our cooking like housecleaning, at stated periods and long intervals, making a wholesale sweep, to have done with it. Then we could sleep the sleep of the just, or, perhaps the lazy, with a reputation for thriftiness as wide as the whole school district.—ROSE GERANIUM.

Now for the

CORNED BEEF,

as good as the Cincinnati market afford. Soak 100 pounds beef in a weak brine, over night. Take out, drain carefully, and pack very closely in a barrel. Dissolve four ounces of saltpetre and six pounds of salt in as much water as will cover the beef, and my word for it your meat will be as delicious as the most fastidious epicurean could desire. I should have added that when you put it on to cook cover with *cold water*. Let it come to the boil, and change it into fresh water again.

Look here, Barry Trevor, I know you. Girls, you need not be afraid of him. He is as innocent as a lamb.—ENGLISH IVY, Reece's Mills.

TO COOK PARSNIPS.—Pare, slice and fry, just as you would raw potatos, adding just a little water, to keep them from being too dry. Now, will some one tell me how to cook salsify or vegetable oysters?—O. M. HEAGY, Peru, Ind.

An economical and wholesome preserve, cheaper than molasses, can be made out of any kind of canned fruit or tomatos, simply by adding to every two quarts of fruit one pound of sugar and boiling to a proper thickness; after which can precisely as when canning, using quart jars.—H. A. E.

I will send you my wife's recipe for making *Indian Bread*, which I know to be tip top: Three cups of sweet milk, two cups of sweet milk, five cups of Indian meal, three cups of flour (rye flour is best), one cup of molasses, one heaping teaspoonful of soda; bake slowly.—E. F. SIAS, Wannsville, N. Y.

This is the way I made my mince pies, and they were very good indeed: Two cups meat, five cups apples, minced very fine, two cups boiled cider, three-quarters of a cup of sugar, one cup of raisins, two teaspoons ground cinnamon, two teaspoons allspice. To this add boiling water enough to make a mixture quite juicy. Make a very rich crust using one cup of the mince for each pie. Before eating warm a little in the oven. In cold weather they will keep a long time, *i. e.*, if you have no *boys*. In that case, I have very serious doubts.—ENGLISH IVY, Reece's Mills.

A young housekeeper who has an eye to getting the very best side of everything uppermost, desires us to make for her this kind of an arrangement: She has books, music, fancy articles, pictures, silver, furs, any amount of choice flowers, household goods and household gods—in fact, quite a variety of such articles as are usually found about a well-kept house. She has an eye to some lace curtains and other "good things," and wishes to correspond with some well-to do housekeeper or any lady who has excellent articles to spare. The applicant paints and does a large variety of fancy work. She will not offer inferior articles, or let them come upon her premises. Address, care MRS. STEPHENS, Sycamore Dale, W. Va.

I will exchange Florida palmetto tree seed, for seed of vegetable curiosities; or will send a few to any one for warding stamp.—E. J. BRIDGE, 41 East Warren avenue, Detroit, Mich.

"I'll See You Later."

Detroit Free Press.

He was an honest-looking man,
And a stranger would have said:
"My real estate I'll turn to cash
And bet it on his head."

He walked into a Jefferson avenue clothing store with a firm tread and manly bearing, and asked to see a business suit of clothes. He soon found a suit to please, and got into it. When satisfied that it was a fit he walked off with the remark that he'd see the clothier later. It was then 4 o'clock P. M., and the clothier didn't want any later about it. He overhauled the man at the door, and when the prisoner found that he couldn't get away he rolled the new suit in the snow in such a vigorous manner that the clothier was obliged to sit up half the night and pick snow balls out of the pockets.

"Do you expect to gain the esteem of the public by such conduct as this?" inquired the Court.

"The public haint no friend of mine," replied the prisoner.

"I believe it is every man's duty to wear good clothes, if he can afford them," remarked the Court, "but I can't say a word in favor of your way of securing a new suit. I never heard of such brazen impudence."

"And I never saw a coat set as that one did," retorted the prisoner. "It was all skewed around like a mule's jaw, and I'd have been ashamed to be hung in it."

"I'll give you a better fit, I think. I'll make it three months."

"Well, I kin stay up there as long as the public kin afford it," growled the prisoner, and he went into the corridor and ate some dried apples with apparent resignation.

Women's Wages.

N. Y. Times, Dec. 13.

Women complain, and very justly, of the discrimination made against them in the matter of wages. They receive generally, as is well-known, much less than men, even when doing the same work that men do, the fact of their sex being thus, most unmanfully and unrighteously, counted against them. Perhaps, the highest price paid in the country proper to any number of women is in Boston, where 800 school-teachers, they get $15.39 a week the year round, including ten weeks of vacation. Statistics of the relative wages of the sexes have been made up in a number of States for 1875. In Massachusetts, the average earning per month for men was $88.37; for women, $35.35. in Maine, men, $37; women, $18. In Pennsylvan a, men' $41.07; women, $34. In Ohio, men, $60; women, $40. In Michigan, men, $51.22; women, $30. In Illinois, however, in Iowa, for example, the custom of allowing the same salary to men and women for the same kind of work is growing general. In St. Louis, no distinction of sex is made in respect to teachers' pay. When women do men's work they receive equal wages. The California Legislature determined, years since, that female teachers in the public schools should be on the same pay as male teachers for like services. Some of the Southern States and Arizona, Idaho and Nevada, pay men and women equally, so that justice is likely to be done ere long to all women obliged to earn their own livelihood. Teachers of both sexes in the schools, all primary, of Arizona earn from $100 to $125 a month, but one should be paid handsomely for merely living in Arizona.

Bold and Successful Operation.

From the Baltimore Sun, December 28.

On Monday Prof. Alan T. Smith performed a most difficult and dangerous operation on the nine-year-old son of Mr. S. J. Hopkins, of Cambridge, Md. Ten months ago the child swallowed a tin ferrule from an umbrella. The ferrule, which was open at both ends, after going some distance down the throat, caught in the anterior wall of the œsophagus, pressing against the windpipe, giving rise to serious trouble. All efforts to extract it were unavailing. The child was brought to town some days ago. Prof. Smith, finding that the obstruction could not be reached by means of any of the forceps in use or that could be devised, on account of its being imbedded in the mucus membranes and the difficulties of its position, forced his fingers down the child's throat and extracted it in that way. To do this the child had to be held by the heels, head downwards. It was completely suffocated for the time being by the operation, artificial respiration had to be resorted to, which after some time, brought him to a normal state. The child is now doing well.

Our Young Folks.

OH, FOR A SWING IN THE OLD ELM TREE.

Oh, for a swing in the old elm tree,
And a breath from the clover fields;
I'd give the state of a palace hall
And the spices that India yields,

To see again, in the old-time way,
The meadows and pastures I knew,
The hill and valleys, the rocks and the trees,
And the woods where the wild flowers grew;

To lie once more in the thick, soft grass,
With the sweet winds brushing by,
The world outside and a heart at peace,
And above the Summer sky;

To watch the clouds in their shifting light,
And the mist on the distant hills,
And dream to the music of rustling leaves
And the voices of dancing rills;

To wade once more in the cooling stream,
That wound by the roadside below,
Where the laurel bloomed, and the eglantine
And the maiden-hair used to grow;

To kneel again in the little church,
Where I prayed with a childish trust,
Ere the haunting doubts of a later time
Had touched it with moth and rust;

To sleep once more 'neath the moss-grown roof;
My spirit would find again
The long-lost chord of that happy time,
And take up the glad refrain.

My heart grows sick and my eyes are dim
For a sight of familiar things:
The grassy nook and the old elm tree
Would be more than the throne o. kings.

Ah me, how the years have stretched between!
What chances and changes they've wrought!
What gains and what losses, what hopes and what fears,
How little of promise they've brought!

—*Christian Union.*

A Little Lunatic.

BY MRS. G. DE BUBNA.

Grettie Grafton saw the new moon over her left shoulder.

Of course, she knew it was very superstitious, and ridiculously foolish to be annoyed about it; but it worried her, nevertheless. Almost every body has a little thrill of superstition down in the depths of his heart; and it will start and tingle, in spite of one's common senses, sometimes, at a very trifling occurrence. And so, when Grettie Grafton saw over her left shoulder the bright, slender, silver piece of new moon up in the blue sky, and recollected Nurse Biddle had said it was "a sign of bad luck," she felt certain her good fortune, for the month at least, for spoiled. And to happen, too, just as her mother and father had gone away to spend the night and the whole of next day, and left her housekeeper and "the rest" over the boys!

"Oh! dear. Was there any one ever so unfortunate?" sighed Grettie, taking the new-moon matter quite seriously to heart—considering it was so far-fetched.

"One! Two! Three? Four! Five!" rang out the old clock in the hall, the morning after Mr. and Mrs. Grafton's departure. It had a sharp, quick, snapping way of striking, as though it said: "I'm Time, and I'm going just as fast as ever I can. So you'd better get up and be doing."

Grettie rubbed her eyes and recollected her mamma had said to her: "Get right up when you hear the clock strike five; for the boys want to go berrying to-morrow, and you must have their breakfast ready for them very early."

But Grettie turned over, instead of getting up, as she thought of her mother's injunctions; and then the little sleep elves, who are always ready to take advantage of one's slightest turn, carried her directly off to their beautiful dream realm again.

"One! Two! Three! Four! Five! Six!" rang out the old clock, louder and snappier than ever; and then Grettie opened her eyes again, this time on the realism of breakfast and boys. But alas! if breakfast was not ready, the boys were, and a violent bang and thump at her door announced the fact. It was evident something was not ready for them very soon, her hungry brothers would devour her, in their impatience. It was too bad that she had not gotten directly up when she heard the clock strike "five." She meant to; but it was "just that hateful old new moon." Her bad luck had begun. Joe and Harry were not in the best of humors, either.

"Mother always had hot coffee and somethin' good for us to start off berrying, and you've spoiled it all."

"Yes, and a nice big lunch, all pinned up in a napkin," chimed in Harry as Grettie handed him some bread and butter and cheese wrapped up in a small newspaper bundle.

"Well, I'm not your mother; and you won't get pampered and spoiled by me, let me tell you," retorted Grettie, cross and ready to cry, because the fire wouldn't burn, the kettle wouldn't boil, and the boys were so sarcastic.

"Indeed! Miss Crosspatch. Well, you'll not get the pretty present from us you were going to have when we got our money for the berries we pick. So there!" And with this not very affectionate adieu the boys took their tin pails and baskets and started off for the day. Grettie felt real unhappy. She had meant to have everything so "right" for the boys while mother was away; and now things were all wrong, and they had gone off feeling cross and angry with her. It was all that hateful new moon she had seen over her left shoulder. She just knew it!

Everything went wrong all day. She broke one of the new China bread-plates, washing it. She tore her new blue calico on a nail in the buttery. She upset the cream pitcher, and lost the cream she meant to have for the berries the boys would bring home with them, and when she tried her hand at making short-cake for their supper as a sort of peace offering, they were heavy and sticky and horrid. It was no use. The new moon was against her, and Grettie sat down in despair to watch at the window for her mother's coming, that she might pour out on her bosom all her grievances. She saw the carryall coming up the road at last, and started joyously out to meet it. Oh! wasn't it nice to have a dear, good mother coming home, to make the crooked places straight and the wrong things right! The boys had met the carriage on the road, and were in behind, with their baskets full of berries, besides the stained tin pails, which told of berries sold. Grettie wondered if they had told her mother how cross she had been to them and about the breakfast and lunch and all. But no. Their faces didn't look tell tale. So Grettie jumped up on the wheel, and kissed her mother half a dozen times, before she would let her get out of the carriage.

"Well, and how did you make out housekeeping, daughter?" asked Mrs. Gratton, as she untied her bonnet strings.

"Oh! Mamma," began Grettie, with tears ready to fall, "everything went wrong. I meant to do it all so splendid. Didn't the boys tell you? But it was all the new moon, and I couldn't help it." And here poor Grettie broke down.

"Come, Sis, never mind now!" cried Harry. "We had enough; and, Mamma, she only overslept herself a little. We didn't care, did we Joe? See here, Grettie; we sold nine quarts of berries to Mrs. Beal, and she gave us a dollar; and now Joe and I can buy you the book you were wishing for the other day. Won't it be jolly reading it aloud this Winter?"

Grettie laughed through her tears now. They were "awful good brothers," she declared as she threw her arms around their necks and kissed her thanks.

"But, Grettie, what do you mean by the new moon being the cause of all your grievances?" asked Mamma, a little astonished at the curious sort of reason for one's oversleeping one's self.

Then Grettie told her how she had seen it over her left shoulder the night before, and Nurse Biddle said it was a sure sign of bad luck; and she believed in it now herself.

"Oh, Grettie! Grettie!" cried her mother, after Grettie had ended her recital of her trials and troubles. "I hope you are not such a little lunatic as to believe in any such superstition. Don't you see all your mishaps were but the result of your mismanagement. You did did not get up when I told you to. That made breakfast late for the boys. Then you got out of temper with them, because they were hungry and disappointed in their poor fare and scanty luncheon. That, you see, left you 'out of tune' all day; and I dare say the torn dress, broken china and heavy shortcake can all be traced to something more 'of the earth earthy' than that pretty, bright new moon shining up in the sky."

Then Papa and the boys laughed so heartily over Grettie's little "lunacy" that she ended in laughing over it herself. And that night, when she looked out of her window, before saying her prayers, and saw the slender silver crescent hanging up in the blue sky, she whispered, smiling to herself: "Ah! pretty new moon, I won't ever hang my own misdoings on your horns again!" And from that day Grettie Grafton put aside all her superstitious notions, and can no longer be called a "little lunatic."—*Independent.*

Natural History of the Baby.

"What animal is this?"

"This is a baby. He is now about three years old, and at the wickedest point of his earthly career.

"What countries does the baby most inhabit?"

"He can be found in every inhabited country on the globe, the same as mosquitoes and boils."

"Can they be tamed?"

"Yes, quite easily. After a little judicious disciple they cease to struggle, and become subservient to the will of man."

"Does the baby eat grass?"

"Yes, or anything else. They swallow pocket knives, thimbles, buttons, shoots or any other object a little smaller than a teacup. It offered milk they seldom refuse it.

"Do they graze during the day, or only at night?"

"They are always grazing, paying not the least heed to the hour. When not actually eating, they generally give utterance to a peculiar cry. Strong men often jump out of bed at midnight in the coldest weather when hearing this cry."

"What meaning is attached to this cry?"

"Men of deepest thought have agreed that it signifies to wake up the neighborhood and have some fun."

"Of what benefit to mankind is a domesticated baby?"

"They are of no earthly account for the first few years, but by and by they can slide down hill on a cellar door and carry articles out of the house and trade them for a wooden sword or lose them in the grass."

"Do you know of any instances where the baby has attacked the household and killed or injured any one?"

"Such instances have been related by such eminent naturalists as George Francis Train and Texas Jack, but we don't put much faith in them. However, if the baby was maliciously and persistently provoked, there's no knowing what it might do."

"Are they a healthy animal?"

"No. On the contrary, no druggist could make enough profit in a year to buy him a pair of Arctic overshoes but for the presence of the baby in every household. There is hardly an hour in the day that the baby does not demand peppermint, paregoric, milk, sugar, cordial, cod liver emulsion, ipecac, or something else costing money."

"What machinery is made use of to compel the baby to take a dose of castor oil?"

"There are several patent machines, but most people follow the old rule of knocking him senseless and getting the dose into his mouth before he recovers."

"Is the bald-head baby more domestic than others?"

"Not a bit. He kicks around after the same fashion, and has even a worse time fighting flies and mosquitos."

"What music do they seem to prefer?"

"A bass drum is their first choice, but they have a heavy leaning towards the sound of the stove handle knocking the nose off the water pitcher with the emptyings in it. This is all about the baby. Next week we will write of some other reptile.—*Detroit Free Press.*

SEN. JONES.

His Good Streak of Luck.

San Francisco Letter to New York Times.

Among those who seem to have risen on the wave of circumstance I may mention Sen. John T. Jones, with whom, it reports are true, things had gone somewhat rough latterly. It is stated that he held nearly 5,000 shares of Sierra Nevada, acquired long ago at trifling cost, and, having been a miner himself, knew how it might be, and sold every share at high prices; result, a sudden advance in Jones stock and a plethoric bank account to the tune of a million. Then, as if Dame Fortune's smile extended to a broad grin, a mine the Senator once on a time paid a big price for, situates somewhere in Kern County, which went wrong, and in which he reversed the accepted idea of mining by sinking money in sinking shafts and running tunnels, has concluded to reward perseverance and persistent energy by turning up rich again, far surpassing the most hopeful expectations. In his list of available he had set it down as the worst—virtually valueless, represented by six ciphers—not Tilden's kind, but round ones. He can now put the little figure one before them, and count another million as good as in a bank; and no man should envy him his good luck, for the Senator is proverbially one of the most liberal, generous, whole-souled men of our coast, and it does one good to chronicle such instances of virtue rewarded. In the expectation that they may continue, and be exemplified in the case of your modest correspondent, in view of the possibility of such an example of lightning-striking, he is not in the market for lightning rods, and no agent need, therefore, apply.

The Earthquake in Tennessee.

From the Memphis Avalanche, Nov. 20.

The great shake of Monday night was the principal topic of discussion on the streets yesterday. The "oldest inhabitant" says it is the biggest shake ever felt in in this vicinity, and the women and children all got scared and crawled under the beds. The compositors on the third floor of the *Avalanche* office were under the impression that the pressman was throwing the gigantic press up, and letting it bounce against the ceiling for his own amusement. Windows were thrown open, heads were carefully projected, but there was nothing to indicate that the "shake" had accomplished any evil deeds. Instances are related where beds were moved from their positions, furniture upset, and mantel ornaments hurled to the floor. Dishes rattled in the pantry, and window glass was shaken. Several ladies whose fears were aroused hurried to their places of business, but found it would have taken much more of a shock to shake loose the combination locks on their safes. The only damage done to property was the cracking of the walls of an aged building on the corner of Jefferson and Main streets which is unoccupied. The crack in one wall extends several feet in a nearly perpendicular direction, and will doubtless be shown to future generations as a remembrance of the "great shake" of 1878. The shock was a very sudden one. It was preceded by a distant, though distinct, rumbling, which seemed to be drawing nearer each moment, and gathering force with its approach. The rumbling continued for half a minute, perhaps, and then everything seemed to be lifted up and thrown down again. The force of the shock was not an alarmingly unpleasant one, except in arousing fear, but it was sudden and violent—a sensation such as would be felt by jumping upward and alighting with full force on the heels. As an illustration of its force, the *Avalanche* editorial corps felt it visibly; the floor could be seen to move and the walls had a lulling, confiding motion that made them quiver. After the shock of the moment had passed away, during which about 10 seconds had elapsed, a second shock came, less violent than the first, but still perceptible enough to be felt. The rumbling nearly ceased; it seemed to be getting further and further away, and then, when perhaps two minutes had passed from the time it was first heard, it ceased entirely.

The Wrong Apple.

From the London World.

A story is sent to me about the late Mr. McNab, Curator of the Edinburgh Botanical Gardens. When Dubuis's celebrated paintings of Adam and Eve were on exhibition, Mr. McNab was taken to see them, and was asked for

The Farm.

In this department we cordially invite questions, answers and also short communications on agricultural topics, brief crop reports, etc., etc. Contributions should be written plainly and on one side of the paper only and never on the same sheet with subscription letters. The full name and address should in all cases accompany each letter.

Large and Small Farms.

A fault of Americans is the attempt to accomplish too much. Wealth or ambition leads us to make the effort to arrive at the end without the trouble of reaching it by carefully traversing the ground lying between it and the beginning. And yet there is only one way to accomplish a journey, whatever may be its nature, and that is to walk or ride the entire distance. We cannot skip a single out of the way. This principle lies at the foundation of all real success. If duty in any particular be neglected, or if details are slighted, anything that may be thought success will only be partial, and it will not be unlikely that complete and disastrous failure. A farmer who neglects a thousand acres will not be as successful as the one who thoroughly cultivates a hundred. He may, and no doubt will, have more grain when the harvests shall ripen, but when he attempts to calculate his profits he must calculate them as per acre, and if the yield of his thousand acres is less per acre than the owner of the hundred acres has realized, his success, other things being equal has not been as great as his neighbor's.

There has been an unfortunate tendency in this country to aspire to the possession and cultivation of large farms. Especially is this true in the West, in many sections of which land is cheap, and in all sections of which it is fertile. The ability of the soil to produce heavily, with even a limited cultivation, has stimulated the desire to plant and sow immense tracts. The results need not be told here. If the farms have been very large, failure has always been rapid, and in some prominent cases bankruptcy has been the final end. Of the number of large farmers that we have personally known—that is those who cultivated extraordinary large farms—we have not known a single successful one. In the majority of instances the waste arising from neglect, has been quite sufficient to ruin anybody, and this neglect is inseparable from unusually large farming operations. The fact that a man is himself a good farmer will not prevent it, for he is largely dependent on help, and help, never the most careful or competent, suffers considerable deterioration when employed on a farm usually in large numbers. We knew several years ago an excellent farmer who attempted a ming on a very large scale, and it is safe to say that when he died his property was not worth 50 per cent. of its value at the time he commenced his farming operations. The demoralization of help, to which reference has been made, was particularly noticeable, and crops were not half cultivated, stock was injured for the lack of care, buildings and fences became dilapidated, and everything indoor and out bore the appearance of haste, neglect and decay. Even the man himself, after a while, partook of the same general character, and became a "slouch."

Perhaps it may be thought by some that these difficulties could easily be overcome, but experience and observation do not warrant the belief. Such failures as the one which recently happened the State of Illinois, are not encouraging in the direction of concluding that a farmer because he is a good farmer and enterprising one, can successfully cultivate 40 000 acres of land, or half or quarter that quantity. Farming requires too much ability and sound judgment to expect that the owner of such a farm could gather about him enough of competent assistance to carry it on, even if there were no difficulties in the way of maintaining its efficiency after it was once secured. Everything about the farm demands the greatest of care. If a board is knocked off a building, and is not replaced, there is necessarily some loss, and there may be considerable. If the cows are treated unkindly, there will be less milk and its products. If the horses are neglected in the way of grooming or protection from the elements, the feed bin must be drawn upon more heavily to keep them in condition, and thus we might go through the entire details of the farm, and see how little it requires to cause leaks in the profits. But the experienced farmer knows that his constant supervision is usually necessary to secure this care. He knows that a large proportion of farm hands will slight their work, if they have the opportunity. He knows that there are men who if left to themselves will destroy more than the amount of their wages, and that there are those who will ruin in a few weeks the best cow or team that ever existed. But the farmer who attempts to cultivate a 40 00, or a 5,000 acre farm cannot possibly have the supervision of everything.

This desire for large farms, however, has led to other and very burdensome evils. Men have started life with a quarter section, and in time have made themselves a comfortable home, and were living happily in a perfect freedom from debt. But the greed for more land has tempted them to purchase on credit and to run in debt for the additional machinery necessary. Once in debt, they have in many instances never got out again, and if they were fortunate enough not to lose all that they had, they dragged through life under a heavy burden when it was possible for them to have possessed a good farm and to have been independent. These instances and those similar to those before stated, have been numerous enough to satisfy any one of the impracticability of farming on a very extensive scale, and there is no excuse for farmers making the mistake in the light of these facts.

Instead of larger farms, we must in this country make up our minds that we must have smaller and better cultivated ones. The fact that the country is gradually filling up must not be lost sight of. Of course we have an immense territory—a territory sufficient to accommodate the present population of the world, and then be less crowded than China or Japan. But it will somethne be filled; and in the Eastern States it is as completely filled as it ought to be now. Still there are those in the East who want farms in the East, and the time will come when Eastern farms will be cut up into smaller ones, and it is desirable because it will insure a more thorough cultivation of the land, and because every man who owns an acre of land becomes a steadier and more substantial citizen. It is the work of patriotism to encourage men to become land owners.—*Western Rural.*

Wintering Bees in Cellars of Special Houses.

Bees can be wintered in a cellar if an equal temperature can be obtained, thus keeping the bees inactive and lessening the consumption of honey. A cellar adapted to this purpose should be cool, dark, and dry; if the entire cellar cannot be used for the bees alone, the part least disturbed may be separated from the rest by a partition or curtain, so that the light may not induce them to fly when the door is opened. If the cellar is not perfectly dry, or a large number of hives are crowded into a small space, the combs may become moldy; to guard against this to some extent, construct a ventilation to be by setting four boards together, and arrange it in the cellar window or through the door. The hives should be elevated from the floor by scantling, and if a larger number than can be placed on the floor, are to be wintered in it shelves may be constructed. The interior of the hives should be prepared as for wintering in the open air; as soon as Winter has fairly opened, the hives should be taken in, and not sooner. Common hives may be inverted, and a piece of thin muslin or wire cloth fastened over the openings. During the Winter the hives should be examined occasionally to see that the combs are not getting mouldy; should the humming and uneasy motions of the bees give indication that the cellar is too warm, it should be cooled; and if this cannot be effected by opening the door and window, the uneasy stock should be carried outside until the bees become quiet, when it may be returned. Special houses are sometimes built, when a cellar cannot be used. The building is weather-boarded outside and boarded within, and the space within filled with sawdust, tan-bark, or straw; the roof is also boarded inside, and the cavity between filled with straw or sawdust. To secure a more even temperature, a pit two or three feet deep is dug inside; the bees are wintered in it as in a cellar. Ground pits are also made use of in the absence of either of the foregoing. Select a perfectly dry spot, dig a pit or ditch six inches deeper and wider than the height and width of the hives; drain this ditch to secure perfect dryness; lay down four-inch scantling, and upon it place your hives, arrange a pole over the middle of the ditch, rested in forked limbs, and and from the pole lay short boards to each side of the ditch in such a manner as to form a roof; make a tube for each hive by nailing the edges of four laths together, insert them so that one end reaches down to the middle of the hive, the other end projecting outside, and cover the whole with straw about a foot thick, and over it place some earth to retain it in place. As soon as the warm days of Spring approach, the hives should be set on their summer stand, beginning with the strongest colony, and as soon as they have marked their course more may be set out until all have their summer stand; if no more freezing weather occurs, upward ventilation should be checked, and the entrance contracted to retain the warmth of the hive, and to enable each colony to guard against robber bees.

Agricultural Organizations.

It is of the utmost importance that agriculture should have the means of recording its ascension or decline, that farmers of all sections may know the progress and development made by coworkers in the noblest of all the arts. It must not be supposed because it is an ancient art, and one that for ages has been prosecuted in its simplest forms, it is therefore otherwise than an art which of all others affords the most varied scope and the largest sphere of development to the powers of the human mind. It is essential that it should have the best and most efficacious means of comparing its state in one year with its condition in another, of recording for future encouragement the progress that has been achieved in the past.

This function must be performed by different methods, varying with the condition and circumstances of each community. With most rural neighborhoods the farmers' club and the grange club must form the central sun around which the interests and labor of its members must revolve. Other sections may be able to enjoy the advantages of frequent lectures and discussions following. All may keep abreast of the progress and news of the day through the reading of one or more of the leading agricultural journals. Libraries of standard agricultural books are within the reach of every village and neighborhood, where an organized effort scatters its cost over a number of individuals. Farmers, associated together in organizations, in aid of the common cause can accomplish tenfold more toward advancement and increased knowledge than through vain and feeble individual efforts.

Commerce and manufactures naturally collect round great centers of industry, and produce that constant intercommunication, which is of vital importance to their advancement. With agriculture the case is different, for its work is apart from the crowd; detached from the busy hum of mercantile life. In the comparison, agriculture is an isolated art, and hence, without some effective organization among farmers, it might follow that the cultivation of certain crops in particular sections were languishing, simply from a want of a knowledge of the progress which has been achieved in other portions of the land. Almost every practical farmer who has brought intelligence, observation and industry to his aid, has worked out some problem, the solution of which is of great value to his brother farmers. It is the interchange of such thoughts and results, which can only be attained through earnest, active and efficient organizations, that is to spread intelligence and improved cultivation throughout the land. Every farmer owes it a duty to himself, as well as to the community in which he lives, at once to connect himself with some organization having for its object the true progress and development of the art of husbandry.—*Am. Cultivator.*

Prickly Comfrey.

Says the *American Agriculturist:* Mr. Frank Spencer, Oakland Co., Mich., some two months ago wrote complaining of the comfrey as a humbug: he has since written that he had decided too hastily, having had better experience since then. At first, not having abundance, he would "occasionally pluck a handful of leaves on the ground in the yard, the cows would drag it around, the pigs eating it all (as I supposed); but since it got more plentiful I one evening placed a good armful on a high platform, where the cows could reach it, but the pigs could not. The first night I could not see that any had been eaten, but it was dragged about the yard; the next evening another fresh armful was given, and nearly all eaten. The third night another lot was eaten entirely; since then we have been feeding regularly; each evening, about fifty pounds per cow, the cows lying in pasture during the day." Mr. O. A. Wilcox, Gasport, N. Y., experimented with one-quarter of an acre, and while the plants were a fine sight, none of his animals save pigs would eat it. Being determined to ascertain whether the plant was an out-and-out humbug, or if it were not the strangeness of appearance and smell that caused them to refuse it, Mr. W. went systematically at work, and met with gratifying success. As there are no doubt others who have the plant and cannot utilize it, we give Mr. W.'s method:—"To teach stock to eat it, they should be confined, and after they have tested over night give them the comfrey prepared as follows:—Run some leaves through a cutting machine, or cut them up with a butcher knife; wet the cut leaves, and mix bran or meal and a little salt with them; feed this, and when it is eaten give hay, then again some of the comfrey, and so on. but gradually increase the comfrey and decrease the ground feed and hay. In three or four days comfrey may be fed exclusively, and stock will become more fond of it daily. Cows will take to it readily in the Spring before going to grass; when they once acquire a taste for it they do not forget it. It will improve the yield and flavor of milk very much. Comfrey and water will grow pigs past. Sheep will fill themselves so full that they look bloated, but not the first time it is offered to them. I have 2,000 plants in a ravine, fenced in; they were making a rapid growth, and when they were three months old the cattle broke in, and there they were discovered had eaten every leaf and spear; as they left good pasture for this, it does not look much like forcing." Mr. Wilcox sends us testimonials from the President of the Niagara County Farmers' Club and other citizens, to the effect that they selected three plants of comfrey in his field, cut the tops, and weighed them; on the 1st of July following they cut the same plants again; total amount of the two cuttings, 61½ lbs. They also testify to the readiness with which it was eaten by his animals. At this rate the yield up to July 1st was more than 40 tons of green fodder to the acre.

Mr. Ashburne, of Virginia, writes that the leaves should be treated in the same manner as clover, but that, if very succulent, they will take a few hours longer to cure. He suggests sprinkling a little salt over it when stacking the cured leaves.

Soiling Farm Stock.

In practicing soiling one should provide a liberal amount of dry, early-cut, and well-cured fodder for feeding during stormy weather, and for mixing with green food when the condition of the animals seems to require it. Dry hay is just as good food for a cow in July as in January. In storm or weather, and, indeed, at any time, it is a great deal better than green fodder covered with water; besides it is anything but an agreeable job to go out during a heavy rain storm and collect fodder for a barnful of hungry cattle. One who adopts soiling and carries out the system judiciously, will soon find that he can feed dry hay or other dry fodder in Summer quite as economically as in Winter. His farm will so improve in productive capacity that he will not feel the expense of every pound of hay fed, as some farmers appear to who depend wholly upon pasture feed in Summer, and who are compelled to let their animals gnaw down their mowing fields after haying, until there is scarcely enough of aftermath left to insure its living through the Winter.

It will be also a work to increase the productiveness of a farm through the soiling system, unless more than one crop is raised on the same ground in a season. My own practice is to keep the whole farm or as much of it as practicable, in growing crops from early spring till the ground closes up in the fall. The grass is chiefly raised on land that will grow two or three crops in a season by high manuring. The cultivated land is also made to produce two crops or more according to circumstances. Corn, on cultivated land, is either preceded or followed by winter rye, and often both, as there is ample time in this latitude for planting corn after cutting rye for fodder, and there is always time to sow rye after harvesting the corn.

The soiling system is probably the best adapted to rather light soils, and such as are easily ploughed and worked, or rather the advantages will be more apparent upon such soils than upon those which will naturally produce a continuous growth of grass from April to November. Grass requires a greater rainfall to insure a crop than do the grains, such as rye, oats, barley, millet and Indian corn. Corn and millet are especially adapted to comparatively dry land, and thrive wonderfully during weather in which the growth of ordinary grass almost ceases.—*New England Farmer.*

Measles Among Swine.

Measles in swine is one of the most common diseases to which hogs are liable. The cause is attributable to dirt, combined with the feeding of hot food, such as steamed or boiled pumpkins and potatos with meal at too high a temperature. It is troublesome to remove, but it usually yields to treatment and is rarely fatal. The symptoms are redness of the eyes, foul skin, depression of spirits, decline or total loss of appetite, small pustules about the throat, and red and purple eruptions on the skin. The last are more plainly visible after death, when they impart a peculiar appearance to the grain of the meat, with fading of its color and distention of the fibre, giving an appearance similar to that which might be produced by puncturing the flesh.

As to treatment, allow the animal to fast, in the first instance, for 24 hours, and then administer a warm drink containing a drachm of carbonate of soda and an ounce of Bale armenian, after which mix the following: One-quarter ounce sulphur, one-quarter ounce nitre, one-quarter ounce copperas and four grains of podophylin. Give of this mixture a quarter teasponsful twice a day for four days, then three times a week until a cure is effected. Wash the animal, cleanse the sty, and change the bedding.—*Michigan Farmer.*

BALTIMORE & OHIO'S NEW PLAN

Its Attempt to Reach New York by Rail, and How it Expects to Succeed.

Special Dispatch to the New York Times.

BALTIMORE, Dec. 21.—Rumors concerning the arrangement by which the Baltimore & Ohio Railroad Company had secured an independent line to New York from Philadelphia are in the main correct, and are so accepted here. The only doubt is as to the power of the persons interested in the new scheme to remove certain obstacles. It is, however, certain beyond all cavil that Mr. Garrett expects to run his freight train through to the metropolis at an early date, over the Philadelphia, Wilmington & Baltimore Road, the Junction Road, in Philadelphia, Philadelphia & Reading, and the North Pennsylvania, the Bound Brook and the Central Road of New Jersey, known as the New York & Philadelphia New Line. The only drawback of the moment is the interest of the Pennsylvania Company in the Junction Road at Philadelphia. This, the projectors of the new route claim, will be overcome by the new Constitution of Pennsylvania, but the opinion is gaining ground that the new Constitution is not retroactive. In Philadelphia, Wilmington & Baltimore is a neutral party in the matter, but is known to be secretly in sympathy with the movement, and recently purchased a large amount of valuable harbor front property here on which to erect additional facilities for the Baltimore & Ohio to transfer freight and passengers to them, and vice versa. Not only do all the indications support the correctness of the rumor, but the Times correspondent has ascertained, during the past few days, by persons prominently identified with the scheme at this end of the line, that it has been fully perfected, and will be consummated at an early day.

SOUTHERN ELECTION FRAUDS

Chief Justice Waite to Preside at the Trials in Charleston—Mr. Blaine and Mr. Thurman Preparing Statements.

WASHINGTON, Dec. 25.—The trials of the election cases at Charleston, S. C., will begin immediately after the New Year. They will be among the most important cases that have been tried since the reconstruction of the Southern States. Chief Justice Waite will preside in these cases, with Judge Bond as associate. The Government has made careful preparations for the prosecutions. The Department of Justice claims to have important evidence.

The friends of Senator Blaine says he will respond to the invitation of the Teller Committee, appointed under his resolution, and will supply the names of the witnesses as the authority on which he based his statements. Senator Thurman is also having prepared certain documentary evidence and names of witnesses which he will transmit to the committee. It is also proposed to lay before the committee evidence of extensive ballot-box stuffing in Philadelphia at the recent election.

A Check on Check.

London Truth.

I have heard of a curious case of successful impudence that took place a short time ago. A well dressed man entered the Bank of England, threw down a penny for the stamp, and asked for a check. When it was handed to him he filled it up to "self" for £100, signed it, and, receiving the money, withdrew. As he had no account at the Bank of England that institution lost £100 by the transaction, whilst the Government gained one penny.

Country Butter.

Cincinnati Commercial.

Reading about the immense number of sheeps-heads caught during the past season off the coat of Long Island, Monsieur Le Duc remarked that he never caught a sheep's head but once, and that was out in the orchard, behind the barn, and the only bait that was used was a red silk handkerchief that hung partly out of his coat-tail pocket.

Making Light of It.

From Edison, New York, to London Punch.

Just discovered, a method of lightning a drawing room by means of the electricity generated by a stick of sealing wax and a tom cat. Specifications per mail. Keep private. Sell gas shares short.

A Memorable Date.

Boston Post.

The Princess Alice died upon the 17th anniversary of the death of her father, the good Prince Albert, and the 79th anniversary of the death of George Washington.

What Eli Says.

Cincinnati Commercial.

Eli Perkins says he loves and respects Charles A. Dana, and would love and respect him a great deal more but for one vice which the eminent journalist possesses. "He will," observes Eli, "he *will* exaggerate.

Where Credit is Due.

Goshen Times.

Greenbacks are now the best money in the country—all owing to Republican policy and honesty.

Both the Same.

Findlay Jeffersonian.

Now the plow-holder's dollar is as good as the bondholder's dollar.

"How on earth do you manage to get along so well? I thought that only three or four years ago you were head over heels in debt?" "O, these were old debts; I never pay my old debts." "But your new ones?" "I let them get old."—*Paris paper.*

WON'T STICK.

That is, the Coat of Whitewash

Applied to Congressman Acklin.

NEW ORLEANS, Dec. 26.

To the Editor of the Democrat:

"I hand you herewith, for publication, a synopsis of the evidence taken before the Acklin committee. This synopsis was written at the time for publication, but for reasons I have hereinfore stated, and which I then acquiesced in, it was withheld. I have no desire to pursue Mr. Acklin, but his action in seeking vindication at the hands of others has raised an issue of fact which can only be determined by submitting the testimony to the public. If the decision of our committee is not based on sufficient testimony then Mr. Acklin is entitled to the benefit of it. If, on the other hand, it is justified, let the imputation rest where it belongs.

"Respectfully,

"D. B. PENN."

Here follows a statement made by the Committee, showing that their decision was adverse to Acklin's innocence. They notified Acklin that their decision would be made public. Acklin entreated us not to make this decision public until after 12 o'clock, noon, Sunday, the 13th inst., in order to determine, as he said, after more calm reflection, whether he would withdraw from the canvas or not. To this delay we assented for the purpose he had indicated. Pending this delay Mr. Acklin secured a favorable opinion from a second committee, composed of prominent Republicans, headed by ex-Gov. Hahn, and late on Saturday night sent his second and favorable opinion to the city press for publication in the Sunday papers. This extraordinary conduct of Mr. Acklin, coupled with the fact that the second decision was directly the opposite of the one we had rendered, though professedly based on the same evidence, compels us to give a brief synopsis of the evidence on which we gave our decision, to show, as we think it will, that our decision was not dictated by prejudice or ill will. The history of this very shameful affair, as developed by the evidence adduced during our investigation, is as follows: A column of the synopsis of the testimony follows, reciting that Acklin engaged the girl's father to manage his plantation. Sometime after an intimacy sprang up between the girl and Acklin. In August, 1877, Acklin accompanied the girl and her mother to New Orleans, and was active in perfecting a marriage between the girl and a man named Wright, who had been a hand on his plantation. From others we learned that Wright deserted his wife and went to Texas a few days after his marriage. The girl was delivered of an infant in February, 1878, and after that sank lower and lower in social life. She died of yellow fever in September, 1878. We shall now call attention to two affidavits professedly made by the unfortunate young woman. One of these affidavits was presented to us by Mr. Acklin. We will call that one affidavit No. 1.

The other affidavit was found among the effects of Mr. H. L. Smith after his death. We call this one affidavit No. 2 affidavit No. 2 is very important and very favorable to Mr. Acklin, as the girl testified in it to his entire innocence of any criminal intercourse at any time with her. This affidavit No. 1 was signed Mattie P. Wright, the girl's name in full, and the signature was evidently that of a person accustomed to writing. That is, the name was written in a running hand, no hesitation being manifested in the formation of the letters. The name was not written in the hand-writing of a beginner or of a person unaccustomed to writing her name. This affidavit was sworn to before Mr. Alfred Ingraham, a notary public, in August, 1878, who attested the signature, and it was in the form and nature of questions and answers, and when Mr. Acklin presented it to us he called our attention to the fact. We were told by him that the questions were propounded by the notary, and the answers were written down by the notary, as spoken by the girl, and that she signed it in the presence of the witnesses. We requested Mr. Ingraham to give his testimony in this matter. He met our Committee and testified that one morning Mr. Acklin came into his office accompanied by a young woman, presented him the affidavits, questions and answers all written out and already signed, and that he only read the caption to learn if the affiant was the person mentioned in the affidavit, Mr. Ingraham asked the young woman if that was her signature, and that was all Mr. Ingraham did in the matter. He was asked specially if he had propounded any of the questions set forth in the affidavit, and had taken the answers down. He said he had not; that he knew nothing of the contents of the affidavit at all. We have very grave reasons to doubt the genuineness of affidavit No. 1. We have most positive proof that the girl could not write. We had evidence that a pencil was placed in her hand, and she was requested to write her name and she could not make the first stroke of the letter "M." Moreover, Mr. Acklin admits and states in his card published on Sunday, October 13, that the girl could neither read nor write. She certainly did not sign the affidavit bearing the signature of Mattie P. Wright, because she could not write. Now this question presented itself to the consideration of our committee: "Who did sign this affidavit?" We could only conjecture, but had no evidence to determine the question satisfactorily to ourselves. Mr. Acklin based his claim to innocence, in a great measure, on this affidavit No. 1. Affidavit No. 2, made by the girl, is as damaging to Mr. Acklin as affidavit No. 1 was favorable to him. The history of affidavit No. 2 is this: The girl made the acquaintance of Mr. H. L. Smith and told her tale. He reduced the statement to writing, and induced her to come to his house, where she appeared before Judge O'Rourke, Justice of the Peace, and stated that she knew the contents, which were not read to her; swore to the truth of the contents; made her mark, which was attested to by a Justice in August, 1878. This affidavit No. 2 gives a full and detailed statement of the whole matter between Mr. Acklin and herself, alleges the seduction; the manner of the seduction, and pregnancy, which she attributes to Mr. Acklin; her visit to a New Orleans physian; what took place there; the attempt on her part to produce an abortion by taking medicine, and by the use of instruments; her marriage with Wright; the subsequent desertion; the part Mr. Acklin took in arranging the marriage, and his meeting her subsequently; this affidavit (No. 2) relates all the facts, with so much minuteness of detail that it carries much weight with it. Although we did not rely on its statements as materially influencing our judgments, but we believed much of it to be true, particularly where there was corroborative testimony to sustain what she believed. The questions of H. L. Smith's motives whether they were revenge or blackmailing did not interest us. Eight respectable witnesses testified that the girl related to them the facts mentioned in affidavit No. 2 at the time of her marriage when she did not know of the existence of Smith. It was of interest to us to know that Smith had not concocted the statements. Of this we were fully satisfied, that to the affidavits furnished by Mr. Acklin, which he procured on his visit to his plantation in the last few days, we attach but little or no credit. They are all in the handwriting of Mr. Acklin, and made by his negro carriage driver and wife, by his negro blacksmith and wife, and other negros, all of whom are now, or have been, employed on his plantation, most of them affixing their marks, not knowing how to write, and sworn to before a negro Justice of the Peace. The above dated October 10th, but not heretofore published, was signed by the Committee.

(Signed) DUNCAN F. KENNER,
D. B. PENN,
ALBERT VOORHEIS,
PAUL E. THIBAD, jr.,
ALEC. GAUTHREAU,
H. J. HARSEY,

If the Philadelphia police force is reduced from 1,200 to 1,000 men, the long Winter evenings will be dreadfully dreary to some 200 servant girls.—*Philadelphia Chronicle Herald.*

SIEGE OF PETERSBURG.

Experiences of the Rebel Defenders.

"One of Lee's Miserables," in Detroit Free Press.

RATS TO YOUR HOLES.

It was not always war to the knife upon the lines. Men grew weary of eternally fighting. Frequently in the midst of severe picket firing a white rag floating from a ramrod would be observed above a picket hole. Across the way a moment after it would be matched and shortly there would be an eruption of them all over the face of the pitted country. Then the pickets would crawl out of their pits, and stretching and sunning themselves, exchange papers and swap tobacco for coffee, canned goods, rubber blankets, etc. The pickets made and enforced these truces at will. Sometimes they agreed not to fire upon each other, but only exposed objects in the lines behind them. Other truces were confined to the infantry, the artillery having reserved rights. A truce was ended by the single announcement, "Rats, to your holes," and the lines a second ago black with human beings now presented only the clay outline, over and through which the musket flashed and cannon cracked. Often the pickets, during these lulls in warfare, observing their artillerists training guns upon an exposed group, would warn with "rats, to your holes," and the gunterrier would not get the human rats. At one place upon the lines between the pickets was a spring which was used in common. If a man held up a canteen and started for this spring he was as safe from any designed bullet as if in bed at home. It was told that the pickets sometimes at night met at this spring and played cards. During one of the games a quarrel ensued, and a blue and a gray man rushed for their weapons. The others made them lay down the muskets and fight it out with fists, in which gray cloth became worsted.

It took little to divert the men from shooting at each other. A large flock of geese flying southward on an early October morn brought on a skirmish against them, which ended in firing almost as heavy as any artillery less battle. The geese were flying toward the Confederates, and all killed fell into our lines, and all that day everything was lovely and the goose hung gloriously upon the improvised ramrod spits. The falling balls from this hunt by an army fell among the Confederates, wounding several, one severely.

During the lulls in firing there were a good many conversational sallies, most of which, born of the hour, were not clothed with either humor or wit. But now and then there was "good thing." In the Fall of 1864, just after Hampton had raided around Grant's lines and captured over four thousand beeves, and news had come of a disaster to Early's Army in the Valley, a Confederate yelled to an opposite picket, "Hello, Yank, won't you have some beef this morning?" Clear and distinct through the frosty air came: "No, thank you, Johnny, it is just a little too Early."

PRAYER RESPONDER.

A portion of the lines where we had the honor of staying awhile, was enfiladed for nearly a mile by a single three inch rifle cannon. If the dirt thrown up into traverses, covert ways, etc., to protect the men from this gunner had been neatly paraded, it looked "portions of Turkey," and forwarded to the European powers their craving for more real estate would have been satisfied and the Russo Turkish war and its complications prevented. That gunner never slept, or if he did it was with one eye shut and the other squinted through the pendulum-bausse. He never waited for two or three to be gathered together, but took single individuals for targets, and the man he missed might consider himself reserved for other purposes than "food for powder." He could hit the golden mean nine times out of ten and block 12 men in the middle of next week, and he would make 99 out of a possible 100. The gun had been dubbed P. R., or Prayer Responder, from the following fact: On the lines there was a gallant soldier, whose greatest peace difficulty was a decision upon the color of a tie, the match for gloves or the merits of a trappe coat. Of courses his clothes had fare and harder sleeping were to him the parched pea that disturbed the slumbers of the fairy princess sleeping upon seven well filled feather beds. Rising from a hearty plate of soup—the beginning and end of his bill of fare—he wished he might have his blank, blank leg shot off, so he might get out of this blank, blank army, he'd be blanker blanked if he didn't. Swearing and walking he comes in view of the enfilader. There's a report, a roar and a lesser report. The body of our dandy soldier, blank a leg, goes to the hospital.

OUR SKELETON.

Lately, while looking over a Southern paper published during the war, my attention was arrested by an editorial entitled, "A Warning to Wives." It was not one of the usual admonitions against extravagance in dress or household affairs, such as is generally found under similar headlines, but the sad story of the fate of a deserter executed in '67, whose dereliction from duty was occasioned by the unnecessarily gloomy portrayal of home affairs in his wife's letters. Out and out desertion was one of the lesser evils the army of Northern Virginia had to contend with until the fall of '64. Then it became the grinning skeleton which every true soldier, for want of a closet, endeavored to conceal in his heart, but in vain; its hideous proportions were ever present; picket posts feebly held or found vacant in the morning, betrayed its presence to the most careless observers, and the clashing of its bones was the death rattle in the throat of the army which expired at Appomattox. The territory of the South, like a river bank was dissolving into the Union as its stream of life passed its way through the center, while inlets in the shape of raiders carried terror and devastation to more distant points. No wonder that the cry for help came from the thousands of homes to the defenders of Petersburg; no wonder that there were many who could not withstand the entreaties, and, forsaking duty, yielded to natural impulses. Blame them not ye who were stronger. Many letters were read, and if too doleful were never forwarded to their destination. Deserting became so frequent that the last punishment—death—was freely administered. In the first days of war the death sentence was carried out with all its formalities of parade, music, &c., as prescribed by regulations. Here on the lines it was comparatively a simple affair.

ARE YOU DEAD?

Numbers of these executions are recalled. Twelve men divided into two equal squads commanded by a commissioned officer, and the doomed man, his coffin and a surgeon were all the accessories for the rendition of the tragedy. Ten of the guns were loaded with ball, and two with blank cartridges, thus leaving one harmless weapon to each squad, that each of the members of which might think he did not speed a ball. Squad number one does the firing, the second being held in reserve in the event that the aim of the aim of the first be not true. A bleak, bitter, dreary evening was the last of nature's editions read by a fine looking fellow who stood awaiting execution of sentence for desertion. His brother weeps bitterly, and the deserter tries to comfort him. He tells him not to weep, the death sentence is not for theft or murder, but only for going to his wife and children, whose appeals for bread tempted him to desert; he is not afraid of death; his sentence is hard, just to those whom he left to take his share of picket-duty and bullets. Of all those there the prisoner is the most self-possessed. Just behind, but under cover of the breast works, is placed the post to which the prisoner is to be tied. The coffin on which he is to kneel, and in which he is to lie, is set at the post. The firing party marches up. The prisoner asks that he be not tied to the post, or made to kneel upon the coffin. This, and the further request not to bandage his eyes, are granted. The sergeant is nervous, and does not pin the piece of white paper exactly over the heart. This, the firing party mark, and prisoner removes, and refastens over life's drumbeat, now sounding its last tattoo, and whose "taps" will be heard as a soul retires from earth into eternity. The prisoner, who has knelt in front of the post, now, in answer to the question "Are you ready," clasps his hands behind him and nods his head. The firing party is drawn up in front, and when their muskets are aimed the muzzle will not be over 10 feet from their victim. It is usual to allow the last moment to approach without warning. This is done by the commanding officer waving his handkerchief instead of giving verbal orders. In the unbandaged condition of the prisoner's eyes this unnecessary form is adhered to. One wave of the handkerchief and the muskets come to a "ready;" two, and they fall to an "aim;" three, "fire" flashes from the tubes, and five blood stained bullets tear up the dust behind the deserter, whose head falls on his breast. There are five vents in his clothing, and the paper is red. But it is uncertain that the man is dead. The surgeon steps up, leans over the dying man's ears, and hoarsely whispers: "Are you dead?" A negative shake of the head is the only answer, but as the second squad hurriedly step up to put the poor man out of misery, death takes him beyond human jurisdiction.

THE BRIDE OF AN EVENING.

How the Mexican Doctor Married in Bridgeport, Conn.—Offering His Hand After Three Days' Acquaintance—The Bride's Suit for Divorce Within two Hours After the Marriage.

Correspondence New York Sun.

BRIDGEPORT, CONN., Nov. 27.—A man calling himself Soldemin Jefferson, the "Mexican Doctor," but who is described in a legal process against him as Solomon Jefferson, opened an office in this city less than four weeks ago, and went to board at the house of Mrs. Sarah Troland. Since that time he has married his landlady's daughter, been sued by his bride for divorce, invoked the protection of the police to save him from being kidnapped by agents of the Mexican government, and has left town. The doctor is slightly under middle age, of medium size, has a very swarthy complexion, long curling hair, and wears a coat profusely decorated with gold medals. He claims to hail from Mexico and to be a Spanish Mexican, but it is understood that his parents live in Vermont.

When he went to board with Mrs. Troland he exerted himself to the utmost to win the good graces of the lady members of the household.

TO MISS SARAH TROLAND,

aged 20, the doctor was particularly attentive. The young woman being confined to bed with a fractured elbow, Solomon begged leave to attend her, claiming that he would cure her in short order. She did not improve under his treatment, but during the latter part of the time suffered from several convulsions and appeared to have been more weakened both mentally and physically. Before he had known the girl three days he began making declarations of love and an offer of marriage, and on the Saturday night of the second week he was at the house he obtained a marriage license and the services of a clergyman and the marriage followed. The bride was so weak that she had to sit while the ceremony was performed. She had never received the doctor's advances, but his constant importunities, backed by her mother's wishes, caused her to yield. An hour or two after the knot was tied she expressed a strong repugnance to her husband, and vowed that she would kill herself before she would consent to live with him. The mother took sides with the bride, and the doctor soon afterward left the house. The next day he came to the house to get his meals, but his wife and her mother grew more hostile to him at each appearance and finally commanded him to stay away altogether.

Then

THE WIFE ENGAGED A LAWYER

and began a suit for a divorce. The petition alleges that during her week's acquaintance with the respondent she was confined to her bed with a broken arm, and suffered great pain and mental anguish; that the respondent then attended her in the capacity of a physician, and, taking advantage of his professional relation, administered to her camphor, morphine and other narcotic drugs, with the object of rendering her mind and making her pliable to his wishes; that while under the influence of these drugs, and with her reason impaired thereby and by her bodily ailments, so that she was not conscious of the full scope of her words and acts, she yielded to the respondent's persistent importunities, and married him. The petitioner further alleges that the respondent brought to the house an ordinary marriage license, and falsely representing it to be a marriage certificate, claimed that, by virtue of this document, they were lawfully married, and he could claim her as his wife. The petitioner did not know the difference between a certificate and a license, and, believing the respondent's fraudulent representations, agreed that a clergyman be called and the ceremony performed. By reason of these false representations, and because the respondent unduly influenced the petitioner with drugs, and for the further reason that the respondent has a previous wife living, the petitioner asks that she be granted a divorce and her maiden name.

This is the wife's side of the story. The doctor, in contradiction, declares that

HE WAS INVEIGLED INTO THE MARRIAGE

for his supposed wealth, and that after he has given his wife's mother $4,000 to keep for him, she refused to give him back the money, and he received the cold shoulder from the whole family. He also denies the statement that they have not lived together as man and wife. He stated his intention of resisting the divorce suit, but, in view of the fact that his wife left town last night, this is not believed. Several crimes are alleged against him.

Soon after Solomon's arrival here he went to the chief of police and asked to be protected from the agents of the Mexican Government, who were trying to kidnap him to obtain a reward of $50,000 promised for his delivery beyond the jurisdiction of the United States. He said that six months ago himself and a Mexican official, named Peleto, were appointed agents to visit New Orleans and negotiate a Government loan of $1,025,000. The bonds, he added, were taken by the New Orleans banks at a discount of eight per cent. but Peleto got possession of all the money when it was paid over, and returned to Mexico with the story that the Doctor had stolen it. The Government thereupon offered a reward of $50,000 for his capture, and to escape the agents on his track, he fled successively to the far West, to Canada, to Maine, and finally to Connecticut. He knew the Mexican agents were after him, and was in constant fear of being seized, put on board a vessel, and carried off to Mexico before the local authorities could interfere. The Chief of Police thought it very improbable, and would have promptly dismissed it as pure fiction had not a few days before received a letter purporting to have been written by the Peleto spoken of by the Doctor, requesting information of the Doctor's whereabouts, and describing the detail cation and the reward, as the story was told by Solomon. The letter, however, may have been written by someone in collusion with Solomon. As to this, or as to the truth or falsity of the story in general, nothing yet has been positively ascertained.

How Chance Made a Marine Picture.

Belfast (Me.) Age, Dec. 12.

The frost-work representations on the window-pane, of trees, castles, landscapes, and common scenes—familiar phenomena as they are—always excite wonder, and often cause one to ponder on the mysterious chance which makes these pictures in the regular outline of a careful design. But the ephemeral frost is not the only material employed by the unseen artist, as witness a marine view on wood which can be seen at Mr. Calvin Hervey's jewelry store. It looks like an old oil painting; no one would for a moment suppose it was a chance picture, but such it really is. It was discovered recently by Mr. Hervey when he had the partitions removed from a drawer which he had used to keep tools in for 25 years. The scratching of the implements as they rattled around in the drawer, the action of the oil which mingled with the rust turned green and dust and grime of a quarter of a century, all had combined to paint on these pine board partitions a tolerably good sketch, in dull colors, of the ocean with three vessels sailing on its bosom, and in the distance a headland with a light house. Mr. Hervey has had the picture framed in gilt, and it hangs over his repairing bench, ready for the close inspection of doubting homasees, or any one else.

LORD AND LADY BYRON.

New Light on Their Domestic Life.

Cincinnati Gazette.

Two volumes of memoirs of Lord Byron by Fran[illegible]dgson, one of the poet's earlie[illegible] best friends, have just been pu[illegible] by MacMillan & Co., London [illegible]son was the only friend in England to whom Byron wrote when he visited Spain, Greece and Turkey, after leaving his native country in a huff in 1809. And when the poet's mother died and he made a will, Hodgson was one of the three persons mentioned therein. A poem dated Newstead Abbey, August

News of the Week.

THE CAPITAL.

At Washington Dec. 26 the Committee of the Senate appointed under the Blaine resolution adjourned until the reassembling of Congress, when the Senate will be asked to authorize the use of the investigating fund, now declared unavailable by the Treasury officers.

At Washington at the Cabinet session Friday no mention was made of the German mission. The President said he was giving no attention to the collection of official reports, showing intimidation and fraud in the recent elections in the Southern States for the use of the Teller committee, as he had learned the committee had formally refused to call upon him for such information.

A dispatch says that the First Comptroller of the Currency has referred to the Attorney General, for decision, the whole question of the Senate Committee under the Blaine resolution of inquiry, touching the $20,000 appropriated last session, for investigations ordered by the Senate.

It is stated that the Financial Officer of the Senate has $10,000 for the Texas Investigating Committee when met Monday. Chairman Teller and Senators Cameron, Kirkwood, Bailey and Davis, members of the Committee present, were constituted a sub-committee to start on Thursday for New Orleans, Charleston, and such other points as the sub-committee may determine, to take testimony at said places, prior to the full Committee. It is understood that other sub-committees will be appointed. The President and Attorney General were asked for all information in their possession on public and the public interests.

A Washington Dec. 30 the Secretary of the Treasury issued the call for the redemption of 5-20 bonds of 1865 consols of '67. The call is for 10,000,000 coupon, and 4,000,000 registered bonds, principal and interest payable at the option of the United States after the 1st day of July, 1879. The following is a description of the U. S. bonds, coupon bonds, dated July 1, 1867, namely:

dated July 1, 1865, namely:	
No. 1 to No. 5,000, both inclusive..	$ 50 00
No. 5,001 to No. 6,000, both inclusive..	100 00
No. 6,001 to No. 7,000, both inclusive..	500 00
No. 7,001 to No. 8,000, both inclusive..	1,000 00
REGISTERED BONDS,	
redeemable at the pleasure of the United States, after the 1st day July, 1880, as follows:	
No. 1 to No. 100, both inclusive..	50 00
No. 101 to No. 1,000, both inclusive..	100 00
No. 1,001 to No. 1,500, both inclusive..	500 00
No. 1,501 to No. 2,000, both inclusive..	1,000 00
No. 2,001 to No. 2,500, both inclusive..	5,000 00
No. 2,501 to No. 5,000, both inclusive..	10,000 00
Total registered.....	$ 40,000 00
Aggregate.....	10,000,000 00

EAST

On Last Friday General D. C. McCallum, formerly General Superintendent of the Erie Railway, and subsequently at the head of the Government Railway Service, during the war of the Rebellion, died at Brooklyn.

A New York Dec. 30, Judge Spir, of the Supreme Court, gave a decision in the suit of Peter Marie and others vs. C. V. Garrison. The plaintiffs say they had 50,000 shares of the Pacific Railroad Company, of Missouri. The third mortgage bond holders began the foreclosure and the defendant as a holder of the majority of bonds agreed if the plaintiffs withdrew the opposition to foreclosure, to establish a new company and give them 50,000 shares of the same. They sued for all of that agreement. The defendant and the Court overrules the demurrer, and gives judgment for plaintiffs.

EST.

A dispatch says the Hon. James F. Joy has resigned the Presidency of the Detroit, Lansing & Northern Railroad. Alfred Handy, of Boston, has been appointed in his stead.

At Chicago Dec. 27, a committee of six from the Southwestern Railway Association met and after due consideration decided to recommend the roads interested to renew the pooling arrangement on the same terms as have ruled the past year.

A Western dispatch says Lieut. Harry Tilney, of the Eleventh Infantry, Fort Custer, who recently deserted while attending court martial at Fort Reegh, was driven to that step by the threatened disclosure of forged pay accounts, sold in Bismarck and the proceeds lost by him at faro. Tilney is a nephew of Mr. Joe Johnston, and the husband of a Miss Barrett, of Baltimore, whom he clandestinely married at the Palmer House, Chicago, last September. The order for his arrest is out.

SOUTH.

At New Orleans Dec. 27, on December 20th the Grand Jury made a special report relative to the alleged irregularities of the State Printer. By order of Judge Whitaker the report was not read and was kept from publication until the District Attorney should have acted upon the instructions which it contained. This morning, by the request of the Grand Jury, Judge Whitaker ordered the report read, which is as follows: "The Grand Jury begs leave to report, having examined a certified copy of the account of George W. Dupree, State Printer, upon which our presentment is based, have a special report; having taken testimony in regard to the same thing, we are of the opinion that the State has been defrauded, and hereby request the District Attorney to file an information against the said George W. Dupre, State printer, for obtaining money on warrants under false pretenses.

Annexed to the report is the bill of the State printer, dated March 29, 1878, for $68,000, upon which the predecessors of the present grand jury reported in July last, requesting the Governor and the late Attorney General to investigate the case. No action has so far been reported in the matter, which, however, is in the hands of the District Attorney.

At New Orleans Dec. 30, on the application of Harvey W. Benjamin, Judge Billings granted an injunction restraining and enjoining the payment of warrants for over $13,000, issued to George W. Dupree, for printing and binding the legislative documents of the session of 1878, that Judge holding that the law under which said printing was done had been repealed by the Supreme Court when it decided the celebrated case of the State ex-rel. the Southern Bank vs. E. Pilsbury, Mayor, et al. against relators, reversing the judgment of the Lower Court, which granted a mandamus compelling the City to levy a special tax to pay interest on certain bonds held by the Southern Bank. The Court held that section 37 of the act of 1852, provides for an unequal tax, and is unconstitutional.

FOREIGN.

Great Britain.

Ex-President Grant, accompanied by Minister Welsh and Gov. Noyes, will arrive at Dublin the 21st of January.

A dispatch from Capetown, dated the 16th says: It is stated on good authority that Sir Bartle Freere's communication to Zulu, the King, demands the disbandment of Zulu's army, the cession of the St. Lucia bay and the reception of British residents. The message had not reached the King when the telegram. War is considered imminent.

At London it is said the difficulty regarding the Consular Jurisdiction in Cyprus has been almost arranged. Germany and Italy made complaint at London, relative to Sir Garnet Wolse eyes refusal to recognize an official document issued by a German Italian Consul at Larnaca.

A dispatch says Mrs. Harriet Grote, the widow of George Grote, the historian of Greece, is dead. The lady was well known as the authoress of the "Life of Ary Sheffer."

Henry Vincent, the distinguished lecturer, is dead.

The call of the shareholders of the City of Glasgow Bank for an installment in liquidation of the bank's indebtedness, has not been successful as anticipated.

The London *Times* of Dec. 31 in a financial summary for 1878 says: "Industries have been disorganized, credit shaken, and failures multiplied on every hand. The failures will be nearly 5,000 more than last year. Not only have wages been reduced, and many thousands of artisans thrown out of employment, but many thousands of those above the artisan class are either in actual want or on the confines of it. The increasing numbers driven to grant bills of sale on their effects is one significant proof of what is going on in the ranks of the lower middle class."

Germany.

A Berlin dispatch says: "The Federal Council has referred Prince Bismarck's letter to the tariff commission, with, however, a special proviso that the council itself to the approval of the proposals of the letter. Representatives in council in so many States and governments had a proviso formerly made."

It is reported that the Sultan has written an autograph letter to the Czar soliciting a reduction of the indemnity to Russia.

Russia.

Thirty steamers have been chartered at Odessa to carry home a portion of the Russian army of occupation. In consequence of the threatening agitation amongst the Tartars of the Kassan Kazan, it has been sent home.

Further agitation has occurred among the students at Kieff and Moscow, but it was promptly suppressed. Most of the students recently arrested at St. Petersburg, have been released.

The Times' Vienna dispatch says: The agitation reported among the Tartars at Kasan, Russia, amounted to open outbreak, and the first forces sent against the insurgents were repulsed with heavy loss.

A dispatch giving an account of the riot of the students of the University of Kieff Russia says: "The students in a meeting outside of the town decided to protest against the closing of the University. A number, well armed, proceeded to the University, forcing their way in after disarming the police and fixed on the blackboard an energetic protest against the arbitrary proceeding of the authorities. Two companies of local militia tried to disperse the students. A collision ensued, and 80 persons were killed and wounded. The cavalry force finally cleared the square in front of the University. Many students were arrested. Similar riots on a small scale broke out in other Universities. It is believed that there is an intention of proclaiming a state of siege in Kieff and Kharkof. The police are instructed to stop the smuggling of revolutionary pamphlets and prevent the entrance of revolutionary emissaries from Germany.

Afghanistan.

A correspondent at Kuram says: "An Afghan soldier in the British service was hanged for firing his gun to warn his countrymen of the advance on Peiwar Pass. Eighteen others were sentenced to terms of iron seven to 14 years penal servitude for desertion."

A dispatch says the Viceroy of India reports that Syad Mahmed, chief of Kunarvaly, announces his intention of coming in. The Times on the Military situation says: "This may be heralded as the forerunner of the intelligence already hinted at that the districts of Chitral and Kunar will be incorporated into the Indian Empire. By the occupation of this tract an easy and direct road will be opened from Punjaub to York and Kashagar, presenting far fewer difficulties than that now followed by the Central Asian Trading Association which traverses the high mountain ranges of Caspmere and Ladak, crosses the terrible Karakora Pass at an altitude of nearly 19,000 feet, and then crossing another range over 16,000 feet in height, descends to York and barely 4,000 feet above the sea level."

Spain.

At Madrid Dec. 26 the Supreme Court of Justice finally condemned to death Monpasi, who attempted to assassinate the King.

A marriage has been arranged between the Infanta Pilar, sister to the King, and Prince de Joinville's eldest son.

It is stated that the Amoer of Afghanistan has 14 or 17 regiments at Herat, and if he retain his hold over them and maintain his supremacy in Afghan Turkestan, he may still offer a formidable opposition to Yacoob Khan, or whatever ruler England sets up in Southern Afghanistan. The Amoer released Yacoob, under a pressure from Ghilzai chiefs, who would not allow him to leave Cabul without appointing his successor.

Mexico.

A San Francisco Passenger by the steamer Granada just arrived from Panama and way ports, reports that as the Granada was leaving Mazatlan, bound north, news was received of a severe battle between the forces of the clerical chief, Lerma, and the National troops, under Gen. Escobedo, the military commander at Guadalajara. Lerma, with his Indians, had captured the town of Tepic in the name of the clerical party, and there held high carnival for a few days; he also held the road leading from Tepic to the seaport of Sanblas. Upon the advance of Escobedo, Lerma marched out to meet him, but was totally defeated and most of his adherents captured, of whom eight were immediately hanged; the balance of those captured claiming to have been forced into the rebel service, were allowed to go to their homes.

BRYANT.

The Commemoration at New York

NEW YORK, Dec. 30.—The Academy of Music was thronged to-night on the occasion of the Bryant commemoration, held under the auspices of the New York Historical Society. Frederick DePeyster presided, and on the platform were Pres. Hayes, Sec. Evarts, Gen. Sherman, Gov. Hancock, Bishop Potter, Lieut. Gov. Dorsheimer, Mayor-elect Cooper, Mayor Ely, Whitelaw Reid, Gen. Sharpe, Collector Merritt, Postmaster James, Peter Cooper, William H. Vanderbilt, ex Gov. Morgan, ex-Gov. Hoffman, and many others. In the boxes sat ex-Gov. Tilden with Park Godwin and the members of Bryant's family. He entered much attention and caused some comments. Mrs. Hayes and the Misses Evarts occupied an opposite box. Rev. Dr. Adams opened the service with prayer, and then the orator of the evening, George William Curtis, was introduced and spoke over two hours on "The Life, Character and Writings of William Cullen Bryant." He gave a very historical sketch of the venerable and lamented poet, patriot, statesman and journalist, from his boyhood in the New England hills, down to the close of his honored career in New York. In his early days he was active in political life, but his Democracy never meant a rabble nor a mob. He never wrote an impure line nor advocated a measure which friends of good government could not support. In those days when Adams was President, the present system of middlemen in politics did not prevail. Adams was a man of indomitable will and energy and great capacity; he was above and independent of the party. May we ever have such a President, and one whose motto shall be that "He serves his party best who serves his country most." [Great applause.] The speaker concluded his oration with a touching eulogy of the deceased poet and patriot. A vote of thanks was given him, after which Bishop Potter pronounced the benediction. A grand reception at Frederick DePeyster's house to the presidential party and other distinguished guests, was given after the ceremonies.

Bad Breathitt.

LOUISVILLE, Dec. 29.—In reference to the Breathitt County troubles a Courier-Journal correspondent, at Camp Taylor, says: "The action of Judge Randall in arresting the ringleaders on Gambrel and Little sides has created consternation and dismay among those who have been concerned in the late difficulties, and Breathitt County to-day is the most peaceful one in the State. None of the ringleaders of the Strong party have made their appearance, but their friends still say they will be in before long. Judge Lincoln told me yesterday that Wallace McGuire, the man who is reported to have killed Tom Little, would be here during Court ready to answer any charges that may be preferred against him. This morning, Rocs Coomb, son of Jailor Coombs, was arrested and placed in jail, charged with being implicated in the murder of Judge Burnett. This makes five of the Little party who are closely confined. John Altman is yet at large, and if he does not desire to give himself up it is extremely doubtful whether they will be able to find him."

Tribute to Ohio Modesty.

Indianapolis Journal.

Why should Pennsylvania have two out of the four first-class ministers, anyhow? Ohio would not ask this!

Diplomatic Advice to Conkling.

Columbus Grave (O.) Vidette.

Sen. Conkling should not spoil a good thing. It may be well for him to cultivate Mr. Blaine, rather than insult him.

THE SKIN AND SCALP.

How to Preserve Them and How to Treat Them When Diseased.

Beauty, that Much-Coveted Prize, is Only Skin Deep.

Some of the Tortures Inflicted by Skin and Scalp Diseases.

A Valuable Treatise on Cutaneous Diseases by Doctor George Beard.

Apart from the suffering caused by skin diseases, their influence on the happiness of those to whom a delicate and pearly complexion is the dearest wish of their lives is paramount to all others. No lady afflicted with cutaneous eruptions, or loss of hair, will deny that, to obtain a fair skin and luxuriant tresses, she would gladly exchange the disfigurations that now mar her otherwise handsome face, hands, or hair, for other diseases of greater severity—even danger—could their existence be concealed from the public eye. There is something repulsive about a face covered with humor; and all the grace of manhood and brilliant powers of conversation can scarcely remove the impression produced on one who witnesses it. It is remembered when more important and worthy subjects are forgotten. Many an estimable lady's life has been embittered by cutaneous affections. She imagines that every one sees and comments upon her looks. She avoids society and public places, and endeavors to hide her misery in seclusion. Here the struggle to improve her appearance is renewed. No remedy is too repulsive or dangerous to be used. Arsenic is devoured by the pound, mercury is taken internally and applied externally, until the teeth rattle in their loosened sockets, and the system groans beneath the load of poisons it is obliged to carry.

If such be the feelings of one afflicted with slight skin blemishes, what must be the condition of those suffering from salt-rheum, tetter, ring worm, pemphigus, psoriasis, leprosy, lichen, prurigo, and scald head? No pen can fully describe the tortures they endure. Death in many cases might be considered a blessing. The burning heat, inflammation, and itching nearly impel the sufferer to do violence to himself in order to end his sufferings. I have seen patients tear their flesh with their nails until the blood flowed in streams. Others have told me that they could cut the flesh from their limbs, so great was the agony they endured.

With a view to impart some useful information on the construction and preservation of the skin, scalp, and hair, and the proper treatment of them when diseased, I have here condensed to a popular form my previous articles on this subject.

THE CONSTRUCTION OF THE SKIN.

The skin is composed of two layers, which may be separated from each other by the action of a blister. The thin portion, which is raised up by the blister, is called the *scarf skin*, the *cuticle*, or the *epidermis;* that which remains in connection with the body is the *sensitive skin*, the *cutis*, the *derma*, or the *true skin*. Each has separate duties to perform. The *scarf skin* is horny and insensible, and serves as a sheath to protect the more sensitive skin under it. Were the scarf skin taken off, we could not bear to have anything touch us. The *derma* or *true skin* and its glands, oil tubes, etc., are the seat of all cutaneous diseases. These may be separated into four great divisions, viz., diseases of the true skin, diseases of the sweat glands and tubes, diseases of the oil glands and tubes, and diseases of the hair and hair glands.

THE OIL GLANDS AND TUBES.

That the skin may be limber and healthy it is necessary to have it oiles every day, and for this purpose it has been provided by placing in the true skin small glands and tubes, whose office it is to prepare and pour out upon the surface the proper amount of oil. On some parts of the body they do not exist, but are abundant on the face, nose, ears, head, eyelids, etc. They produce the wax of the ears, and on the head they open into the sheath of the hair, and furnish it with nature's own hair oil or pomade. When the skin is healthy, these little vessels are always at work, and constantly responding to the demands made upon them. Consequently no person should be afraid to wash thoroughly every day with soap and water, lest, as the Boston *Medical Journal* once taught, the skin be injured by having the oil removed from it. Frequent washings with pure soap—and I have something to say further on about soap that will be of interest to those who desire to preserve the skin and scalp in health or to properly treat them when diseased—and lukewarm water, followed by brisk rubbing with a coarse towel, will do more to preserve the healthy action of the oil glands and tubes, upon which depends a clear and wholesome complexion, than all the cosmetics in the world. But, unfortunately, the skin is not well taken care of. Its actions, instead of being regular and complete, are sluggish and imperfect, and the contents of the oil cells and tubes, instead of flowing easily, become hard and impacted, and the vessels are not emptied.

Sometimes the action of the gland is too great, and oil is poured out so profusely that the surface shines with it. At other times there is so little that the skin is dry and hard. In the hardened oily matter that constitutes grubs are found small animals, which Erasmus Wilson, the great authority, calls "the animal of the oily product of the skin."

But grubs and worms sink into insignificance when compared with the great skin and scalp diseases with which thousands are afflicted during their whole lives. That the reader may know more about them, the principal affections are here named, omitting such as are symptoms of constitutional disease, like measles, rash, etc. The most important are salt rheum, or eczema, tetter, ring worm, psoriasis, impetigo, leprosy, lichen, prurigo, barber's itch, Jackson's itch, baker's itch, ground itch, scald head and dandruff.

Towering above all others in extent, in duration, in suffering, is

SALT RHEUM,

or, technically, eczema. Wilson divides it into 12 species, and others into many more; but it is sufficiently clear to the average reader, and will be recognized by its small, watery blister, among the size of a pin-head, wherever seen. Psoriasis, impetigo, and psoriasis are built behind salt rheum in the suffering they cause. Scald head is another obstinate affection, defying all remedies, destroying the hair, and producing great misery and suffering. The scalp, like the skin, is so just to salt-rheum, tetter, dandruff and other eruptive and scaly diseases, which generally destroy the hair follicles and produce permanent baldness.

THE TREATMENT

of diseases of the skin and scalp has been for centuries based upon the mistaken theory that they are caused by some impurity of the blood. It is no unjust reflection upon the medical profession to say that its efforts in the cure of skin diseases have been a failure. What with mistaken theories, poisonous remedies, and blind adherence to methods and practices originating in ignorance and superstition, salt rheum, scald-head and psoriasis flourish and increase upon systems shattered by the copious use, both internal and external, of mercury, arsenic, zinc and lead. Dr. Wood mildly admits that the mercurial influence does sometimes produce salt-rheum—a fact so well known that it is recorded in most of the text-books as mercurial eczema.

BLOOD REMEDIES.

The false popular notion that every affection of the skin, from salt-rheum to scald head, must be treated with the so-called "blood purifiers" to be cured, has filled many a grave. I do here assert, in the most positive manner, that the vesicular, pustular and scaly diseases above referred to cannot be cured by any internal remedies in use by the medical profession, and in this statement I am supported by the lamentable failure of those who attempt it. The fact is, these diseases are purely local, and the day is not far distant when it will be generally admitted by all physicians. They have no connection with the blood. I have known salt-rheum to cover the body after undue exercise, or sudden immersion in cold water. The true cause of these skin diseases must be looked for in a derangement of the secretory and excretory tubes and vessels of the true skin. Every any member of any medical school of practice to cure salt rheum, or psoriasis, or pemphigus, or impetigo, solely with internal remedies. And yet "Purify the blood!" is the cry of the doctors. "Purify the blood!" is echoed by quacks and charlatans, until the popular cry, in season and out of season, is "Blood purifiers! blood purifiers! while the seat of all the trouble, the diseased oil glands, tubes and vessels of the skin, which can be reached only by external treatment, are left to take care of themselves. How much suffering, how much misery has been caused by this senseless and cruel custom of the gray-beards of the profession, no pen can fully portray.

In imitation of his betters, the patent-medicine man has been abroad and scattered his

"DANDELIONS," AND "SARSAPARILLAS"

throughout the length and breadth of the land. Every day some new aspirant for fame and fortune comes forward with his universal deranger and destroyer of the intricate system of digestion and absorption, called "blood purifier," which upon analysis will be more likely to be found a *blood poisoner*, and the credulous stand ready to swallow gallons of it at enormous prices, only to find themselves worse in the end.

Of what are these innocent-looking "cocks" and "dandelions," popularly called "blood purifiers and "alteratives" by the medical books, composed? The active ingredient—that is, the one supposed to cure—is either mercury or arsenic. Out of 17 prescriptions denominated "alteratives," taken from a standard medical work, eight contained mercury in the form of corrosive sublimate, the proto-iodide, and the blue pill, five arsenic, three iodine—all corrosive poisons. For 400 years mercury has been the sheet anchor of the regular practitioner, and arsenic the main stay of the specialist. It is not to be expected that the productions of quacks and patent-medicine men are any better. So much for internal remedies. While the blood is being purified (?) by the internal administration of poison (?) the good work is often hastened forward, where the object is a skin disease, by the external application of ointments and salves and solutions, in every case containing a virulent poison. Referring to the same "standard medical work" we find that these are directed to be prepared from

CORROSIVE SUBLIMATE

(mercury!), white precipitate (mercury!!), red precipitate (mercury!!!), citrine ointment (mercury!!!!), prussic acid, arsenic, zinc, sulphur, lead, creosote and opium as suits the fancy or profession of the physician. Here is the whole list in the exact order in which they are given, not one is omitted. Verily there is a Providence watching over us or else how could we survive such treatment? This is the course pursued by the average practitioner and advocated by most of the schools of medicine.

But a little light is being thrown upon the darkness that has surrounded the intellect of the past. To a few German and French physicians and specialists we owe what true progress we are making at the present time in the cure of obstinate affections to the scalp and skin. They teach and *prove* that diseases of the skin and scalp cannot be cured by internal treatment. External remedies are the only hope. It is as reasonable as that we should treat a sore finger as we are accustomed to. Why should the system be deluged with mercury when, as everybody knows, perfect digestion and assimilation make pure blood, and poison will not do it? Why should the digestive organs be paralyzed, the stomach nauseated, the whole course of digestion and absorption upset, when a pimple makes its appearance because of the imperfect action of the oil glands and tubes, or when the system is taxed to sustain life under some terrible skin disease? It is the fashion; it is part of our education, and it is useful to both doctors and their institutes. Habits and customs (not reason and common sense) with invisible fingers lead us by the nose.

It must not be supposed, however, that because I so stoutly assail the internal administration of medicine for the cure of skin and scalp diseases that I do not approve of *proper* internal remedies as *assistants* when the pulse is full, the system feverish, the skin hot and dry, the tongue coated, the liver torpid, the bowels constipated, or when the system, as in many cases, is debilitated and weakened by the virus of scrofula, or when the constitution has been shattered by malarial and anti-periodic fevers and prostrating contagious diseases. On the contrary, I do most heartily recommend them, because I know that there is such a thing as purifying, enriching and strengthening the blood. But I do so as *assistants* always. The force of my medication and that of every successful practitioner must be directed to the seat of the trouble, the skin or scalp surface. It is the dishonest part of this blood-purifier business that I condemn. The poisonous remedies, born of ignorance and cupidity, thus foisted upon an innocent public, I mean to pursue until I have driven them out of existence.

A SENSIBLE CURE.

If I have appeared severe upon my brethren of the medical profession, I have not been unjustly so toward physicians who adhere to practice at variance with reason and common sense, and, withal, lamentable failures. Pernicious doctrines, like cancers, must be removed root and branch, though some blood be spilled in the operation.

I have passed through all the various modes of practice current among medical men, and have arrived at these conclusions: 1. That the vesicular, and scaly forms of skin diseases herein referred to cannot be cured by *internal* remedies, as principals. They are *not of themselves* diseases of the blood, *but of the oil glands, tubes, and cells of the true skin*. 2. They are curable entirely by *external* remedies, as principals, if the proper ones are applied, with or without the assistance of internal remedies, dependent upon the constitutional symptoms present. To find the proper ones has been a weary task. I here assert that no ointment, salve, cerate, lotion or compound, for external application, to be found in the *materia medica* of the schools and colleges of medicines, and there are thousands of them, certainly cure a case of chronic salt rheum, psoriasis, or leprosy; nor will dandruff and simple scaly affections. I have tried them with all the care and experience suggested by a liberal education, but with uniform failure in every case, as to specific curative properties. Hence, when Messrs. Weeks & Potter, Chemists and Druggists, of Boston, informed me that for eight years they had been experimenting in distillation, and had succeeded in preparing from original substances never, they believed, before used in medicine, a preparation that they considered an infallible cure for every kind of skin disease proper (meaning the vesicular, and scaly,) from chronic salt-rheum to dandruff, I felt bound in justice to suffering humanity to test the truth of this statement, and either endorse or expose it, as it proved worth or unworthy. Accordingly, I received a quantity of the remedy, and was made familiar with the mode of preparation. The name given this remarkable product is Cuticura, from *cutis*, the skin, and *cura*, a cure,—a skin cure. In practice I found it to possess wonderful curative properties as they exist in no other remedy to be found in the preparations of the day. Vegetable products hitherto unattainable by chemical manipulation yielded to the process adopted by them. Their extraction by distillation in the form of vapor, and condensation to the consistence of jelly, form a process ranking as a remarkable discovery worthy a conspicuous place in the history of medicine and pharmacy.

SOOTHING AND HEALING.

Cuticura, when used as directed, is wonderfully adapted to soothe and heal the most inflamed surface, to allay itchings and irritations, to cleanse and purify the pores of the skin, and restore to healthy and regular action the oil glands, tubes and cells, upon whose perfect action depend the preservation of a healthy skin and restoration when diseased. It does not evaporate until the temperature is raised to more than double that of the body, and hence is not dissipated by heat, but remains on the skin until completely absorbed. It does not become rancid or spoil on exposure in any climate. It will be as fresh, fragrant, soothing and healing 50 years hence as it is to-day. Contrast this with the horrible salves and ointments of the present time. Its fragrant odor is no more grateful than is its agreeable taste, for, be it known, no remedy is better adapted to cure affections of the throat and lungs than Cuticura.

Having been charmed, I must confess, with the results of my analysis of this new product, my next step was to obtain its rate its value in the treatment of the great skin affections usually considered incurable. I know that every word I now write

WILL AWAKEN HOPE

in the breast of many a life-long sufferer. Can I, in a broad and Christian spirit, without prejudice, without reservation, say to those afflicted, Here, in this great natural remedy, is a speedy and a permanent cure? With a just sense of the responsibility I assume, I say, I can. There does not exist a case of chronic salt rheum, scald head, dandruff, or itching eruption, that Cuticura may not cure, unless the recuperative powers of the oil glands and tubes are destroyed forever. One application to the severest case brings a pleasurable relief impossible to credit. It is so soothing, so penetrating, so healing, and withal so gentle and safe, that before the patient is aware, healthy action sets in and a cure begins.

HUNDREDS OF CURES.

My first case was one of salt-rheum of 15 years' duration, and extending over three quarters of the body, including the face and hands. Thousands of dollars had been spent on this case. Europe had been visited. Specialists of Continental reputation had grown fat on it, without so much as affording relief so that he could enjoy a full night's rest. I cured it in three weeks—entirely and completely. My next was an infant two years old, born with a tumor of the face and scalp that resisted every form of treatment. I cured it in a few days with Cuticura. I mention this case more for the purpose of illustrating the soothing and quieting influence of this preparation. He never scratched the affected parts after the first application, but seemed contented and willing to let things take their course. A scald-head, that had resisted the treatment of one of our noted specialists on the skin, and which was rapidly destroying the hair, was completely cured by me in four weeks, solely with Cuticura, costing the patient one dollar, which he paid for a large box. Eczema of the palms of the hands and of the ends of the fingers, very difficult to treat, and usually considered impossible to cure, was cured in five days.

I have had a great many cases of small patches of tetter and salt rheum on the nose and at the sides of the face, in the palms of the hands, and at the ends of the fingers, heads covered with dandruff and scaly eruptions, all of which I have cured with Cuticura, and that rapidly and permanently, with no other remedy than the Cuticura Resolvent, which by its purifying action cooled the system, rendered the liver and kidneys active, the blood pure and strengthening, and controlled these distressing forms of organic disease and assimilation, when found to be present and interfere with the complete success of external treatment. One of the last cases I treated in the course of my experiments with Cuticura was for a small group of vesicles of salt-rheum on the nose, just at the side of the nostril. The patient was a man of 40 years of age. I said, "That is trifling, and will soon disappear." "Trifling as it may seem," said he, "it has cost me over a thousand dollars, and there it is yet." I gave him a box of Cuticura, which retails for one dollar, and it cured him.

LOSS OF HAIR,

in thousands of cases, is due entirely to some form of scalp disease. Seventy-five per cent. of the number of bald heads might be covered with hair by a judicious use of CUTICURA. It is the most agreeable as well as the most effective hair restorer I ever saw. All others that I have ever examined are simply dressings and dyes without any specific medical properties for the cure of itching and scaly diseases that infame and irritate the scalp and hair glands and tubes, causing premature baldness.

The specific action of Cuticura in the cure of burns, scalds, bruises, cuts, festers, piles and itching piles, demonstrate more fully its healing properties than anything I can say of it.

Other affections of the surface, but not properly skin diseases, such as

SCROFULOUS ULCERS AND SORES,

abscesses, milk leg, fever sores, erysipelas sores, old sores and discharging wounds, boils, carbuncles and blood impurities, which manifest themselves by bursting through the skin and eating deep into the flesh, when treated internally by the Resolvent and externally with the Cuticura, rapidly heal and disappear.

Let me stop here a moment to pay tribute to a justly celebrated remedy for impurities of the blood and circulating fluids—I mean the Cuticura Resolvent, a powerful vegetable purifying agent. It is the remedy that I now use in all conditions of the system where an internal remedy is needed to assist the Cuticura to a complete and permanent cure, or when the blood is corrupted by scrofula or malarial poisons.

CLEANLINESS NEXT TO GODLINESS.

My article would not be complete without further impressing the necessity of frequent washing of the skin and scalp with soap—using plenty of soap. Whether the skin or scalp is diseased or healthy, do not be afraid of soap. It will assist all other remedies if diseased, and preserve and freshen the healthy skin. Too much importance prevails as to its value in the preservation of the skin and scalp. On this subject Messrs. Weeks & Potter say: "From the first we feared that Cuticura might fail, or its effects be neutralized in many cases, by the use of impure or poisonous soap. Since in the treatment of cutaneous affections it was a daily, almost hourly necessity, we attempted to prepare from Cuticura a soap having in a modified form all its medicinal properties that would be what we might call with pride a skin soap in the truest sense of the words, and at the same time have its medical ingredients so refined and purified that they would be visible only in their curative effect. To this combination it was proposed to add the choicest flower odors, that it might at the same time charm with its refreshing fragrance. Every effort to produce this desiderata finally failed and it was abandoned. The matter of soap was left unprovided for. To show how important those who were using the Cuticura and in constant need of soap regarded this article, it is only necessary to say that we were beset with inquires as to 'what soap was pure,' 'what would we recommend,' etc., until we were forced again to undertake the preparation of the Cuticura Soap, this time with a determination to succeed. The result of our labors we may justly claim to have been successful in the highest degree, resulting in the production of the purest and most effective skin soap before the public."

A PURE SKIN SOAP.

Cuticura Soap, appropriately named after the great remedy from which it draws its curative properties, is of a delicate natural green color, showing its wholesome vegetable origin. Its emollient, soothing, and healing action is the same as Cuticura, only in a modified form. While it cannot take the place of the latter in the treatment of obstinate skin and scalp affections, it may ably assist it at every stage and is positively indispensable in most cases. Its medicinal ingredients are so refined and purified of gross or inert matter that they are known to be present only by their grand curative effects, while its fragrance, unsurpassed by the best Parisian products, places it foremost among the finest toilet soaps yet produced. Added to its many attractions is the low price at which it is supplied to all. It is in every respect a pleasing contrast to the filthy products prepared from the refuse of sinks, vats, hotels, hospitals, and rendering houses reeking with putrescence and animal parasites and the germs of contagious diseases, and innocently labelled "skin soap." In recommending it as an assistant to Cuticura, as well as for the preservation of the skin of infants, of gentlemen who shave, and those who desire a fresh and wholesome skin and scalp, I but fill to the brim the measure of my duty to the public.

I know that what I have written in these columns will bring

JOY TO MANY,

and I mean it shall. I want to make those happy who, by reason of these affections and diseases, have been unhappy; and that I may do so, I freely proclaim the virtues of the Cuticura remedies, and as long as good-natured editors grant me space in their papers I mean to do so. And as long as Messrs. Weeks & Potter can furnish them at a price within the reach of all who need them, there must be less suffering from these intolerable disorders than ever before. Let me say, in conclusion, what I have before so often said, Cuticura, assisted by the Resolvent and Soap, will cure scalp and skin diseases that have defied the skill and resources of the ablest physicians. I have demonstrated it to be true. A grand curative blessing is thus substituted for death-dealing poisons. Mercury, arsenic, zinc and lead, and a thousand and one other revolting, poisonous and senseless things prescribed by ignorance and superstition, must now sink into obscurity before the wonderful healing power of Cuticura. As a man I recommend it to my fellow-men; as a physician, I indorse it to the profession; as the friend of humanity, I rejoice at the discovery, and proclaim it to the world for the benefit of mankind.

YELLOW FEVER.

The Committee of Congressmen and Experts Organize and Begin the Investigation.

NEW ORLEANS, Dec. 30.—Among the arrivals to-day were Hons. Clarkson Potter and J. D. Cox, of the Potter committee; Mr. J. Kinton, Clerk of the committee; Gen. Hooker, of Mississippi, member of the Yellow Fever commission; Dr. Falligant, of Savannah, member of the Board of Experts and Ex-Governor W. P. Kellogg, Mr. Stenger, of Pennsylvania and another member of the Potter sub-committee, have not yet arrived. The House and Senate Yellow Fever Commission met conjointly, and on motion of Gen. Gibson, Sen. Eustis was declared Chairman. The experts were invited to take seats with the Congressional Committee. Present: J. B. Eustis, Chairman; L. Q. C. Lamar, A. S. Paddock, R. L. Gibson, Charles E. Hooker, Sur. Gen. J. W. Woodworth, Dr. Samuel A. Green, Dr. Samuel Forbes and Col. S. S. Hardee, Sur. Gen. Woodworth laid before the Commission the result of the work of the Commission at Memphis accomplished by the fever experts, who investigated the subject during the Fall.

A letter of instruction to the experts at Memphis was also read. Dr. Woodworth suggested some lines of inquiry to facilitate further investigation in addition to those already followed. He said that the report would be ready by the 15th of January, and ready for publication by the end of the month.

Mr. Hooker urged that it was highly important that the report should be made as soon as possible, to secure appropriate legislation by Congress.

Sen. Lamar and Mr. Gibson expressed their views in regard to a thorough investigation of the quarantine system, and that witnesses to this effect be cited.

Gen. Hooker moved that a committee of three, with Gen. Eustis as Chairman, be appointed, which shall designate to the Sergeant at Arms the names of citizens, captain of vessels, etc., who are posted upon the subject, and that he be directed to subpœna them to appear, in order that such evidence as is procurable in the premises may be taken.

The following Committee was appointed: Sen. Eustis, Chairman, Sen. Paddock and Hon. R. L. Gibson.

In speaking of the quarantine, Mr. Gibson cited the instance of a family who lived at Cat Island, on the Mississippi coast, several miles from the main land, from which they were completely isolated, and who had contracted the disease.

Sen. Eustis said that yellow fever had radiated from this point over the country, and it seemed to him highly important to determine the efficiency of the quarantine system.

This evening Drs. Holliday and Holcomb, of this City, were examined, and both agreed that they never saw cases here every year from the germ which was originally imported here, and became a part of the climate; that the epidemic was undoubtedly incurred by neglect in removing the garbage and filling up the streets with the offal and garbage of the City. The testimony closed at 11 o'clock, and the committee adjourned till Tuesday noon.

Trouble for the Miners.

SAN FRANCISCO, Dec. 29.—The Call to-morrow will publish a statement emanating from a party well informed on the subject, to the effect that on January last, the township in which the town and some of the principal mines of Bodie are located, was surveyed under authority of the Federal Government, when it was discovered that they were situated in Range 25 east of Congress of March 3, 1855. The 16 and 36 sections in each township were granted to the State under the laws of California the occupants of such sections are held to be preferred purchasers for six months after the filing of the plot of survey: the parties in possession at Bodie having failed to avail themselves of the operation of the law, other parties have filed their application for the purchase under the State title. Parties included in the tract are the Bodie, South Bodie, South Standard, Champion, South Bolivar and a portion of the Bolivar. A *Call* reporter interviewed United States Surveyor General Wagner this evening on the subject. He expressed surprise at learning the statement, and stated that by the law of 1873 the mineral lands were excluded from going to the State, and that the present occupants could prove up and patent their claims under the Federal law. He said, however, that the determination of the question would probably cost enough to ruin both claimants and contestants.

With all the fluctuations in pig iron and axle grease, chewing gum still keeps up at the old figures.

A man with a cold in his head dislikes to give vent to his feelings in church and consequently gets down on his sneeze while there.—*Hack. Rep.*

Why, Verily!

Why be an animated tallow-shop when Allan's Anti-Fat is a safe and sure remedy for obesity, or corpulence, and will reduce the most ill-proportioned form to a graceful outline in a few weeks. It contains no ingredients that